June 16, 1934

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Collier's

THE NAL WEEKLY ★

Janice Wathen

Private Case

a short story

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

UNE 16, 1934

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Lustrous white teeth may not be essential to your livelihood—yet surely you want your teeth to be as attractive as you possibly can make them.

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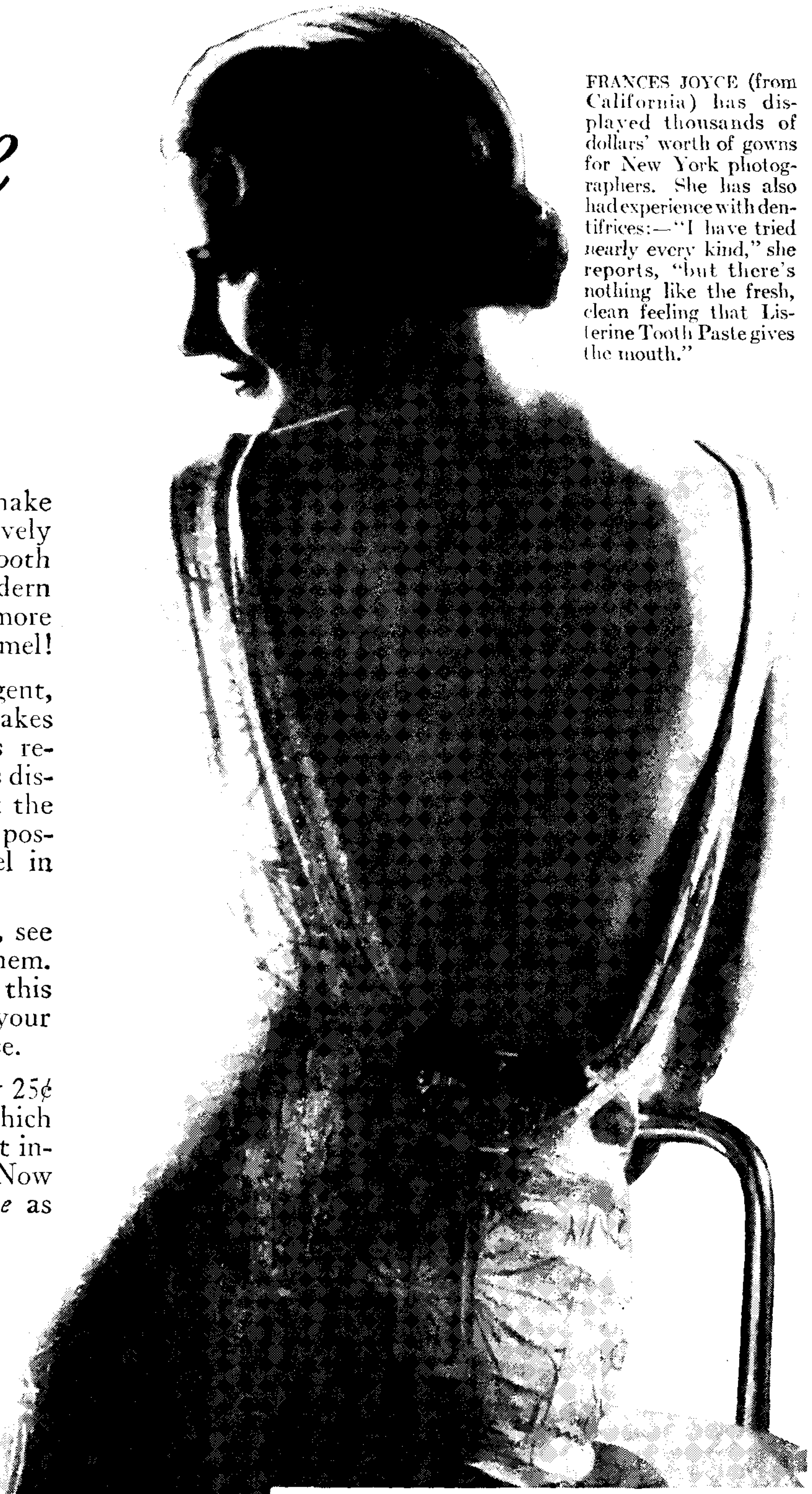
(*top*) MARTY ANDERSON you can often meet just by turning the pages of any leading magazine. She is a Dallas girl whose charm has won New York photographers. Her teeth have the necessary sparkle and brilliance.

(*left*) JANICE JARRETT of San Antonio (that's two from Texas!) is one of New York's most popular models. You can see what an important part her white teeth play in enabling her to photograph attractively.



FRANCES JOYCE (from California) has displayed thousands of dollars' worth of gowns for New York photographers. She has also had experience with dentifrices:—"I have tried nearly every kind," she reports, "but there's nothing like the fresh, clean feeling that Listerine Tooth Paste gives the mouth."

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The chance remark of an utter stranger, to the effect that she was pretty as a picture, led LENORE PETTIT, of New York City, to forsake the business world and take up the career of modeling.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MAYBE you never stopped to think about the qualifications necessary in a big-league mascot. Maybe you carelessly assumed that if a guy was naturally lucky and cross-eyed and knew the bats and knew how to talk it up to the players that was enough. That's only part of it. Above all, he's got to have fight.

"You do not get nothing in this life unless you step up to the plate and swing." That's what Willie Procheskie always says, and Willie is the greatest mascot in the game. They call him the "Little McGraw." In a gay and moving short story Frederick Hazlitt Brennan shows you how Willie went to bat for his team.

HOW'S Recovery making out these days? We know that things are looking up nicely in our own home town, but what about the country at large? Are the other fellows enjoying the same increased prosperity that has come to our corner grocer thanks to a brisk movement in olives and other luxuries?

Collier's wanted a comprehensive picture of the situation. Staff reporters hurried by plane and rail and car in a great fan that spread from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Next week we present you with the picture they brought back. It's very pleasant to look at—the portrait of a country definitely "Out of the Red." And maybe it isn't pleased about it!

TO MILLIONS of movie fans Noel Shores was a hero, but to Carla, his wife, he was just a big softie—sweet to have around the house and all that, but too kind to people, too successful. He was always giving away a thousand here and a couple of thousand there. What could a woman do with a man like that? In "The Big Softie," Harlan Ware tells you.

WHAT'S your favorite way of combating insomnia—reading ancient history, counting sheep, thinking about your income tax? It's one of our favorite ailments, one of which for some reason we are proud. "I never closed my eyes all night," we say, looking around for applause or sympathy or something. Probably what we deserve is a sharp blow across the knuckles for lying. "Stop Counting Sheep" is Dr. Ruth Wadsworth's advice, and she goes on to suggest better bait for the sandman.

WILLIAM MACHARG contributes another O'Malley adventure. Sax Rohmer, Quentin Reynolds, James Warner Bellah, Georges Surdez, Lucian Cary and others bring you the stir of events and the magic of far places. Take your pick.

This Week

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June 16, 1934

Cover by Janice Wathen

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
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OWEN P. WHITE
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The Green Bathtub. Take one beautiful woman, one distinguished scientist, a salesman and a tub—and stir gently. Page 12

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The Reckless Dusk. Who'd want to be the wife of an engineer? Page 14

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HOWARD S. REED and W. B. COURTNEY
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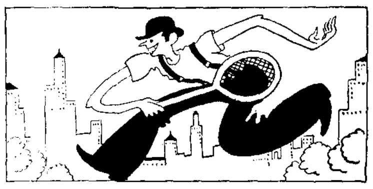
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Current curiosities. Page 30

EDITORIAL
What Roosevelt Wants. Page 62

●

Any Week

"I GATHER from consistent reading of your excellent magazine," says Miss Eugenia M. Rhodes of Toronto, Canada, "that there are a great many funny things to be seen if one wanders around the United States looking for them. But I had to go to New York and wander through one of your public parks on a Saturday afternoon to see a man playing tennis in his suspenders and a derby hat. Of course he was otherwise dressed, although he had peeled down to his undershirt. I thought I ought to let you know."

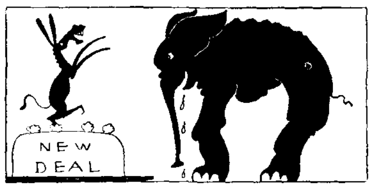


THIS one nearly sent us to the cleaners. "What," demands the writer, "are the chances of new congressmen not satisfied with the New Deal, which is changing everything, being elected?" We passed that one hurriedly. Next: "Could they restore our dollar back from 59 cents to a dollar? Why do we have so many changes all at once when we learn in school to do one thing at a time and do that well? What percentage of the people of the U. S. are benefiting from all these New Deals?" he demands. But our collapse did not arrive until we read: "What per cent of us have not benefited from these New Deals and how much in round numbers?" When our frightened secretary had revived us with cold water we discovered that the writer had probably been in a pretty bad way himself because he forgot to sign his name.

WHEN the news arrived from England that the British Society of the Magic Circle had pronounced that the famous Hindoo rope trick couldn't be done, Mr. Mack Burleton of Boston, Massachusetts, wrote rather sharply to no less a personage than King George V himself. It was Mr. Burleton's favorite trick and one that has always caught our own fancy. You know. . . . The fakir whips a length of rope into the air and the thing stands there, vertical. Then he spits on his hands, rubs his heels in the dust and climbs the rope, vanishing presently into thin air. Says Mr. Burleton, who said as much to the King: "What do those Britishers mean—it can't be done? I have it on good authority that the Brain Trust in Washington has been practicing it for months and intends to make a public demonstration almost any time now."

AND Mr. J. McNamara of Cincinnati, Ohio, has some ideas about queer sights. "I don't know whether you've seen anything like it but try to arrange your affairs so that you can see the Phillies and the Cincinnati Reds pitted against each other of an afternoon. It's something they have invented between them after seeing a couple of baseball games. The Brooklyns have been stealing the idea but can't touch certain patented features. They are thinking of having a contest to get a name for it, first prize being a brace of ball players, which, of course, they have no use for in this game. Fun? I nearly died."

A VIGOROUS protest from Dr. O. W. Freneck of Chicago, Illinois. He wants us to organize a movement for "fair play and sporting treatment of the Republican party." Says he: "The Republicans are now about to launch a campaign to take over the New Deal on the theory that all it needs to be a complete success is some expert Republican handling. When the country gets tired of the New Deal under Republican direction the G. O. P. will step down again and let the Democrats start something else which, if it gets well under way, will be taken over by the Republicans. And so on indefinitely. The Republican party was always a good dry-track horse but a rotten mudder. So now that the track has been dried up let's give them a chance."



FOR some time we've known that the police and the Park Commissioners in Nashville, Tennessee, have been at each other's throats. It's all right now, Park Commissioner Charles M. McCabe having handed down what we consider a first-class decision wherein art gets a break. It was all about whether the Nashville girls could wear shorts while bicycling in the park. Says Mr. McCabe: "Once when a lady dropped her glove, gallant knights retrieved it—the lady's bustle preventing her from stooping. The four-poster bed was an invention of necessity, the posts lending aid to the lady in lacing her corset. The old order changeth, yielding to the new. Our parks are for the happiness and welfare of all the people. So, let the pedaling extremities be free for action, health and pleasure of women as well as men."

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A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH INTERIOR DECORATOR WALLACE BARBOUR

1. "I call on some of the smartest homes in Miami Beach. So, naturally, I wanted a smart looking car . . . a car that would appear at home in any driveway. And that's my Plymouth."

"Only Plymouth had the Style We Wanted . . . and Hydraulic Brakes"

SMARTNESS . . . that's something every car owner wants. But Mr. Barbour *had* to have it. In his business it's a necessity.

Safety . . . that's something every car owner needs. So Mr. Barbour considered that, too, when he went car hunting.

"I looked at 'All Three' low-priced cars," said Mr. Barbour, "as I'd examine fine pieces of china. This thoroughly convinced me that Plymouth was the smartest."

Then Mr. Barbour drove them. "When I tried Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes, I found they stopped quicker and more smoothly. That settled it," he added. "Only Plymouth had these safer brakes."

When you "look at All Three," remember these vital things about Plymouth's extra smartness and greater safety.

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REMEMBER, TOO, that Plymouth has a Safety-Steel Body of steel reinforced with steel . . . and that it also gives you Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Wheel Springing for greater *comfort.*

Ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer for a Plymouth road test at your convenience.

2. "Carrying fragile furnishings is one of the jobs my Plymouth has to do. I wouldn't trust these valuable pieces to any car without Individual Wheel Springing. It ends back-seat jars and jolts. And Floating Power engine mountings add greatly to my comfort, too."

3. "A friend of mine wouldn't believe that Hydraulic Brakes stopped a car more quickly and evenly. One day I made a sudden stop on sand, then showed him the tracks. They certainly proved there was no swerving."

4. Mr. Barbour and his family with the De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. Duplate Safety Plate Glass *throughout* at the lowest extra cost in the industry (only $10 on De Luxe Sedan). Time payments to fit your budget. Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

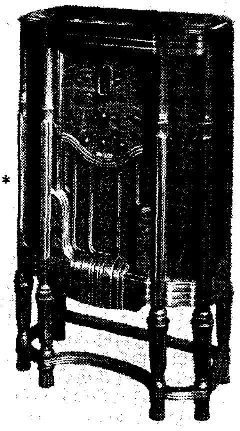
NEW PLYMOUTH $530 AND UP AT THE FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

Now READY!

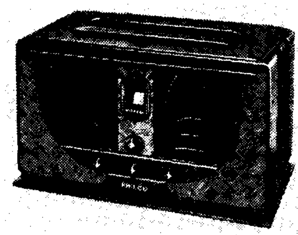
THE MARVELOUS NEW 1935 PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality



118 HIGHBOY $89.50*

An extra powerful PHILCO with glorious tone—in a beautiful hand rubbed cabinet of selected woods. Tunes-in Europe, South America and other foreign stations, as well as American stations. Other Highboys at $79.50 and $129.50*.



45 COMPACT . . . $49.95*

Think of tuning-in the world with a Compact! That's what you do with this sensational little PHILCO—and so you can *enjoy* it! The finest compact ever designed. Others for American broadcast programs and police calls at $25 and $29.95; AC—DC sets at $29.95 and $35.

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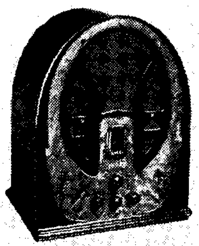
Only PHILCO can give such value! Cabinet of striking design, housing a powerful chassis that brings in stations the world over. Other Lowboys at $42.50, $50, $150*. Battery-operated Lowboys at $65 and $95*; 32-volt Lowboy at $79.50.



89 BABY GRAND . . . $39.50

A PHILCO that outperforms many competitive sets at higher prices. Clear, true tone; real distance ability; handsome hand-rubbed cabinet. Other Baby Grands at $20, $29.95, $39.95*, $57.50, $65*, $89.50*. Battery-operated models at $49.50 and $75*; 32-volt model at $65.

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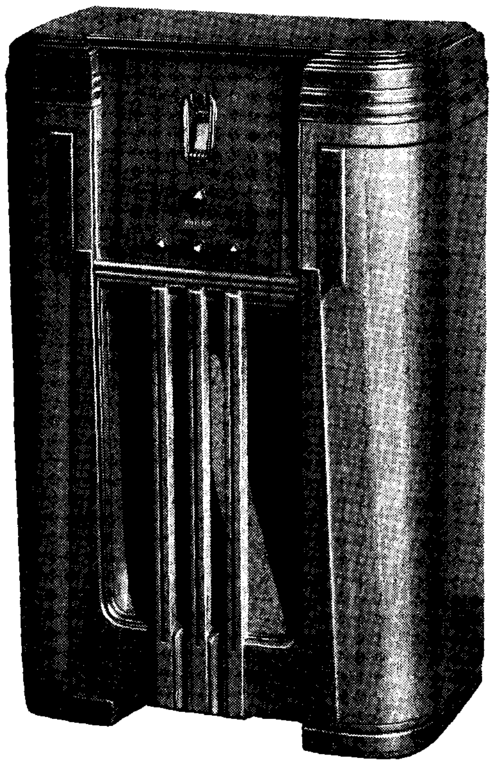

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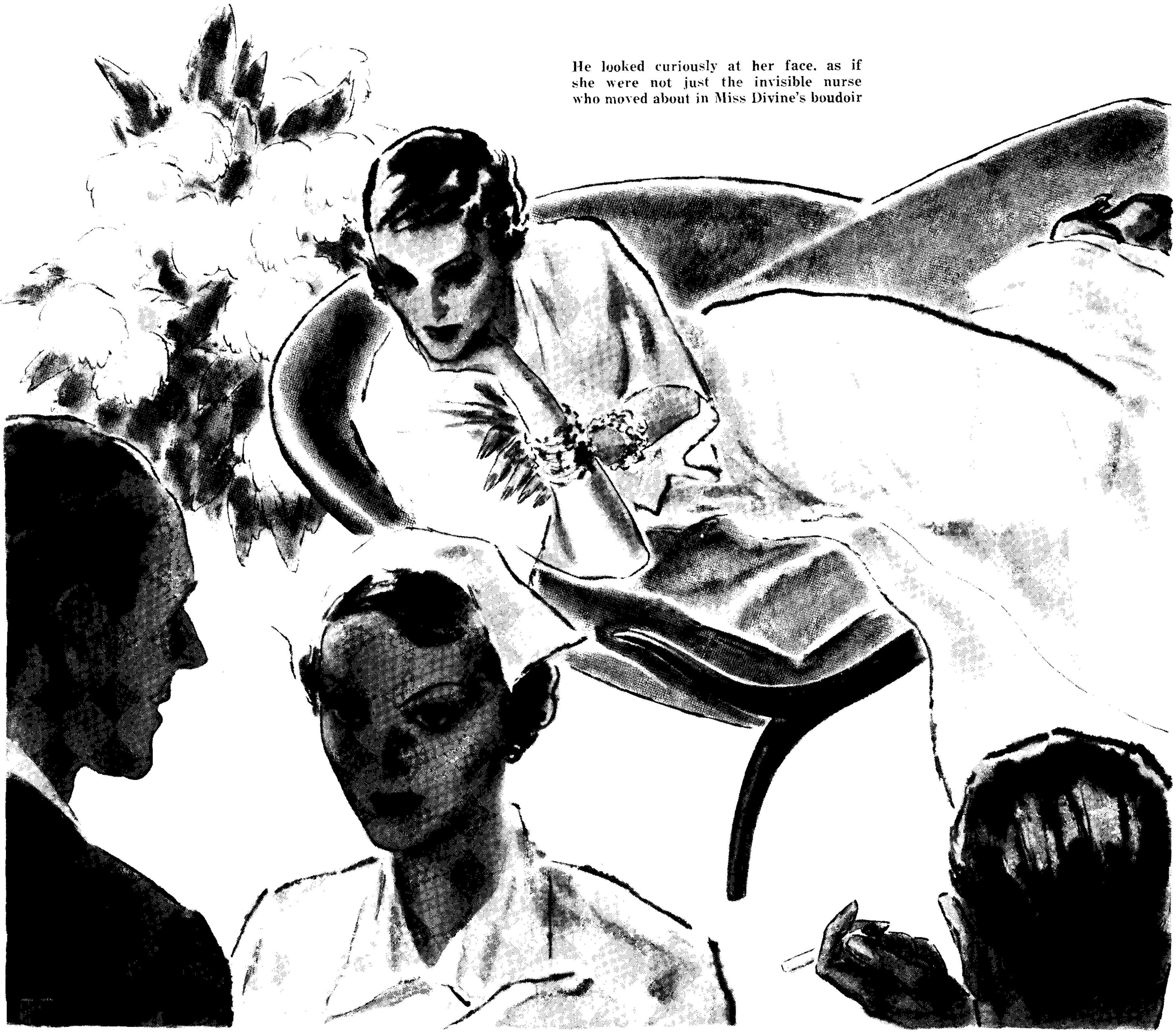


He looked curiously at her face, as if she were not just the invisible nurse who moved about in Miss Divine's boudoir

Private Case

The love story of Corinne Yates, nurse, who learned that idols sometimes crash

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

Corinne prayed that the solemn-faced butler did not notice her trembling. Faintly she clung to the false hope that her voice did not shake as she said, "I am Miss Yates, the trained nurse sent by Dr. Jameson from the Medical Union Registry."

Corinne longed to impress the butler and his mistress and the entire establishment with her qualifications as a full-fledged registered nurse. A nurse with a diploma and everything. A woman on her own in New York City. It wouldn't do to let them know that she was a frightened kid, that this was her first private case, that she must make good or Terry Jameson would brand her as a flop and a disgrace and would cast her from his glorious life forever.

"If you will come in—" murmured the butler down his dignified curved nose. He coughed and he had a most haughty cough. "Miss Pilly," he said, looking of course at nothing, "Miss Pilly, Miss Divine's secretary, will see you."

He ushered her into a hall all chromium and glass and beveled mirror, all jade, amethyst and chrysoprase lamps. He left her, less than the dust beneath his chariot wheels, in a room filled with white porcelain and alabaster and ivory satin and an empty feeling of putting small, fragile and young trained nurses in their places.

The butler was correctly named Winters and he was very tired indeed of this affair of Miss Divine's having had a baby. Tired to an extreme of nurses who came hopefully one day and left the next in tears or in a huff. As the single island of sanity in this whirlpool of screen stars and directors, of press agents, authors and hangers-on, he felt no sense of encouragement or of sad hope in the appearance of another of the endless procession of nurses who drove the glamorous Miss Divine into hysterics.

Without footfalls he disappeared in quest of Miss Pilly while Corinne invoked ease, poise and more reliable knees by recalling the iced composure of Medical Union Hospital and the arrogant charm of Dr. Terry Jameson. Of Terry Jameson, who was now assistant to the great Dr. Adlett and had had the tremendous luck of having Dr. Adlett fall ill while Grace Divine still needed medical attention.

She tried hard to hold to the thought of him when Miss Pilly came for her. Miss Pilly frightened her to death. Miss Pilly wasn't what you would think the secretary of a famous moving-picture star would be. Miss Pilly was plain, she wore plain clothes, she used plain talk. Her eyes were so cold they made Corinne's hands colder than ever. They even got into her heart and chilled that a little.

"Oh, you're the new nurse," said Miss Pilly. It was an indictment. You could see Miss Pilly thought Miss Yates wouldn't do at all. That Miss Yates probably did not know an infant's feeding-formula when she saw it and would undoubtedly drop hot tea and things on the priceless form of Grace Divine. "Please come with me," sighed Miss Pilly.

So Corinne followed her into an automatic elevator and kept her fingers crossed. She wasn't thinking, for she was not quite on duty yet and thinking was not as yet required of her. She put in her time being thoroughly miserable. Private nursing, in her secret feeling, was even worse than it was said to be.

HER bedroom proved to be tiny and had none of the grandeur of the rest of the house. Corinne breathed a sigh of relief. Her blue flannel tailor-made did not seem so out of place here, and neither did she. "I shall return in fifteen minutes," Miss Pilly announced. "You will have changed into uniform then?"

"In five minutes," said Corinne. She unpacked from her new suitcase the new, starchy, white uniform and the new organdie cap, just as fresh as fresh. And her charts and a hypodermic case and some red rubber tubes and a pair of white shoes with rubber soles and the bottle of shoe-whitening and her textbook called Practical Nursing and a smaller one on Infant Care and Feeding. These last she hid in a bureau drawer. Miss Pilly might think she didn't know what she was doing if she saw those books. Corinne did know about nursing. Still, it was a comfort to have the textbooks along.

She was ready in her uniform when Miss Pilly came back.

"Miss Divine will see you now," said Miss Pilly. "For only a moment. You know, of course, that you are to take care of the baby, not of Miss Divine."

"Oh, yes," said Corinne. Naturally she was not to care for a woman who was worth her weight in diamonds to the film industry. There were nurses who had been heads of hospitals, who had been in charge of training schools, who were to minister to the famous mother. She, of course, would see the great Divine only from afar, which was as it should be.

"I am glad," said Miss Pilly, "that you have nice hands. Miss Divine could not endure the last nurse we had for the baby because her hands were not pretty. Her nails, you know, not attractive. You have really very creditable nails."

"Oh, thank you," was all Corinne could say. They walked down a long corridor together. "Is the baby well?" asked Corinne. After all, it did seem important to know something about the baby.

"A splendid child," said Miss Pilly, as if to say, how could the boy be otherwise, with two outstanding screen stars for parents? Because the baby, after all, had a father. In private life, Grace Divine was Mrs. Don Derek.

Corinne followed Miss Pilly down a hall whose carpet was like eiderdown to feet accustomed to tile. It was a hallway of pale walls with red lacquer doors and black benches. It opened under Miss Pilly's discreet experimental knock into the presence of Grace Divine.

The star lay on a chaise longue, in pale, flimsy chiffon, completely surrounded by roses, by silver and gold fittings and mirrors and splendid-looking young men.

"It's the nurse for the baby," said Miss Pilly, looking as if she expected Miss Divine to say, "She's probably simply frightful. Do send her away."

"And why should they turn this new director loose on me?" Miss Divine was saying. "I can't imagine. I don't know that I shall get along with him at all. I told Eggleston so yesterday. His name is Dakin, and he's supposed to be simply marvelous here in New York. But what has that to do with the Coast? After all, I do belong on the Coast. He doesn't know my temperament. What's that, Pilly, who's that you have there?"

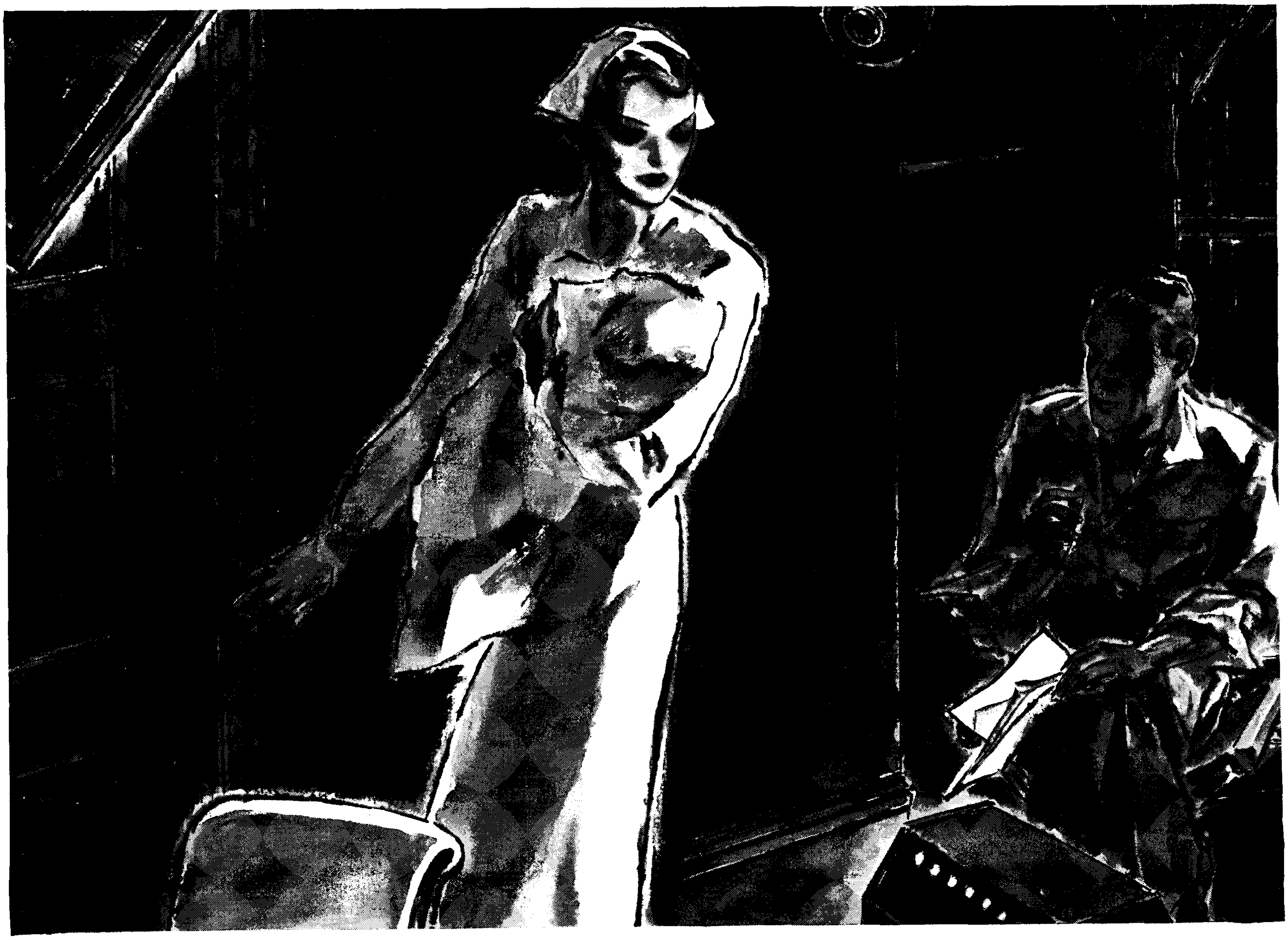
"It's the baby nurse."

GRACE DIVINE raised her auburn head, bestowed her sherry-colored eyes upon Corinne for a moment, then let the gauze lashes fall. It was her best look. It was the look that had quivered around the world. She had to show it to any new person, she who scorned not the admiration of even the most humble. Then the eyes came up, with their glinting lights.

"Do you know all about babies?" she asked. "I do hope so. I can't seem to find anyone who isn't dreadful to look at that does. And you are nice-looking."

"I know something about babies," said Corinne. She stood still, looking at this woman whom the world had once taken to its heart. And she could have cried. Because Grace Divine was not beautiful. She had once been beautiful, perhaps, but now there was nothing in her face but the amazing eyes and selfishness and vanity. She isn't "divine" or "mysterious" or "enchanting," thought Corinne. And another illusion had gone.

"Well, that's splendid," said Miss Divine, "and perhaps you will do." She wasn't sure, you felt, but it might be that this little nurse would serve as a proper handmaiden. "I'm so glad you have got here at last," she went on. "You took a terribly long time, didn't you? And it's been most uncomfortable.



My day nurse has to keep running into the nursery all the time and is never here when I want her."

"I came as soon as I received the call," said Corinne. It had been less than an hour before.

"Well, that's all right," said Miss Divine and did not introduce any of the splendid-looking young men as if of course one didn't introduce these remarkably dull young nurse persons to people.

"All right, Pilly," said Miss Divine. "Take the nurse into the nursery and then come back, will you? I want you to call up Eggleston; the more I think of it the more I think I won't work under this Dakin. He's really too independent—one would think I wasn't a star at all."

"And this is the nursery," said Miss Pilly, leading Corinne up a flight of stairs, into a room decorated with murals of fairy tales in pale tones. "Miss Hand, this is—" she looked as though it were too much trouble to remember.

"My name is Yates," said Corinne.

The other nurse was older and trim and efficient and well-groomed. She told Corinne about the baby, showed her the charts, the schedules, and left.

"Miss Divine will want to see the baby later," she said. "It doesn't matter whether he is asleep or not, you're to bring him in when she calls for him."

"But that isn't right."

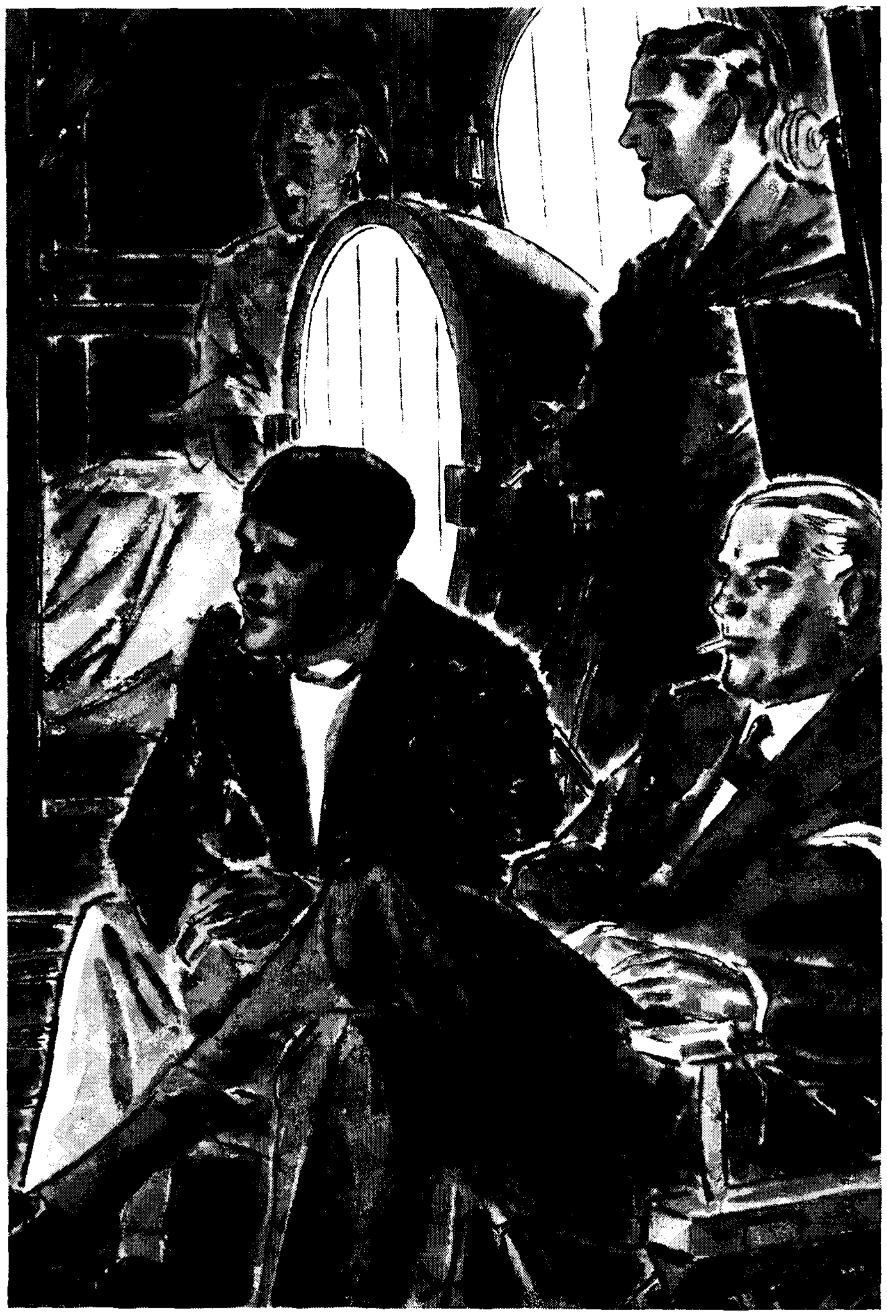
Miss Hand shrugged. "It's her baby."

Corinne was left with the baby and for days was left with him. Occasionally Miss Divine asked to see him and soon Corinne discovered that these occasions were when she wanted to put on what Miss Hand called a mother-act. She did it as she would do it for a camera. She was the sweet young mother, dewy-eyed over her child.

"THE trouble with this mother-act," said Miss Hand, "is it would go over better if she didn't try to pull the fresh-young-thing stuff."

"She isn't very old," said Corinne. "And don't you think she's really crazy about the baby?"

"Be your age," advised Miss Hand. "It's the thing this year for cinema stars to have babies, so Divine's in fashion. And she has to be—it's my opinion she's on the skids. I've heard her having a fit because her contract hasn't been renewed. All this talk about not knowing whether she'll care to work with Dakin is so much hokum. She's dying to work for him and scared to death that he can't see her."



She was given a doll to carry like carrying the Divine baby. Just the hospital all over again

"I've been here nearly a week," said Corinne, "and she hasn't discharged me. That's a record, isn't it?"

"You've had sense enough to keep out of her way," said Miss Hand cynically.

"It's my first case and I'm making good," thought Corinne exultantly. She could hardly believe it possible. They had said at the registry that she could do her hospital work all right but she might fall down on private cases. They had said she wasn't businesslike enough, that she was too "artistic." That was what Terry had said. And Corinne knew she would prove something important to him, to them both, if she could keep a case that meant so much to him as did this of Grace Divine's. It all hung, somehow, on this first case.

"I must be absolutely capable and on my own," she thought. "He loathes inefficiency." She must never let him guess how she really disliked nursing, not because of the work or of anything but her own silly emotional intensity. Her own suffering when others suffered. That was why she was getting along so well on this case—it was a happy one. Don Derek was happy because his contract had been renewed. The baby was well and happy and Terry was aglow with pride in himself.

"You're doing a swell job, old dear," said he one day when he was making his morning call and they were alone in the nursery. "Somehow, I was afraid that you wouldn't measure up on cases like this, but you're a credit to the hospital."

HE LAID his arm over her shoulder and she felt she had received the accolade. She worshiped him. She put her whole mind on him, thought only of making a splendid impression on Miss Divine because of him, because he had sent her on the case, and he was her sponsor.

"Don't do anything to offend Her Royal Highness," he said, looking handsome and princely and eminent. "This case means everything to me, and I recommended you, you know."

"Oh, I won't," she promised. And thought how fortunate it was that she had only the baby to care for, that she need see Grace Divine only occasionally. And those occasions were when Miss Divine was busily engaged in being a madonna and would pay no attention to the Cinderella who brought him to her.

"You have done wonders with this child," said Terry Jameson.

"He's a darling," said Corinne, speaking of the baby and meaning the baby's doctor too. "He has gained fourteen ounces," she added proudly, "in two days." And her whole being was one thrill of pleasure and submission to this wonderful creature who graced the profession of medicine.

When he had left she bathed the baby and powdered him and dressed him in the embroidered nainsook and the clouds of handknitted fine wool that Paris had created especially for the child of Grace Divine. She was happy. All she had to do, simply, was to be equal to her task, and she *was* equal to it.

She did not hurry, because it was morning and Grace Divine never sent for the baby until afternoon. But some kind fate must have been watching over her, for she had no sooner finished than a message came that Miss Divine wanted the baby immediately.

CORINNE carried him in to his mother, with his star-blue eyes gazing around and his infinitesimal hands opening and closing on the blue wool. Proud she was of her handiwork as she walked in. The baby had never looked so beautiful in all the twenty-one days of his life, and Corinne was so engaged with this fact that she was only subconsciously aware of the group who sat in the room, or the tension that was there. They did not matter. Always there was a group there, always a coterie worshiping at the shrine.

And yet as she laid the baby beside the star she had a feeling that tempers were being held in with difficulty, that nerves were on edge. She saw an expression on her employer's face that meant a brewing storm even while Miss Divine was being her most glamorous, most powerful, faithful to her own entranced conception of herself as The Mother.

"My babe," she whispered in her carefully cultivated tones, "is he not too exquisite?" She held him in her arms, she looked up at the three men from the Union Films Studio. At Eggleston, whom Corinne had come to learn was the boss, the man with the money, at a man named Crile, who seemed to be important also, and at a quiet man in tweeds who merely looked.

"Yes, I must do this mother picture," said Grace Divine. "This thing that will touch the great heart of the world. That will express the love and the suffering and the sacrifice of motherhood, the things which I have learned as I went down into the shadow in this last month."

"Sure," said Mr. Eggleston. "That's the stuff we want to feed them."

"I WANT to express it all." Miss Divine raised eyes which were not quite so marvelous in the cold morning light, pull down the shades as she would. "To push inside the heart of every mother, of every son in the world. This is the part for which I have always longed—this war-nurse, sacrificing all for the heroes who are bleeding and dying for their country, this girl who moves among them like an angel of mercy. Who gives herself to the man she loves in spite of the world, of stupid army regulations, who goes forth at last, an outcast, with her babe."

"It's quite a bit," said Mr. Eggleston soothingly.

"Of course it's a bit out of your line,"

(Continued on page 30)

Spare that Desert!

By Owen P. White

Illustrated by Harold Talburt

Two hundred and twenty-seven million dollars for dams, dikes and ditches; that's the present program of the Reclamation Bureau. And who'll profit? Not the farmer. Past records show that he usually goes broke on irrigated land. There will be a rise in land prices, of course, but the speculator will get that. Even the projects that Congress has condemned are being pushed—with PWA funds. Here's the story of Uncle Sam's success as a missionary in reclaiming lost acres

UNCLE SAM, who is now pulling his goatee out one whisker at a time because of worry over his farmers, is the land-poorest man who ever went around kicking about taxes. He is land poor because of too much poor land. And, as poor land makes poor people poorer morally and mentally, as well as financially, if they try to live on it, the old gent is today making an effort to salvage souls by taking 43,000,000 acres, or one eighth of the crop-raising area of this country, out of production. Apparently that's a sound idea and consequently, even though it is going to cost three hundred million dollars to carry it out, nobody's criticizing the plan.

On the other hand, down in the Reclamation Bureau, several hundred engineers are now leaning over their drafting boards drawing pictures of $227,000,000 worth of dams, dikes, ditches and drainage canals to be dug and constructed for the irrigation of perhaps two or three million acres of ground that are already admittedly no good.

Obviously these two plans swear at each other. If the first one is reasonable the second can't be, so says a large host of critics. And yet, although that contention sounds perfectly logical, it *is not necessarily true. It all depends* on whether or not, in the thirty-odd years of its career, the Reclamation Service has been of sufficient benefit to *farmers* to justify its existence.

By glancing at the history of one of the most successful projects in the country, let's see if it has.

November 20, 1910, was a gala day in El Paso. Up to that date about the only celebrities my home town had ever made a fuss over had been visiting gents whose chief claim to distinction lay in the excessive number of nicks in their gun butts. But this was different. This time a new type of bad man was to be given the keys to the city. In fact, four keys were to be distributed because four senators, yes sir, believe it or not, four real, live United States senators were arriving and necessarily they had to be entertained.

They were, handsomely. I know, because I was on the committee that attended to it. I also know that before they left the senators reciprocated by agreeing that forever thereafter the El Paso Valley, under the Reclamation Act, would be provided with an unlimited supply of irrigation.

Of course, since then many unkind people have insinuated that we merely traded one kind of wet goods for another, but, at any rate, El Paso got what it wanted. What came of it?

The first noticeable result was that everybody went land crazy, and that within six months there were as many real estate offices in the town as there were saloons. Sometimes they even doubled up. I recall, for instance, the case of one saloon keeper who, having painted "Valley Lands for Sale" beneath the other sign on his swinging doors, became rich through the transactions in dirt which he closed over his own bar. Therein lay the secret behind the enthusiastic welcome that had been given the senators. Not a single farmer had been present at the dinner in their honor. The men who attended were everything else but. What they all wanted was to get rich, not from raising crops on valley land, but from raising the price of it.

They did that. By astute trading even before the arrival of the promised water, these wily gentlemen managed to raise the price of sandhills and mesquite thickets from about fifty cents an acre to about fifty dollars. Fine. Quite a few of this first crop of land speculators which blossomed out under the El Paso project did so well then that they have never had to do anything else since. Then came the second crop and along with them there arrived what might be termed the Tragic Era.

By this time the big storage dam above El Paso, on the Rio Grande, had been completed; water for the thirsty soil was pouring through the canals and, incidentally, one entire side of the opera house had been embellished with a huge sign reading: "There Will Never Be Another Land Crop: Get Yours Now."

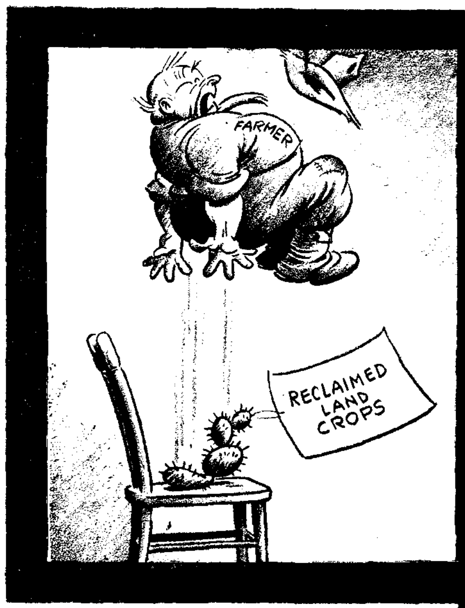
A Picture with Two Sides

It was potent warning. Men and women hastened to heed it; land values took two or three more nice jumps, and naturally all of the real-estaters, Chamber of Commerce directors, storekeepers and railroad representatives continued to go around chanting the praises of reclamation. So did the mortgage companies. They would, because with so much land-trading going on they had on hand plenty of "good notes" which they could peddle to schoolteachers, widows, trustees and other thrifty savers, who were satisfied with good interest on their money.

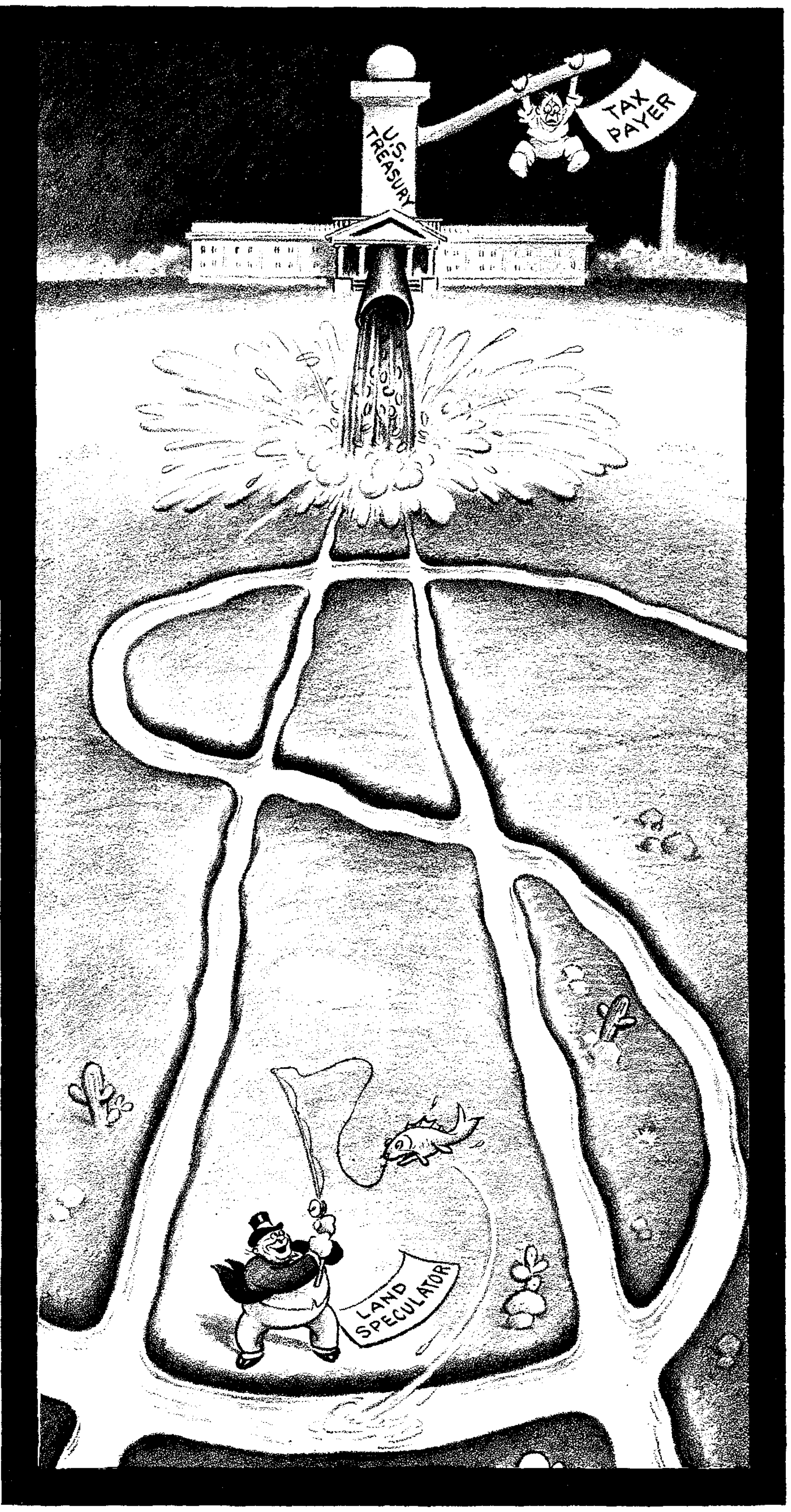
There was, however, another side to the picture of which Mr. William Biggs is a typical example. Mr. Biggs was not a farmer; he was just a tired shoe salesman, but:

"Now really, Mr. Biggs," said the enthusiastic land booster, "that makes no difference. On irrigated land a man doesn't have to know much about farming. And especially here where all you have to do is plant pear trees, watch 'em grow for five years, and then, after that, *you'll have a hard time spending* your income."

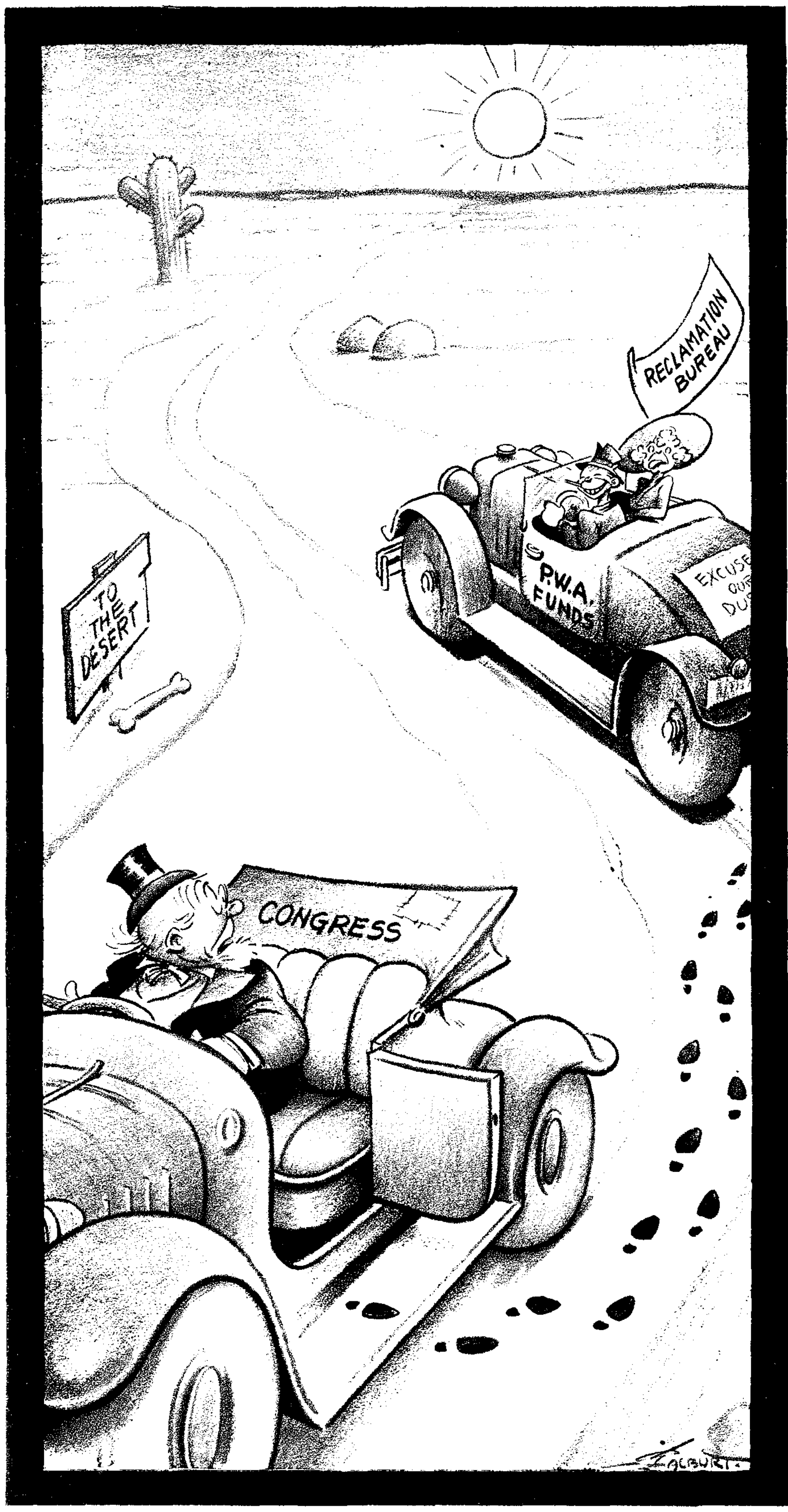
Mr. Biggs fell: bought eighty acres of raw land, leveled it, ditched it, built a home on it, bought equipment, set out trees, and then sat himself down to figure where he stood. The result astonished him. His land had been cheap, $50 an acre, and yet, including a $90 mortgage which he had to pay to the government for the cost of construct-



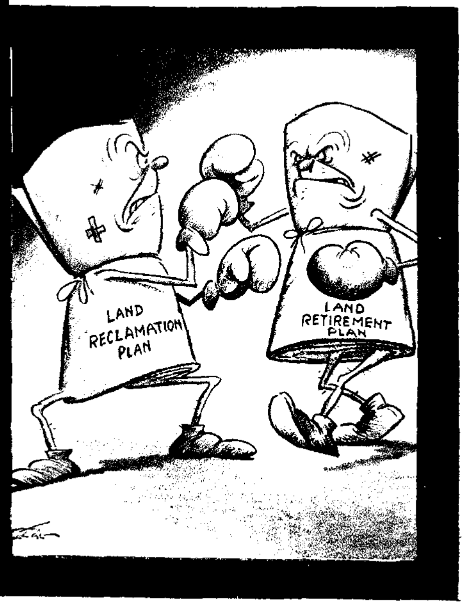
Land reclamation has brought misfortune to the farmer whom it was designed to benefit



Speculators have been the beneficiaries of this lavish expenditure of taxpayers' funds



Congress has lost control and the Reclamation Bureau is going its extravagant way with the aid of PWA funds



The two plans, supposed to work to the same end, oppose each other

ing the irrigation project, he was in $327 an acre. That was a lot of money, but when he looked around and saw that all his neighbors were in the same fix he quit worrying. Pears to the right of him, pears to the left of him, pears to the rear of him, budded and blossomed. A real pear optimist only a mile or two away from his place had even set out a full thousand acres of new trees and so it must be all right.

But it wasn't! Within four years, due to blight and improper drainage, every pear grower in the valley had lost practically every new tree he had planted. This was tough. Having squandered four years of his life, and most of his cash, Biggs now decided to sell his farm and go back to selling shoes. But without a further heavy loss he couldn't. Due to the pear tragedy, which left the valley without a standard cash crop, and to insufficient drainage, land values had collapsed; the land boomers were all in hiding, and the farmers were all steeped in gloom. Then suddenly a man who had been doing a bit of experimenting made a startling announcement.

Cotton would thrive in that locality under irrigation, but the boll weevil wouldn't, because the altitude didn't agree with him. Think of that! Cotton, the greatest of all cash crops, with no boll weevil and at least a bale to the acre! Maybe two bales!

The alacrity with which the dirt peddlers emerged from seclusion and seized on that cotton idea was amazing. They even got busy on a nationwide advertising campaign and, unfortunately, cotton suddenly took a surprising leap upward. That settled it for Biggs. Dirt and dollars were flying around him in every direction; it was as bad as if he were in the middle of an oil boom and, as cotton makes gamblers of us all, he now decided that rather than sell his original farm, which was all paid for, at a fair price as he could have done, he'd just slap a heavy mortgage on it and buy more land.

He did, and today where is he? Along with practically all the rest of the cotton boomers, he is busted, broke, wiped out! So are the savings of the widows, school-teachers and other thrifty souls who had invested in the "good notes" handled by the mortgage companies.

Politics As Usual

And what did this? The depression? Not a bit of it. These people were all cleaned up a couple of years before the depression got here and so all it did was to hasten foreclosures. Neither did poor quality of soil have anything to do with it. On the contrary the El Paso Valley is just as fertile as any of its ardent admirers ever said it was and yet, since it was reclaimed, hardly anybody has ever really made a dollar farming it. Why? The answer is—and for complete details see a communication from Calvin Coolidge to Congress in 1924—that not only in the El Paso project but also in practically every other project in the country, the basic object of the Reclamation Act of 1902 has been completely ignored.

When it was passed it was intended that the Act should apply only to government land. In fact, it was a question whether lands in private ownership could legally be irrigated under it. Land owners, however, who possessed wide stretches of worthless territory, could see noble opportunities ahead for them if they could only get the government to furnish them with water on the same terms that it was planning to supply itself, and so they got busy and began to put on political pressure.

It worked. Congressmen fell into line, so did senators, so did the reclamation officials themselves, with the result that before the Act was ten years old dams and ditches for the irrigation of privately owned lands were being constructed at such a furious rate and in so many localities that the Bureau, spending money faster than it could get it in through the sale of public lands, had to go to Congress and ask for a loan of twenty millions. It got that loan, in 1910, which is why the Senate Committee on Irrigation was so royally entertained in El Paso in that year.

It's easy to see why the El Pasoans should be jubilant. Every single acre in their project was privately owned so that all they had to do was capitalize the government expenditure and the liberality of its terms by selling off their land at fancy prices. Thus the immediate benefits of reclamation went almost entirely to speculative land owners, while its later ones, meaning of course the privilege of paying interest on inflated values along with the high costs of irrigated farming, fell upon the farmers and helped break them.

Contributing also to this result were the pear and the cotton booms, both instigated by men interested in increasing land values, and here again, as the Coolidge communication points out, the Reclamation Service fell down on its job. To be sure, the Act does not say that the Reclamation Service *must* do it, but nevertheless, if it ever expects the farmers it serves to repay the millions in construction costs that they owe, it should see to it that the crops they plant are suited to their soil, their climate, their markets and the state of their pocketbooks.

Advance scientific investigation, for example, might have revealed that Bartlett pears would not do so well in the El Paso Valley after all, and a warning to that effect would surely have saved many people many wasted years and many hundreds of thousands of dollars. It was the same with cotton. If the Bureau had had to bear the responsibility it certainly never would have advised men to make a business of raising any such uncertain crop as that on land which represents an investment of approximately three hundred dollars an acre.

Always the Same Sad Story

Considering all this, then, the reclamation of the El Paso Valley has not been beneficial to *farmers*. To land speculators, yes. The very handsome homes that many of these men have built in the city show where they stand, while at the same time the handsome mortgages which the farmers are struggling along under show their position. But not all of it. They don't show that these men still owe the government thirteen million dollars for construction costs, and that on top of that, every year they have to dig up about $300,000 to cover operating and maintenance expenses.

Can they beat that kind of a set-up? They don't think so. I know perhaps a hundred farmers in that valley, and of all that number I can think of only two who claim to be making money. Probably *they* are because both of them have written off as total losses their entire investment in land and equipment, and so are figuring their profits solely on cost of production against gross sales.

Nor is the El Paso project the only one which has an interesting history. Look at the records of five others, the largest in the country, and let the bare facts speak for themselves.

Take the Salt River project in Arizona first. This project cost $12,750,000 and yet, although the farmers have been receiving water for twenty-one years, they still owe the government $10,166,000, to say nothing of $880,000 which is not shown in the reports but which they had to borrow recently from the RFC to keep their association from going bust. And this, too, in spite of the fact that their land is *more productive* than that of any other project. In 1932 their average crop value, on 224,444 acres, was $43.06, while for the prosperous farm decade, 1913-1922, the figure stood at $64.26.

Now go to Yuma in the same state. Construction work on the project here was begun in 1905, but, owing to various blunders and difficulties, it was not until 1922 that water was available. In that year 53,970 acres were cropped with no reported value. By 1932, however, this

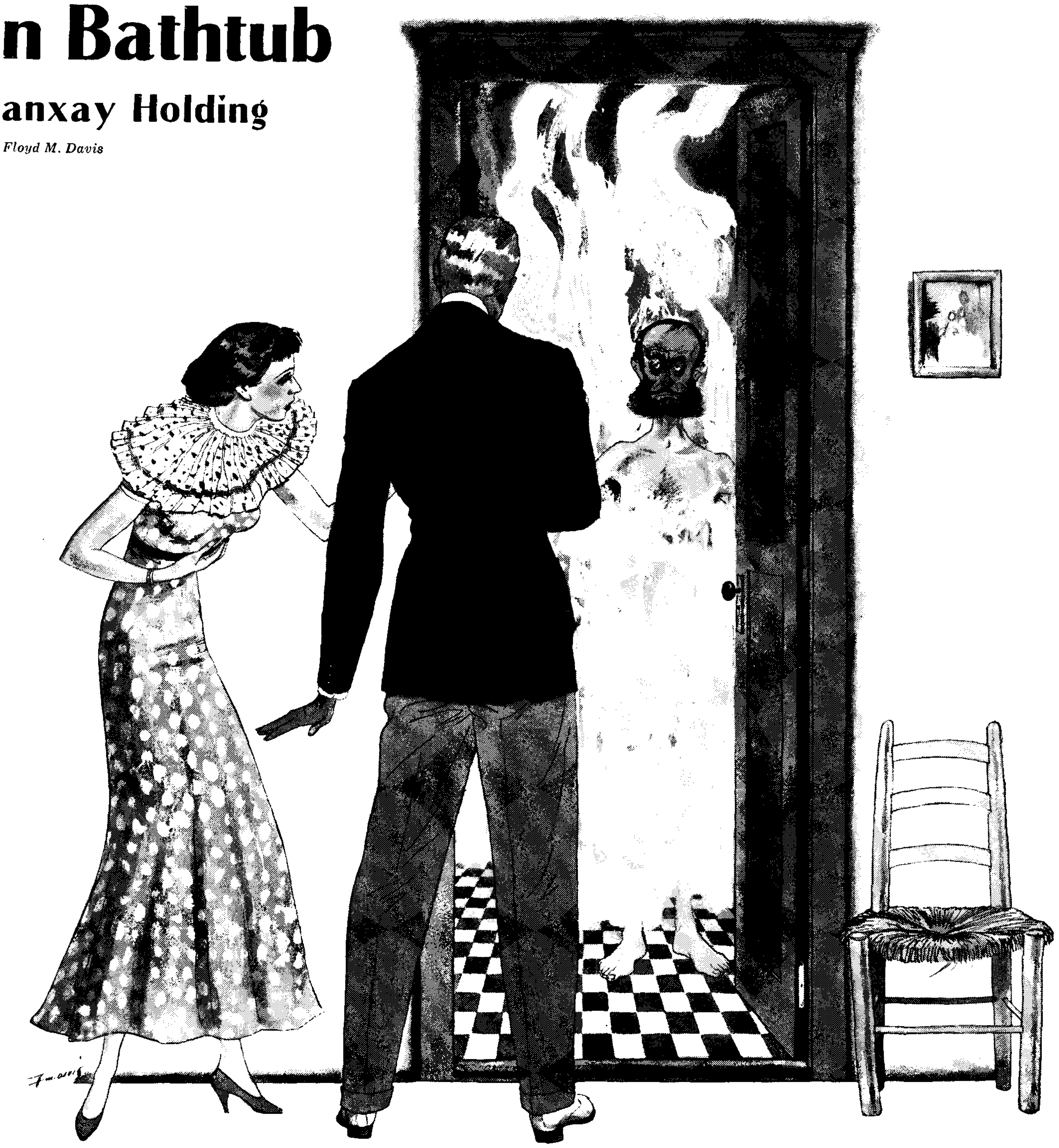
(Continued on page 57)

The Green Bathtub

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Illustrated by Floyd M. Davis

The story of an eccentric professor who wanted a bath, of a hostess who could not oblige, and a young man named Fitzhugh. Mr. Fitzhugh, as you will see, had what it takes



Fitzhugh was thinking what he'd better do next when the door was opened

THE August sun was shining in at the windows, and the little office was very hot. Fitzhugh sat at his desk, his fair hair damp on his forehead, and concentrated all his attention upon his task. A fly buzzed about his head, but he did not look up; a half-smoked cigarette had fallen out of the ash tray and was burning a hole in the blotter, but he did not notice it. He held in his hand half of an empty match box, and he was stringing it with rubber bands. On one end he wound thick bands, three times around, in the middle lighter ones, and at the other end very thin ones.

He plucked these bands, and frowned. He wished to play La Paloma, but it was not going well.

The telephone rang; he lifted the receiver and said, "Hello!" in a curt voice.

"Are you those bathtubs?" asked a feminine voice, clear and imperious.

"This is the agency for the Mossborough Bathroom Fixtures," he answered, quietly.

"I want a green bathtub," said she. "Like the one you have in your window, only green."

"I'll be very pleased to take your order, Madam," said Fitzhugh, and was glad that the beating of his heart could not be heard over the wire. An order!

"I want it now," said she.

"I'll see that your order receives immediate attention."

"I've got to have a green bathtub this afternoon."

"But, Madam! The installation—"

"I don't care about the installation. I just want it put into a bathroom this afternoon."

"But, Madam! You see, we don't carry these tubs in stock, in all the different colors. Only a sample—"

"For heaven's sake!" she cried. "Do you call yourself a business man? Can't you *get* a green bathtub from—wherever they come from?"

"The factory's up near Stamford and—"

"That's not far."

"But I'd have to hire a truck, Madam, and—"

SHE had hung up, and he leaned back in his chair, profoundly dejected. He wanted—he needed to make that sale. It would have meant the few additional dollars he needed to complete the down payment on a new car. He managed to sell enough Mossborough Bathroom Fixtures to make a modest living; but the trouble was that the sales were badly spaced. The commission for one sale was always eaten up before he made the next one. And in the meantime his old car, which he intended to trade in, was depreciating in an alarming way. Even if he did not kill it outright some Sunday morning in a fit of justifiable fury, it would soon be worth nothing. It might peter out any day—and then where would he be?

He had lost interest now in his improvised musical instrument. He tried for a time to swat a fly that buzzed about his head, but he was half-hearted in this sport. He lit a cigarette and, going to the doorway of the showroom, looked out upon the tranquil street of the little Westchester town. A superb car driven by a chauffeur in livery was coming along; he regarded it, and calculated that he would have one like it —in about thirty years.

It stopped before his door, the chauffeur got out, and assisted a lady to descend. She was a most extraordinarily beautiful creature. She was tall and slender, and it seemed to him that she had violet eyes and golden hair, and she was dressed in the very perfection of elegance from her little hat to her high-heeled sandals. She came directly up to him, in a cloud of delicate perfume.

"I spoke to someone on the telephone," she said, "about a green bathtub."

"It was me," said Fitzhugh.

"Oh! You?" she said, looking at him with interest. "But you're frightfully young! I couldn't *imagine* anyone in the bathtub business looking like *you*."

In some way, this speech was complimentary, and Fitzhugh was pleased.

"I was very sorry I couldn't accommodate you," he said.

"We can manage perfectly well," she assured him. "I've brought my car. We can drive out to the factory at once, and get the tub."

"But—"

"First, of course, you'll have to telephone and see if they *have* one."

"But—"

"Do hurry!" she said.

HIS relations with the manufacturers had been hitherto very correct, formal, and from a financial point of view, not very intimate. He felt embarrassed to telephone to the factory, with the announcement that he was bringing a customer who wanted to take a tub home with her. He did it, though, and to his relief the man who answered the telephone showed no surprise, but only an August lassitude. They had a green tub, and the customer could come and get it.

"That's a bit of luck," said Fitzhugh.

"No," said his customer. "If you *really* want a thing, you can always get it."

Within the scope of his own experience, Fitzhugh had not found this to be true. However, he said nothing.

"Let's start," said she.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to stop at my house first."

"I'll take you," said she.

He was not anxious for her to see him start off in his own car, if and when it did start, so he accepted her offer, and told her chauffeur where he lived. He was proud of his house, and still more proud of his wife, and he hoped that his customer might be a little impressed. He had been married for less than a year to a very wonderful girl. She had been an artist—and still was one, when she could get an order—and it was she who had found the house. Perhaps, technically speaking, it was not a house at all; it had been a real estate office, standing in pleasant fields, with roses climbing over it on a trellis; it looked like a doll's house, so tiny and gay. It had been one room; with their own hands they had put up partitions, they had painted furniture, dyed curtains; there was a willow tree in front of it, a brass knocker on the door. As the car stopped, he looked at his customer to see if she appreciated all this.

"How perfectly eerie!" she remarked.

This seemed to him a most ill-chosen word.

"If you'll excuse me for a moment—" he said, stiffly.

"I want to see the inside—if there is any."

"I—I'll speak to my wife," he said, stiffly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Have you got a *wife?* In *there?*"

"Certainly," answered Fitzhugh, with still more stiffness.

And just at that moment Emily came out on the tiny porch with built-in settles. She was a very pretty girl, and she wore a sleeveless pink gingham dress, and standing there on that porch, with sunshine, roses, birds, and so on, it seemed to Fitzhugh that she looked idyllic.

When she heard that the customer wished to see the house she was, as always, good-humored and gay; she brought her in and showed her everything. It was all in the nicest order; the girl was marvelously competent at housekeeping; what was more, she was able to invite the customer to stop for lunch without the least hesitation. She was always prepared for unexpected guests. In no time at all she served a Timbuctoo Salad and a Sponge Fluff in the breakfast nook.

"MY NAME'S Georgie Brackenbridge," said the customer, and both Fitzhugh and his wife tried to pretend that that name did not astound them.

Georgie Brackenbridge, daughter of a millionaire, wife of a millionaire, a prize fighter, and an explorer, all in due and legal succession; Georgie Brackenbridge, who appeared in political campaigns, who piloted her own airplane, who gave dance recitals for charity, whose picture was always in the newspapers. . . .

She was, thought Fitzhugh, very courteous and charming to Emily. Living out here in the fields, it was rather isolated, especially now, when they were afraid to use the car, and it would be a nice thing, he thought, if Emily and Mrs. Brackenbridge took a liking to each other.

Lunch finished, he kissed Emily goodby and got into the car again with his customer.

"We've got time to stop at the Inn," said she, "and get a bite of lunch."

"But we've just had lunch!" said Fitzhugh.

"Lunch?" she said. "Oh, I didn't know. . . . Well, never mind. I never realized that conditions were so terrible."

"What conditions?" asked Fitzhugh, surprised and disconcerted. She was a bit hard to follow.

"Living conditions," she answered, and that did not help him much.

"Did that girl call you 'Mickey'?" she asked.

"You mean my wife? Well, yes, she did."

"Is your name Michael then? Lovely!"

He let that go.

"Why is it bathtubs?" she asked. "I mean—you have such a wonderful, magnetic personality, Michael. *Why* did you pick out *bathtubs?* I think you'd do so well in a bank, or in the movies, or you could invent things. . . . You're so very, very young to be married."

"I'm twenty-six," he said.

"Just a boy," said she, gently. "I don't suppose you'd have the least idea how to handle a problem like that."

"Like what?"

"It's so obvious. To *me,* that is. But I've made a *study* of psychology. I could see at once what was the matter with the poor girl."

"Matter with whom? With Emily? With my wife?"

"Yes. She has the most frightful inferiority complex. She really *could* be very, very attractive. But she simply doesn't *care.* She's lost confidence in herself. She doesn't even *try* to look attractive."

"She is attractive," said Fitzhugh, sternly, and Mrs. Brackenbridge did not pursue the subject.

THEY drove to the factory, and the bathtub was ready; two men carried it out into the yard. Then her chauffeur became astonishingly rude; Fitzhugh would have intervened, only Mrs. Brackenbridge did not seem to mind, and, after all, it was her business. The chauffeur said the tub would ruin the car.

"Oh, well," she said. "I guess you're right. I won't bother about it, after all."

Fitzhugh was stunned.

"You mean you want to—cancel the order?" he asked.

"Oh, I never *ordered* it," said she. "I just thought I'd buy it. It's rather hideous, isn't it?"

"Not when it's installed. Not in the proper surroundings," said Fitzhugh, desperately.

"I'll show you what I meant to do with it," said she. "Jump in, Michael! We'll just let the tub stay here for a while!"

In his somewhat dazed condition, it seemed to him that accompanying Mrs. Brackenbridge was all in the line of duty. He got into the car again, and was driven to her house. It was a princely house of yellow brick. A butler admitted them.

With a preoccupied air, Mrs. Brackenbridge led Fitzhugh through a wide hall and up a noble flight of stairs; he caught glimpses of Hollywood splendor, a suit of armor, a stained glass window, many aquariums; they turned down a corridor carpeted in orange, and she opened the door of a most luxurious room.

"You see," she explained, "I've invited this celebrated something, and I want everything to be nice. This really is the best bedroom in the house."

Fitzhugh saw a huge bed on a platform, with a railing all round it, and a gate.

"I hadn't finished with the bathroom," she said, opening another door. "I had the old tub taken out, because I was going to have a Roman effect. But it doesn't really matter, because this professor comes from one of those countries where they don't take baths. That's why I didn't care if the green tub wasn't *installed.* It wasn't for *use;* it was just for the looks of the thing."

"You'll want the green tub, of course," said Fitzhugh. With a vacillating customer, one used that positive tone.

"Michael—do you think he'll like it?"

"Who?"

"My dear, I told you! The famous Egyptologist. That's mummies, isn't it? I don't suppose mummies come off on your hands, do you? They're probably just dusty. Anyhow, I'm sure Professor This-and-That doesn't take baths. He has whiskers. . . . We'll have cocktails now."

They had cocktails in a vast library.

"Well, about that tub—" said Fitzhugh.

She raised her eyes to his face.

"Please don't sweep me off my feet," she said wearily. "Please just give me time to *think!*"

He rose to take his leave, with an unhappy conviction that he should have been more forceful, or more positive, or something. He did not know whether he had sold that green bathtub or not.

"Don't forget Sunday, will you?" said Mrs. Brackenbridge.

"What about Sunday?"

"But, my dear, I told you! I want you to come—definitely at five. And bring that girl. And, Michael, try to use *tact* about it. Make her believe that she really could be attractive, if she tried."

HE WAS annoyed by this, but he was thoughtful. When he got home he told Emily that Mrs. Brackenbridge had invited them to tea on Sunday afternoon, and seeing the girl so pleased, he did not mention the strange uncertainty of the sale.

"You'd better get a new dress, Emily," he said.

"Oh, let's put every cent of your commission into a new car, Mickey!" she said. "I've got that pink—"

"No," he said, hastily. "There'll probably be a crowd of people there. I mean—it's really a business expense, you know."

On Saturday they went into New York together, and he went to a movie while she did her shopping. At four o'clock he went to the tearoom where he was to meet Emily. And she was so marvelous that he could hardly speak. She was elegant, radiant, beautiful.

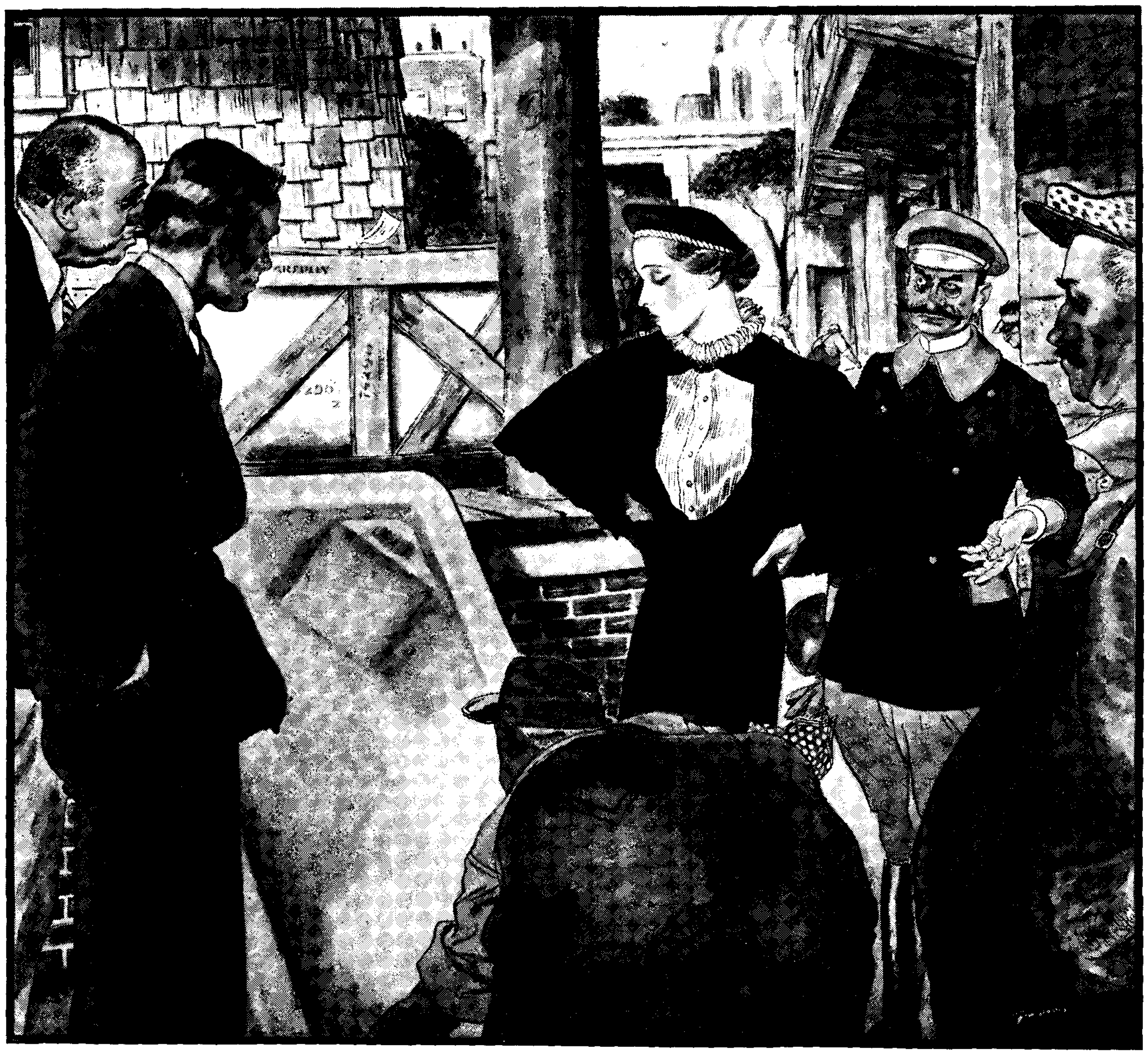
"Emily!" he cried. "You're a knockout!"

She was very happy, and so was he. He looked forward to tomorrow afternoon with pride; now Mrs. Brackenbridge would see whether Emily had an inferiority complex, whether she simply didn't care how she looked.

"Perhaps," he thought, "I haven't paid her enough compliments."

When he considered it, he felt an uneasy conviction that Emily's married

(Continued on page 53)

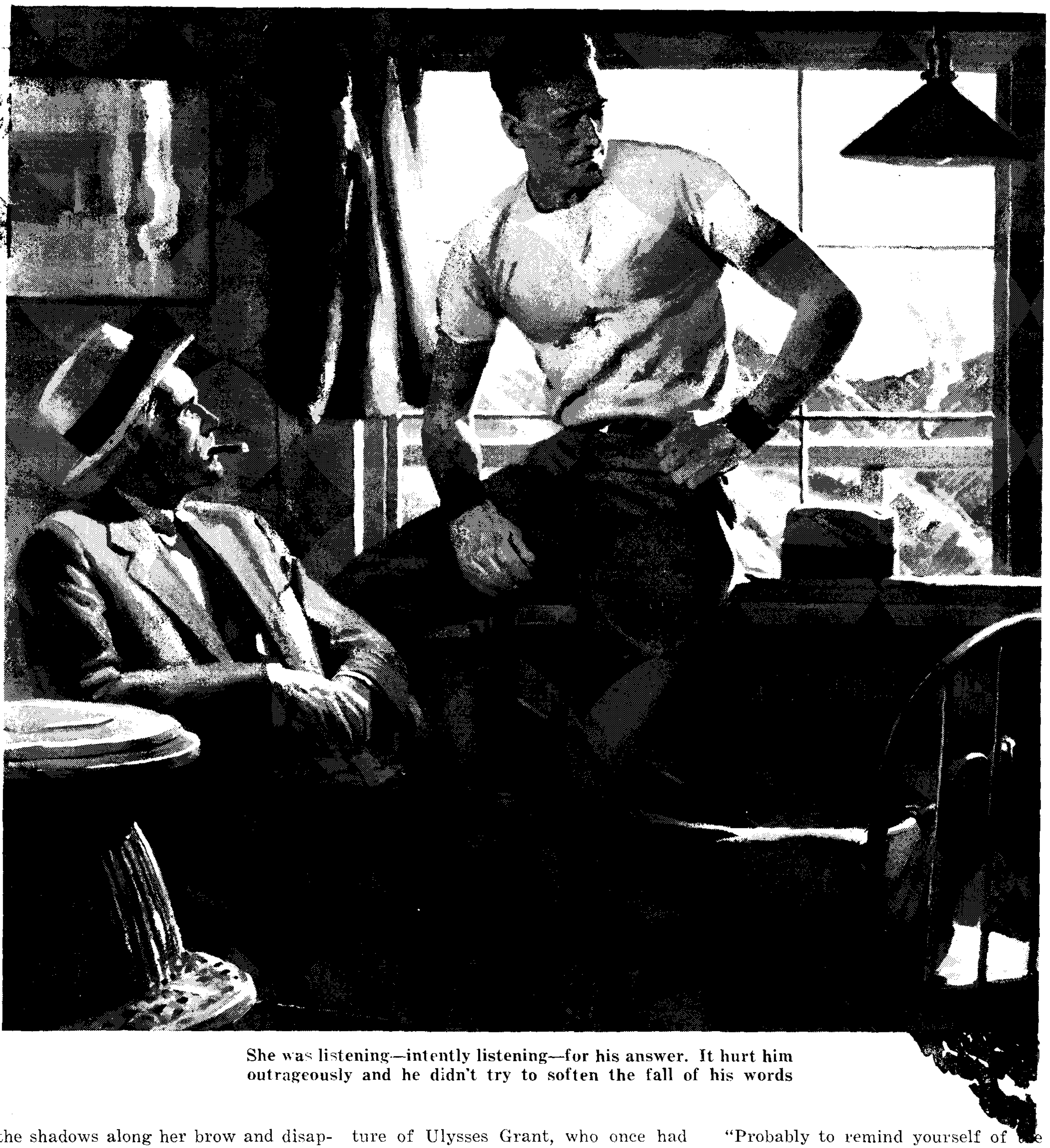


"Oh, I never ordered it," she said. "It's rather hideous, isn't it?"

The Reckless Dusk

By Ernest Haycox

The story of a useful man who thought he understood an ornamental girl. He had much to learn—as you'll see


She was listening—intently listening—for his answer. It hurt him outrageously and he didn't try to soften the fall of his words

SHE was the most flagrantly ornamental thing in sight—purely beautiful, indifferent and expensive. This was Pete Bainbridge's instant reaction as he entered the small lobby of the Stage Coach. She stood in the background, one hand idly touching a table, with her eyes lowered to a magazine there. But they lifted slowly and reached Pete with a startling directness; they were very gray, the eyes of Tom Keerson's daughter. Her lips were still, an inner emotion subdued her features, and she was faintly pale.

Tom Keerson, the big boss, came forward with a young man Pete didn't know. Tom Keerson said in his hearty, heavy voice: "Thought I'd bring some visitors up from Portland this trip. See our plane come over the gorge?"

"Yes," said Pete. "How are you, Tom?"

"This," said Tom Keerson, looking at the other man, "is Martin Ormes. Martin, I want you to meet Pete Bainbridge, chief engineer of that six-million-dollar hole in the ground you saw from the air. It's his baby."

There was a philosophy of life, Pete Bainbridge suddenly remembered, he had almost forgotten—personified here by Martin Ormes. It was a philosophy of seeking risk for the fun of it, of taking a horse over the jumps, or of capsizing a speed boat with a fashionable fortitude, merely to relieve the boredom of living. Martin Ormes was a slim, silver-blond man whose clothes were carelessly proper, whose smile mirrored a detached amusement. Pete Bainbridge shook hands, thinking that you didn't acquire that spectator's view of life unless you had leisure and money.

Tom Keerson stepped aside and cleared his throat. He said in an altered, subdued manner: "And Tamesie."

She hadn't moved; she hadn't taken her glance from him. Pete Bainbridge felt a cold weariness thread its way down his body. He bowed. "How are you, Miss Keerson?"

She murmured, "Hello, Pete," and a quicksilver flash of light broke through the shadows along her brow and disappeared. Tom Keerson cleared his throat again and bit into his cigar. Martin Ormes' smile remained steady, but his attention whipped from Tamesie to Pete and then dropped away. A bell—the supper bell—began ringing on the porch of the Stage Coach.

"Nothing wrong with the job?" asked Tom Keerson.

"No," said Pete. "Not with the job. But we lost a man today. He fell eight hundred feet." He looked down. The laces of his boots hung out, his breeches were yellow with dust, and the congealed sweat and salt and grime on his face felt like a film of gelatin. He said, "Excuse me," and turned, leaving dead silence behind. He climbed the stairs to his room, pushing his palms against his knees. How did it feel to be in Martin Ormes' shoes—where life was so destitute of struggle and heartache that you had to make a game out of it and establish artificial hazards?

WHEN he returned, scrubbed up, the Portland party was at the table reserved for the engineering staff. His own seat at the head had been left for him. Tom Keerson sat at his right, Tamesie at the left, with Martin Ormes just beyond her. Some of the younger men at the table's foot—Ted Zan, in particular—were talking a little more volubly than the hard day warranted. An elk's dusty head surveyed them warily from the wall; there was a picture of Ulysses Grant, who once had stopped here, flag-draped behind Tom Keerson. Old-fashioned lamps shed a soft glow on Tamesie Keerson's vividly black hair, and shadow and light etched for him the picture. Her fingers merely touched the fork beside her plate, a faint acceleration of breathing stirred the round outline of her breasts. She held her small, square shoulders with the suggestion of quiet pride, and a little color came into her cheeks when she caught his glance and coolly claimed it.

"Tamesie," said Tom Keerson, "got curious about this layout and wanted to see it."

Old Tom wasn't like himself. Old Tom was a big man who liked to laugh hard or fight hard, who loved the magnificent gesture, whose ten million dollars never prevented him from risking bankruptcy on a hole like Black Lava canyon. When the Keerson Construction Company sign went up on a job it was always a challenge to storm and tide and tough earth. But Tom's ruddy face showed now minute distress.

"You have seen a hundred construction camps," Pete said, directly to Tamesie. "What makes you think this is any different? The scab rock will ruin your shoes. There'll be sand in your bed. Tomorrow the sun will make your eyes ache and you'll take the plane back in relief. Why did you come at all?"

"Curiosity," she murmured into the strange silence.

"Probably to remind yourself of the sort of life you couldn't lead."

"Are you sure?"

Pete Bainbridge said curtly: "Very sure."

TOM KEERSON shifted in his chair and looked the other way. But Martin Ormes' grin was ironical. "You challenge the wrath of the gods, Pete, when you question a woman's reasoning."

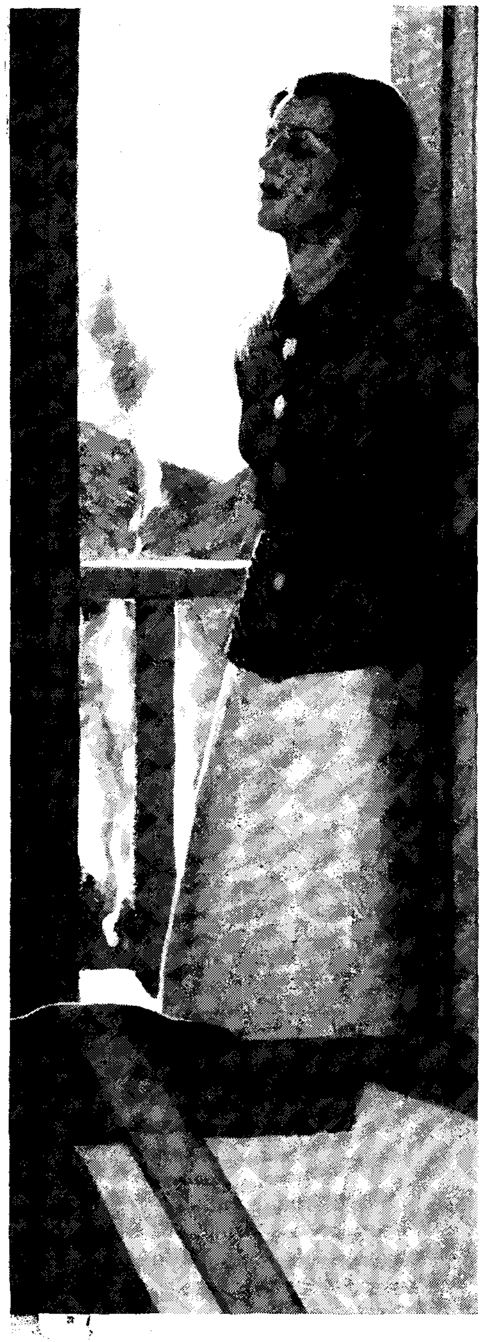
"I don't understand women's reasoning," said Pete. He watched the curve of Tamesie's mouth change, grow straighter. He added: "My early experiences with it taught me I was always wrong."

Tom Keerson coughed through his cigar smoke. Ted Zan called up the table to Tamesie Keerson. "I hope you're staying over for our dance tomorrow night."

"Yes," said Tamesie.

Pete Bainbridge looked up and aside at the supple, broad-browed girl who bent over to pour his coffee. The starched linen of her white uniform grated softly against his shoulder. Her arm, extending past him, was strong and smooth and her smile, dwelling on him for that moment, was something deeply pleasant. Pete pushed back his chair, rising. He said evenly: "These people should know you, Lora. This is Miss Keerson, and Martin Ormes, and Tom Keerson."

Lora said, "How are you?" with a



complete serenity, more at ease than anybody else in the room. There was something very wistful in the break of her lips.

"I hadn't heard about the dance," said Pete. "Am I too late to ask you to it?"

"That will be nice," agreed the girl and moved on, undisturbed. Pete Bainbridge sat down and found Martin Ormes' glance on him, full of speculation. Tamesie's head had lifted to Lora with an odd attentiveness. Her features were sharper and faintly pale again.

Tom Keerson knew only one way of breaking silences such as this one. His voice crashed through it, abnormally loud: "Keeping up with the schedule down in that hole?"

"Yes," said Pete Bainbridge and reverted to supper. There was some talk in the room; it passed idly back and forth. Martin Ormes' urbane words ran smoothly through the course of the meal, keying down the constraint. It was soon over and Pete rose and filled his pipe and remained aloof, watching the gang inevitably form a circle around Tamesie Keerson. He got a view of her through a break in the ranks, her hands gracefully locked together, her features tipped up with that small accent of pride. He went on out to the porch, into an unrelieved velvet dark.

A SEED pod from a locust tree dropped with a dry rattle on the porch; some little breeze was flowing off the southern table-lands. The lights of this small desert village came out of store and house to lay regular patterns across the dusk, and his turning eyes saw a tall man's form sway in the shadows across the street. Pete's interest hardened on that spot and he watched the fellow's arm rise and fall nervously, the tip of a cigarette slashing a red path up and down. Tamesie stepped through the door, paused beside him.

"Walk with me," she said and took his arm.

A low, sultry anger warmed his tired body as they went slowly past the hotel into the farther darkness. There was no change in the enigmatic coolness of her talk. It held the world at arm's length, it revealed nothing, but the light touch of her holding hand conducted to him the elastic rhythm of her body as definitely as an electric wire carried shock. Vitality, very real, lay hidden behind false passiveness.

He asked bluntly: "What brought you up here?"

"My father kept talking about Pete Bainbridge. So—"

"A slumming party," he observed. "It will make a nice topic of conversation for you this winter in Portland, over the bridge table. How you came to the Oregon high desert and roughed it for twenty-four hours while studying the native white men."

A BREATH caught in her throat and she swayed against him gently—and drew away. That moment he felt raggedness break the supple motion of her body. They passed a poplar growing out of the rough board walk and came to the end of the street. Wind had strengthened off the desert. An irrigation ditch clucked liquidly beside the road and the smell of it twined into the pervading odor of dust. The moon's thin edge emitted a woolly, dull-silver light that cut two near-by bull pines into pure black pattern, and gleamed on the once-white surface of an angular frame house at the end of the street. It sat tenantless behind a picket fence, window panes dimly absorbing the shine of night. Tamesie Keerson stopped there, and her voice ran into soft sadness:

"There's always a starved, ugly little house like that on the edge of every construction job."

He withdrew his arm and freshened the tobacco in his pipe. He looked away from her when he struck a match, and he planted his feet farther apart, because he was weary, because he felt outraged.

"That's always the house," he said, "a dumb engineer brings his wife to, when he gets married. That's the house they start the venture in, and that's the house they find when they move to the next job, for the first ten or fifteen years of the game. The sand creeps through the window sills, the rooms haven't got carpets, you lug water up a hill. There isn't any grass. There aren't any movies and you can't wear clothes. Pretty soon romance is shot and the wife looks out at a horizon she hates. Pretty soon she thinks of the city she came from and evening dresses at the opera and iced tea on the clubhouse deck. So that's the end of romance."

HER voice, when she answered, was small and remote, like a dying echo. "Maybe it isn't just hardship that kills her off. Maybe her man comes home from the job and sits worrying over it till he falls asleep, so driven by ambition that he's forgotten he has a wife."

"God knows I don't blame the woman," said Pete.

"Perhaps," she said, more and more distant, "city women fail their men out here. Perhaps it takes a girl like Lora to turn the trick. She is very pretty, isn't she? And very level-headed."

He bit into the worn stem of his pipe. He said: "You came up to have a look at this Pete Bainbridge. Are you satisfied now?"

Her voice returned on a strengthening wave; there was more vigor in it than he had so far heard. "No—I'm not satisfied, Pete."

"You had better be," he retorted and turned to go back. Down into the deep quiet of this remote town dropped the confused voices of honkers overhead, flying south. So the summer was about gone and the soft wind would soon be an arctic blast wailing out of the east. Pete Bainbridge straightened and walked more rapidly forward. The man in the shadows across from the hotel suddenly abandoned his post and strode over the dust at a swift, uneven pace, bound for the hotel porch. Pete Bainbridge halted on the porch steps and wheeled to block the man's way.

"Not tonight, Len," he said. "Nor any other night. You've been told to keep away from Lora."

He saw hatred twist across the man's slim face; he saw hatred turn the man mad and colorless. He wondered then what prevented Len Lafferty from striking out. Lafferty was a high, raw-muscled fellow with eyes blackly reckless. He was a rancher from the Blue Mountains, and not bad-looking. But it was plain that he'd always ridden in the middle of the road, tolerating no interference. Len Lafferty's voice shook:

"I think I ought to tell you, mister, you've gone too far."

"Stay clear of this hotel," said Pete Bainbridge bluntly. "Lora doesn't want to see you."

Len Lafferty's answer was a savage sigh: "I won't take that from you."

"WELL, then," murmured Pete, too tired to care. But he kept his attention closely on Lafferty, never trusting the man. Lafferty's long lips showed a bloodless crease; strain pinched in his nostrils. Without a further word he let out a long breath and wheeled back into the shadows. Tamesie, Pete saw, stood straight and motionless on the porch above him. She looked down, her face away from the light and not to be read; but he saw her fists close. He made no effort to step toward her and in a moment she turned alone into the hotel.

He filled his pipe again, but there wasn't any savor in the smoke, and so he put the pipe away. A great-bodied chap with awkward arms came from the shadows and stopped in front of Pete. He was, Pete knew, one of the steam-shovel operators.

"Mr. Bainbridge," he said, "you better watch out for that guy. There's a lot of talk about what he's going to do to you."

"Thanks, Bill," said Pete, and went into the lobby. He didn't see Tamesie. The construction staff formed an indolent semicircle around Tom Keerson, who was deep in a leather chair; Martin Ormes sat on a table, one foot swinging, and his glance whipped over to Pete Bainbridge with an extraordinary shrewdness. Pete stopped. He said: "When you're not playing at leisure, Ormes, what do you do?"

Ormes' smile was tolerantly ironic. "My ancestors made it unnecessary for me to do anything. You guessed that an hour ago, didn't you?"

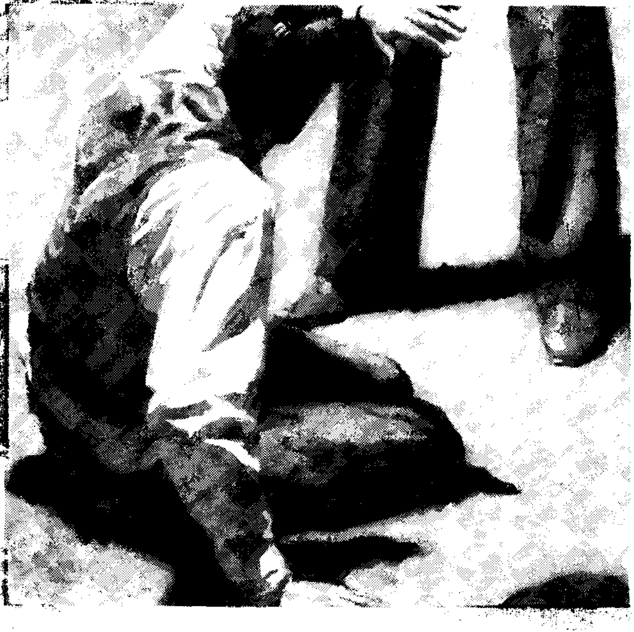
"Yes."

"Of course. You're no fool." Then Ormes said with that aloof amusement: "Except with women."

Pete Bainbridge felt an unbearable weariness loosen his knees. "The papers have placed you and Tamesie frequently together. Where are you in this picture?"

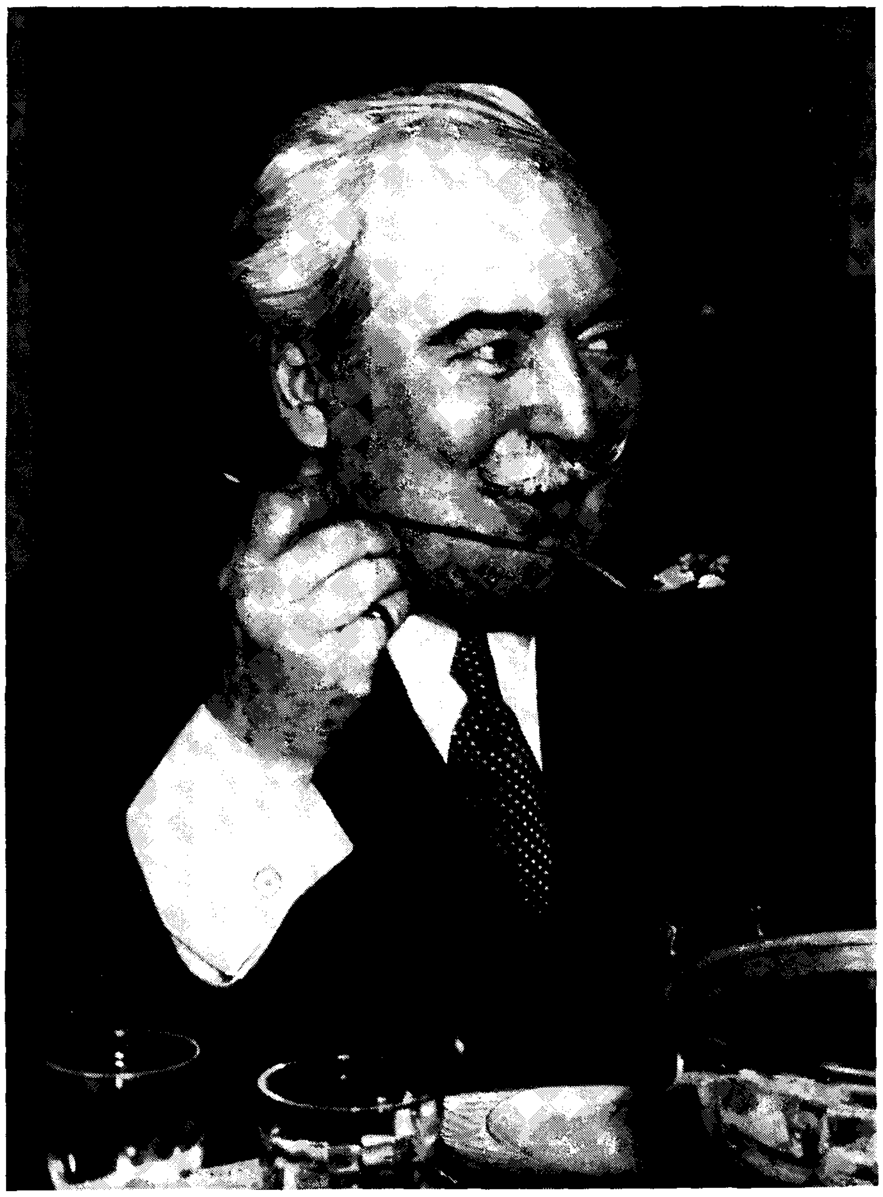
"If I knew," Ormes answered quietly,

(Continued on page 55)



He said, "Don't be a fool all your life, Len"

Illustrated by Donald Teague



George Rector made American cooking an art in the gay nineties

With a Stick in it

Don't let a mysterious French name on the menu deceive you—it probably just means "with a stick in it." But it's this dash of liquor that exalts a mere soup to a delicious potage and turns a lowly stew into a seductive ragout. Here's how to cook with a French accent

By Marie Beynon Ray

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Raymond Orteig welcomes the return of legal liquor at the Hotel Lafayette

"MY DAY—the day of the Gay Nineties, of whiskers streaming amain, of pug dogs, hansom cabs and rubber plants—is coming back with a bang," said George Rector, sipping his *café diable.* (What! You don't know who George Rector is? My, my, you must be frightfully young! George Rector of Rector's, of course—that slightly mad restaurant on the Gay White Way where Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, Victor Herbert, Admirals Dewey and Peary, Diamond Jim Brady, Reginald Vanderbilt, and other night-lifers and epicures of the nineties ate their lobster Thermidor and drank their champagne—yes, sometimes actually out of a slipper.)

"You've seen the bicycle of those dear but far from dead days come back, our headlong roller skating, Gibson Girl fashions à la Mae West and Dietrich, and now you're going to see something even more exhilarating—our food, the famous dishes which went out when the speakeasy came in and cooking became a lost art in this country. What is a dinner without a fish *au vin blanc* or a supper without lobster à la Newburg or *baba au rhum?* How well you know me! *Blah* is right. Vanilla and chocolate may be all very well in their humble way, but not for the masterpieces of the French cuisine. There we demand a little less rosy-cheeked simplicity, a trifle more subtlety and sophistication.

"Many a dyed-in-the-wool teetotaler whose lips have never touched liquor delights in the soupçon of wine or brandy that raises a mere flounder to the dizzy epicurean heights of fillet of sole Marguery or a simple pancake to a crêpe Suzette, created for Edward, Prince of Wales."

Mr. Rector paused to order a benedictine, for the good old days had come back and he could once more eat and drink in the fine old tradition he and Delmonico and Sherry introduced into this country.

Diamond Jim's Favorite Lobster

"Look at some of the grand old dishes we used to serve our fancy patrons before prohibition made a hollow mockery of the French cuisine. There isn't enough alcohol in these dishes to create a taste for it, yet there is a flavor, an elusive, inimitable *je ne sais quoi* about them that couldn't possibly be achieved by any other means. Take Diamond Jim Brady's favorite lobster Americain, for instance. What is lobster Americain? Lobster which has become gay—but not drunk or disorderly, you understand—on three small drinks, one of sherry, one of brandy and one, a very small one, of whisky. A little sleight-of-hand and there you have it—a dish for which Rector's became famous.

"Many of the dishes we served at Rector's really were de luxe and complicated. To those that weren't we lent gayety by adding mysterious French names. For, to the general public, French on a menu adds a glamour and people came to Rector's as much for glamour as for food. Once we understand the ways of those who baptize food, we can look a croquette straight in the eye, knowing full well it is only hash.

"So no one need be alarmed by the hifalutin names of the dishes I'm going to tell you about—*au vin blanc, sauce Bordelaise, flambe, au Marasquino,* etc., merely mean 'with a stick in it.' A cheap cut of meat can be disguised as a *chef-d'œuvre* of *la haute cuisine;* Friday's monotonous fish becomes a delirious delight; leftovers no longer appear as common hash or stew, but assume a hundred delicious guises; a soup becomes a miraculous *potage;* in a word, we cook with a French accent. The accent is the liquor.

"Take this *café diable.* A delight unknown to most people, yet what is it but clear black coffee, brewed, after it's poured off the grounds, with a few sticks of cinnamon and a little brandy? And this morsel of Stilton cheese? Merely a Stilton which for the past two weeks has been daily consuming a drink of wine—sherry and port poured into the hole made by the cheese tester. These are the little, knowing tricks which make a restaurant or a hostess famous.

Food to Grow Lyric About

"I always hear with rising blood pressure the stories of dishes which cannot be duplicated—that one must go to a certain obscure café in Mexico City or a picturesque hostelry in Fontainebleau to savor it at its best. To the deuce with all that! Show me the dish which I, having once partaken of, cannot prepare as well (though strongly tempted, I forbear saying *better*) in my own kitchen.

"At the Café de Paris, where in my youth I was sent to learn the relation of forks and knives to the North Pole and the latitude and longitude of toothpicks, I learned never to be fooled by the black magic of chefs or high-hatted by a skinny bit of toast calling itself a *canapé*—which, as you know, and as I know after looking it up in the dictionary, means sofa, a comfortable place for a sardine to recline. So get out your pre-Volstead cookbooks and look up such items as *poulet Archduke* (chicken enlivened by a little rye or Scotch), fillet of sole Marguery (with its white Rhine wine sauce), *filet mignon à la Bordelaise* (steak with wine sauce, especially recommended for husbands, who are by nature carnivorous animals, never really succumbing to the civilizing influence of their wives or being weaned from their craving for red meat), *escalpin de veau* (the bourgeois Italian concoction of small bits of breaded veal gladdened and maddened by a few tablespoonfuls of sherry or Madeira), *bouillabaisse* (a fish stew or chowder like which there is none such, once you have added its dash of liquor), shrimps, crabmeat and lobster à la Newburg (named for a man whose real name was Wenburg but who couldn't bear the publicity), *omelette au rhum* (the common or breakfast dish which gets into the best night-life by the addition of a liberal sprinkling of powdered sugar and several tablespoonfuls of rum as it lies all helpless and unsuspecting on its silver platter, and then being lighted and basted), and many another almost extinct favorite of the nineties.

"And sometime when you want to cause a sensation at your own table, just reach for the sherry decanter as the soup is passed (either clear tomato or oxtail or mock turtle) and pour a soupspoonful of sherry into your soup; and if your guests look as though they thought you slightly mad, simply ask them to try it. They'll be addicts for life.

"And here's a trick I learned from

(Continued on page 60)

An Honorable Man

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Georges Surdez

Illustrated by Edmund F. Ward

THE deep silence of early afternoon had settled upon Saint-Laurent du Maroni like a cape of lead. But in the semi-darkness of the warehouse, where the air was thickened by the moist heat of Guiana, Legautrec worked quietly, filling a big sack from the shelves and barrels. Legautrec, better known as "Big Louis," was stealing from his employer.

Big Louis, the Breton, was no longer a convict, for he had served the ten years given him for manslaughter by a judge in northern France. For the past three years he had been nominally a free man, but without the right to leave the penal colony. French law ordains that a man sentenced to more than seven years of penal servitude must remain in exile the balance of his existence. But the ex-convict is permitted to seek outside employment.

Big Louis had known himself to be innocent at one time. Circumstantial evidence had worked against him. Now he was not so sure that he had not killed. Had he loaned his knife to a friend, that evening, or had he struck while drunk? In any case, another sailor had died, and someone had been punished. That way, everyone should be satisfied.

His boss, Rousseau, the trader, who had taken him in as a man of all work, was kindly enough. He was treated almost like a member of the family.

He grinned. All of that would soon be over and forgotten. That night, Legautrec, Big Louis himself, would join five comrades already escaped to the bush. They would board a thirty-foot pirogue and sail to Venezuela or Honduras or Trinidad.

Big Louis had contributed no money, because he had none. But the others wanted him because he had been a sailor and they needed a pilot.

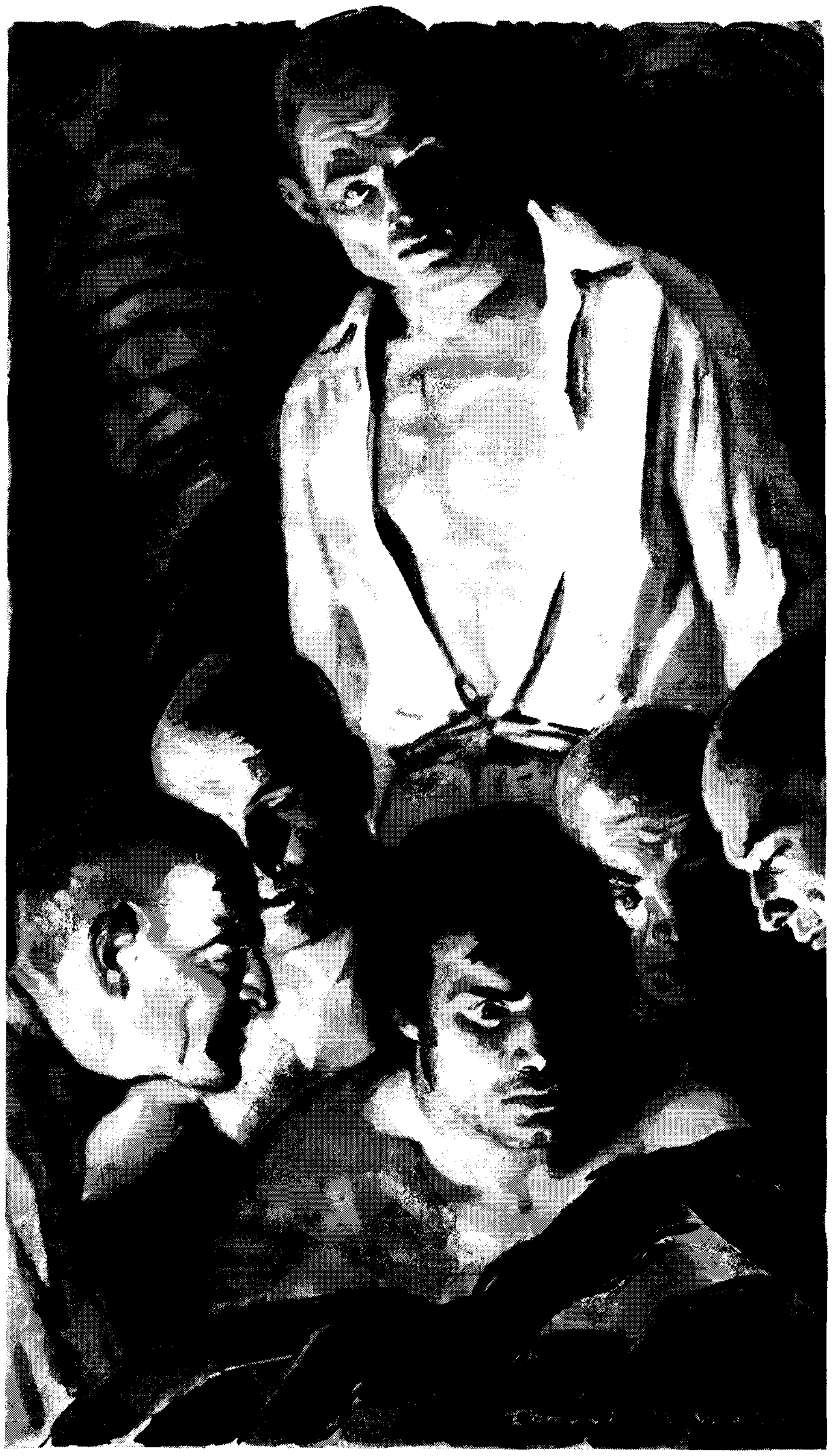
Then, after he had accepted, the others had pointed out that he might filch some food from his employer. Big Louis did not like to rob Rousseau, who was a good guy, but he more or less had to.

WHEN the sack was crammed full he opened the door and peered into the yard. As there was no one in sight, he transferred the stuff to his own hut, behind the sheds. Then he sank down on the cot to rest. His muscled torso was covered with sweat. But he was happy.

A month from now he would be free or dead. If the bush and the sea spared him, Big Louis knew he would manage to live. There is fishing everywhere. Perhaps, years later, when he had changed and they were no longer looking for him, he could go home.

At three o'clock he slipped into his white drill coat, placed a battered straw hat on his shaggy skull and shuffled on his sandals to the small office near the shop, to get orders. Rousseau was there, fat and jovial. Big Louis was startled when he offered his hand.

"Come on, you can shake it," Rousseau said. "You know, I never took that innocence of yours very seriously. But I had lunch with the governor today. Somebody's come forward to testify that he had seen you lend that knife. See, the case is old, and nobody fears much punishment now, so investigation was easier. You'll be out of here in a month, and you can go back to Concarneau or Quimper, whatever dump you came from, and live with your old woman. I'll give you a couple of thousand francs for an outfit. No, don't thank me—what I gave you was all right for a convict. But not for you."



They were his friends, they counted on him. They were city men, shore people, who could never handle that boat without him

Big Louis nodded, speechless.

So he had been innocent. He was glad to be sure once more. He shook with fear when he thought of what he had been about to do. Innocence in that murder would not prevent punishment for stealing. The law just did not figure that way, and justice never considered itself paid in advance. He would have got three years for robbery, and those three years with the road gang, in a repression outfit, cutting bush, with the snakes and the fever!

Most likely, if caught, another three years for attempted escape! And more if the others, judged his accomplices, harmed anyone while making their way out. Rousseau had spoken just in time!

BIG LOUIS worked very hard that afternoon. He wanted to show Rousseau that he had gratitude. He would replace the stuff that night, no one would ever know. He went back to his hut at twilight, the brief tropical twilight that flicks by in a few seconds. He waited until night had fallen. Then he lifted the sack.

It was then that something odd happened to him.

He thought of the five others in the bush who were waiting for him. They did not claim innocence; they were killers. At least three of them were. The others boasted that they were crooks. But they were his friends, and they counted on him. They were city men, shore people, who could never handle that boat without him. And they had no food, not enough food, only the miserable stuff they had saved from their rations or bought by fraud: a few tablets of chocolate, a couple of cans of sardines, a few pounds of bread that would get moist and moldy in a day.

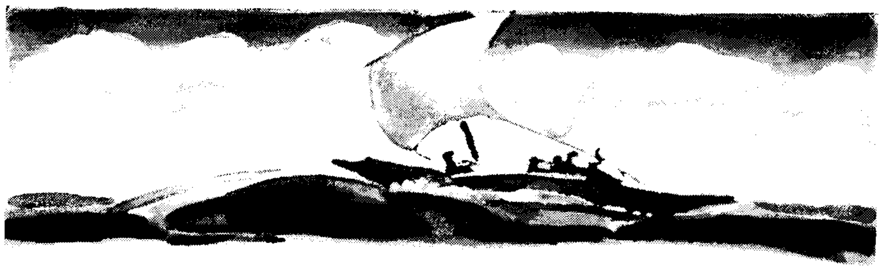
They were expecting him, they needed him.

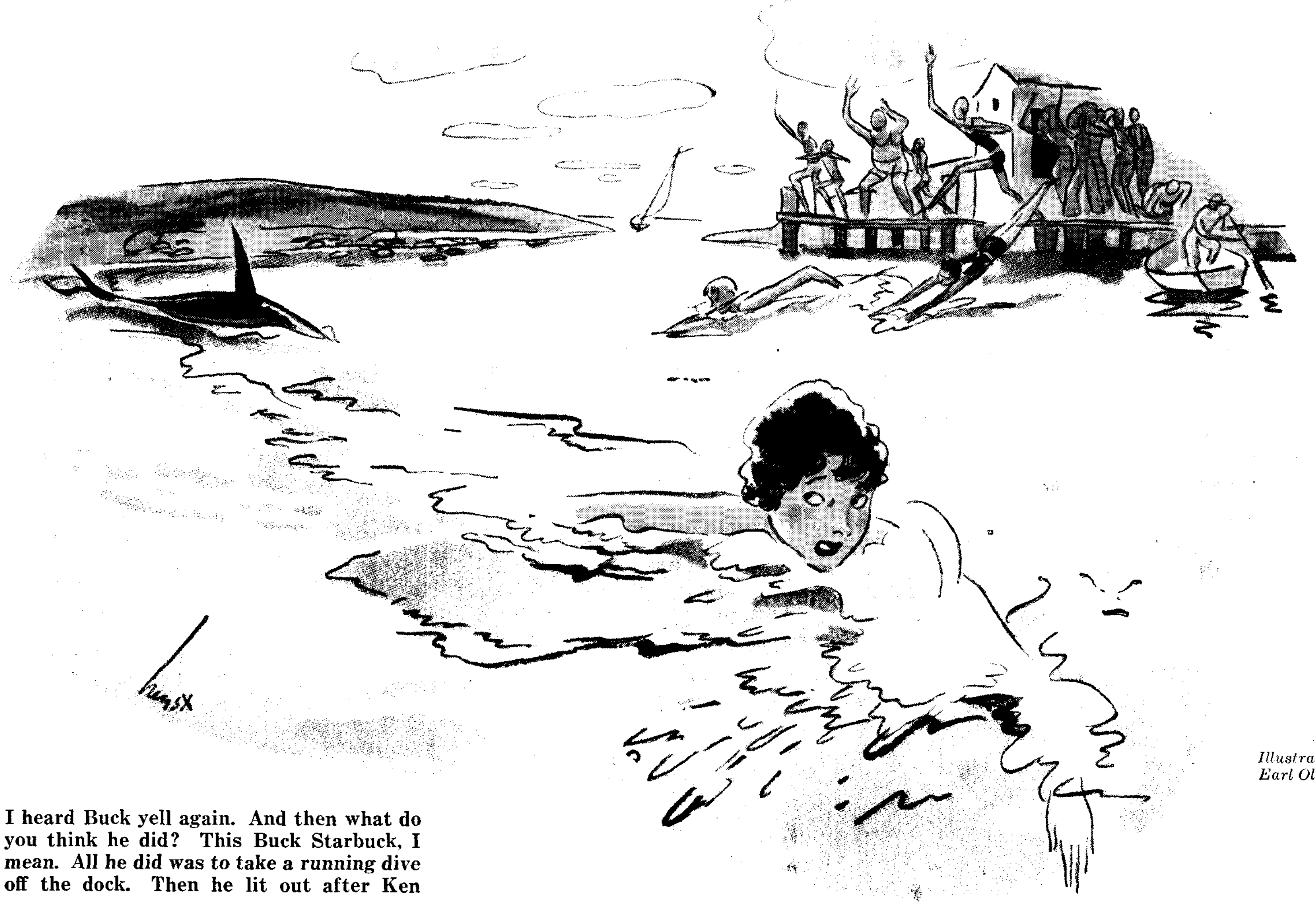
Big Louis thought it all over a few moments longer. On one side, there was complete freedom, a triumphant return home, his mother. On the other side, hardships, possible recapture and punishment, more years of suffering.

But there were those five helpless fools, unable to read stars, unable to hoist a sail, doomed to starvation and drowning unless he was along. He saw their five eager, resolute faces, felt their hope and their trust in him. He was Big Louis, who kept his word!

"I guess all this has made a crook out of me," he mused. "I steal from Rousseau and side with convicts!"

But the struggle with his conscience was over. As the night had thickened enough, he heaved the sack on his wide shoulders, opened the door. He started across the town, slowly, deliberately, toward the bush and the open sea, toward the five expectant convicts.





I heard Buck yell again. And then what do you think he did? This Buck Starbuck, I mean. All he did was to take a running dive off the dock. Then he lit out after Ken

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

Save 'em, Life Guard!

The truth about Life Guard Starbuck, as learned by Miss Topping, who had a sneaking idea that a life guard should know how to swim

By Albert Treynor

I NEVER went to college, and yet a lot of people on our bathing beach *think* I am a thirty-two-year-old college boy. Ken Billings, who sits with me on our life-guard bench, he claims to come from a college, and he wears a big letter "S" on his sweat shirt. He thinks it gives him that added something plus.

Our newest boy on the life-guard bench is Buck Starbuck, a brain-trusty out of work. At college, he says, he studied for one of the higher branches of learning, called something that ends in "ologist." We ask him to spell it. He spells "i-c-h-t-h-y-o-l-o-g-i-s-t." We ask him which? He says that means somebody who keeps glass tanks filled up with the Dennisons of the deep. We ask him who? He says fish on shore leave. Ken says the kind of fish that boy has got is goofies.

The way Buck Starbuck got his life-guard job, he showed our beach captain his gold medal for winning the 300-yard swimming races. That was all right. Only when I saw this medal, it was the medal I had won once for the 300-yard swimming races. I always hock my medals. So that is all right anyhow. If Buck Starbuck wants to buy his medal, and couldn't swim a stroke, that suits me.

Among the hundreds of bathing beauties who sprawl in the sand, the one who pesters me the most is Sally-Jo Topping. She is little, with curly brown hair, and her eyes are about the same color and temperature as the Gulf of Mexico and as full of good sport. She wears these cute rubber bathing suits, and they fit her shape like a non-skid tire fits thirty-six pounds of air.

The minute Buck Starbuck lit on our bench, Sally-Jo came on over. "What's his name?" she asked.

"What's whose name?" I asked her.

"The new bathing bruty."

"You mean this guy?" asked Ken, and stuck his thumb in Buck's bare ribs.

"He's not so bad-looking," said Sally-Jo.

"Huh!" said Ken. "Take me at about one hundred per cent, then Buck Starbuck would be about twelve per cent good-looking pro ratio."

At that, Ken is not so far wrong. Buck has sand-red hair and is built like a slat, with freckles, and he has got a lop-sided grin and wears spectacles, and his face would barely even arouse mother love.

"Would you care to meet him?" I asked.

"No," said Sally-Jo, and hopped in the ocean.

SHE had on her green rubber bathing suit—such as it is—and her green rubber cap. And when I noticed that green cap a while later, I saw she was in trouble. She was spouting and grabbing at the air and hollering help.

I and Ken always sit all day arguing whose turn it will be next if one of us has to get wet. If you should start to drownd sometime, stop and think that over. No life guard wishes to get wet.

"It wasn't two hours ago," Ken said to me, "when I saved an old man and a little boy. Remember?"

All this while the little green cap kept going under out there in the ocean. "Help, help, help!" she yelled.

"I do remember," said I. "And it wasn't an hour ago when I saved Mrs. Peckingham. How about that?"

These remarks were a couple of phonies. Just to put the bee on Buck Starbuck. I and Ken, to tell the truth, hadn't been in any water for weeks.

We looked at Buck. "It's your turn next, Buck."

"I went to work here not a half hour ago," he said.

"That's right," I said. "So you'd better hurry. She'll be going down next for the third or last time."

"Whose turn is it to rake the beach?" asked Buck.

I could not say anything to that. Ken had raked up yesterday, and chalked it up on the life-guard stand.

"We want to start fair," said Buck. "I will rake the beach and Jack can save the drownding person."

The green cap was going down out there by now for the third or fourth time and hollering her head off. And people were running, yelling for us to hurry. And the beach captain came rushing up. "Have we life guards today?" he yelled. "Pardon my asking."

"You go ahead and rake, Buck," I said.

I'd rather take a swim than rake trash and litter up. So I hopped in and swum out through the breakers, not any too pleased.

This Sally-Jo had staged a drownding on me the first time she met me, so she could get to know me faster. And she had staged one on Ken Billings. And now she was staging one on Buck Starbuck.

Sally-Jo can swim like a baby sea monster when she wants to. You couldn't drownd her with a bagful of rocks. Why she can't get acquainted with a new boy in a nice way, instead of making him save her—is that a woman for you?

SO WHEN I got out there I shoved her under again. "See how you like that," I said, and headed back for shore.

After a while I looked around. And she hadn't come up yet. That was funny. So I swum back, and had to dive. And when I dragged her to the top, she had on a green cap all right. But she was not Sally-Jo Topping. She was Mrs. Peckingham. We had made a little mistake.

It was a long and heavy tug for me to get Mrs. Peckingham grounded. She is the plump widow who sits in back of the life-guard stand all day with her ukulele across her lap, playing and singing lousily. It is a sin to have to bring her back to consienceous.

Sally-Jo came ashore to watch I and Ken give Mrs. Peckingham the artificial ressurection. "You see what comes from yelling wolf once too often," I stated.

"Wolf?" said Sally-Jo. "What wolf was that?"

"That was the little good wolf," I told her, "you dope."

All this time Buck Starbuck is down there raking up seaweed and sandwich crusts and starfish and broken bottles and paper napkins and so forth. But all of a sudden he let out a whoop, and dropped his rake, and came on the run.

"Lookit!" he hollered, so tickled I thought he had beachcombed some spare change. And he showed us what he had found.

"Hot dog!" he yelled. "It's a *Rosella Prorhipdoglossomorpha!*"

That's right. (I afterwards made Buck write it down.) And do you know what it was? So polished and pink, it looked like some girl's little fingernail that had scruffed off. Well, it was nothing but a seashell.

"I ONLY got two prorhipdoggies in my collection!" Buck babbled. "I never dreamed there were such finds on this beach. Look, men, I'll do all the raking from now on!"

Ken stopped work on Mrs. Peckingham. "You mean you'll do all the raking?" he asked.

"Hey!" said I. "Don't argue—snap him up! All right, Buck, you can rake all of the time."

Mrs. Peckingham was trying to come to, but I kept her down with one knee. Keep Mrs. Peckingham down while you can, is my motto.

"What's the matter with you?" Sally-Jo asked Buck Starbuck. "Can't you swim?"

"Me swim?" Buck laughed. "If I ever hopped in there I'd go through the water like a bullet."

"Oh, yes?" said Sally-Jo. "Well, why didn't you hop in there just then? You almost lost Mrs. Peckingham."

"I hurt my eardrum," said Buck, "and my doctor says stay out of that ocean."

"Imagine!" said Sally-Jo. "And you a life guard! How did you hurt your eardrum, my poor fellow?"

"Listening to too much silly talk," Buck told her.

Sally-Jo was beginning to burn. "I suppose," she snapped, "if it had been me out there, instead of Mrs. Peckingham—I suppose you'd have taken extra good care to live up to your doctor's orders."

"I got sinus trouble too," said Buck.

This was where Ken got in the argument. Ken thinks he has got private insulting rights staked out on Sally-Jo, and when somebody else starts to insult her he gets peeved.

"Git along, little prorhipdoggie, git along, git along!" Ken sneered at Buck.

Buck kind of halfway looked around through his nearsighted specs. "Pardon me," he said, "but I admire that 'S' on your sweat shirt. What does it stand for?"

"That 'S'?" asked Ken, and stuck out his chest. "Well, if you care to know, it stands for Southern California. What did you think that 'S' stood for?"

"I'll tell you," said Buck. "I thought it stood for Sweat Shirt."

"Let me tell you something!" stated Ken. "They have water where I was born and received my education. And if there was one thing I did learn, I learned how to *swim.* I don't have to do no chores like a meanieal, just to keep me on land."

BUCK STARBUCK is so goofy it makes you want to help him out. It seems a shame for a comeback artist like Ken Billings to take him for a runaround. So I headed in myself. "Tell him about sticking sharks, Ken," I said, and gave Buck the wink. I hoped I could get Ken switched to relating his past.

"That was nothing much," answered Ken. "That was when I used to be in shark and festered waters. All I would do was to grasp a knife in my teeth and swim out to one of them monster tiger man-eaters and rip him wide open."

"You would," said Buck, and went back to raking.

Sally-Jo's old man, Mr. Topping, had come on the beach in his bathing suit, and he heard Ken talking sharks. He always brings us a cigar. Mr. Topping is a big banker, and he loves to play hookey from his banking hours. Like his daughter, he is as full of pranks as a water nyack.

"I've been hearing about this shark sticking for so long," he said, "I'd like to see it with my own eyes."

"What?" asked Ken.

"I'll give two hundred dollars to see you stick one."

"We got no shark," said Ken. "That is a shame."

Mr. Topping laughed through his cigar smoke. He is a sportsman, and a few hundred dollars mean as much to him as paper matches mean to a cigar store. "I'll buy us a shark, Ken," he said.

Ken kind of hummed and he hawed. "No, Mr. Topping, I wouldn't want to put you to that expense," he said.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Topping, and flipped off his cigar ashes. "Sharks are always getting tangled up in the market fishermen's nets. We'll just hoist one with a pair of davits, net and all, and cruise him through the inlet and cut him loose in the lagoon back there. Then you can go in with your knife and rip him wide open."

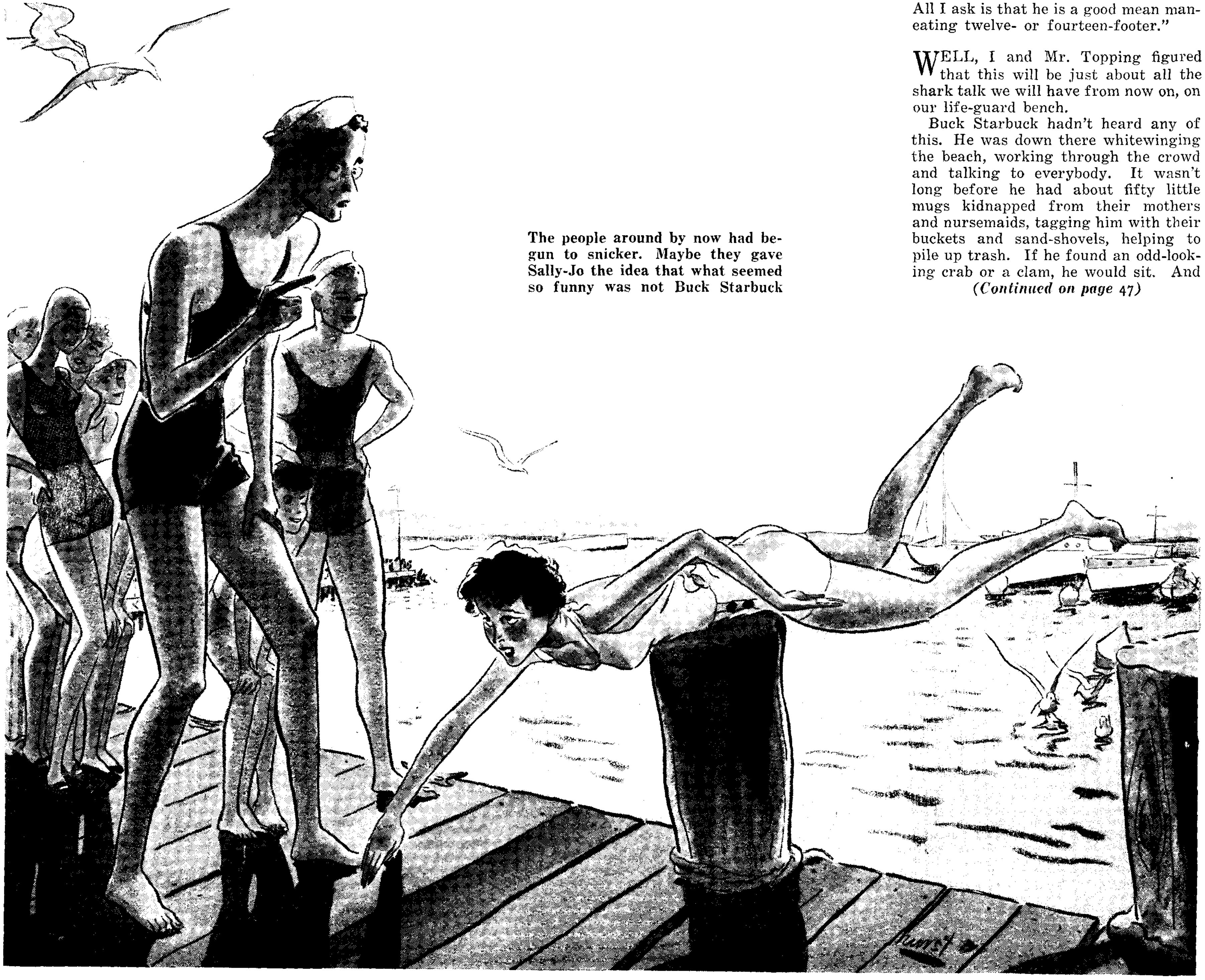
"Listen now!" Ken kind of huffed and he puffed, and you could tell he was doing some fast and brainy headwork. "How about if I make the dicker with that fisherman myself? I wouldn't want you to get stung, Mr. Topping, and I know sharks from A to Gizzard."

"That'll be fine, Ken." Mr. Topping tipped me the wink. "I'll pay as high as five or six dollars a running live foot. All I ask is that he is a good mean man-eating twelve- or fourteen-footer."

WELL, I and Mr. Topping figured that this will be just about all the shark talk we will have from now on, on our life-guard bench.

Buck Starbuck hadn't heard any of this. He was down there whitewinging the beach, working through the crowd and talking to everybody. It wasn't long before he had about fifty little mugs kidnapped from their mothers and nursemaids, tagging him with their buckets and sand-shovels, helping to pile up trash. If he found an odd-looking crab or a clam, he would sit. And

(*Continued on page* 47)



The people around by now had begun to snicker. Maybe they gave Sally-Jo the idea that what seemed so funny was not Buck Starbuck

Woman of Honor

By James Warner Bellah

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW YORK Sandra Cleed receives a letter which surprises her. It is from her husband—Eric Cleed, American diplomat, whom she has left because of his rather too obvious interest in other women. He wants her to join him in Paris at once.

She goes. Philip Harden, an old friend, takes the same boat. He tells her he loves her; and, rather hesitantly, she admits that she loves him—is sorry that they know too late. They dine together, just before the boat docks at Cherbourg. At a near-by table are Sonja Bibescu (a beautiful woman, notorious for her political activities) *and Eric Cleed!*

Philip goes ashore, starts for Paris. Sandra goes to her cabin. Eric is there. He had, he says, boarded the boat at Southampton. Then— "I've been a rotten husband, Sandra. I know it. But I want you to come to me in Paris. I want you to be my wife." With that he goes ashore. . . . When Sandra leaves the boat she is met by Lila Sashe, an old friend who bundles her into her car and starts for Paris. Lila does the driving. "By the way," Lila remarks, changing the subject abruptly, "Sonja Bibescu's after your husband. Have a care, my dear!"

As Sandra prepares to reply a car speeds by them. The driver—a man wearing goggles—aims an automatic at them, fires three times, roars away. Uninjured, the two women continue their journey. In Paris, Sandra goes to Eric's apartment. Eric greets her, says he has an engagement for the evening. Georgia Crail, whom Sandra has known for years, invites her to go on a party. She goes. With Georgia, Anne Jordan, Charlie Martin, Toby Macintyre (all old friends) and two Italian "counts"—"Tony" and "Wallio"—they dance for hours. Quite late, they decide to wind up the party at Tony's, where, a few minutes later, Sandra, to her horror, finds herself alone with her host. He tells her the unvarnished truth: She has been tricked. The doors and windows are locked. "Tony" has lured her to the apartment to rob her of her jewels—or blackmail her!

"Are we really all alone?" Sandra asks him.

Tony smiles. "We are, Madame," he replies.

III

SANDRA eyed the man calmly. "So far as I can remember, there has been no mention, since I met you, of my husband's position here in Paris—no mention of him in any way. And I'm quite sure there is nothing in my home that would indicate his official rank—nothing, that is, unless you had time to go through private papers, which I don't think you did—"

"Those things may be ascertained."

"Naturally—but the time element is what puzzles me. A coup of this kind necessitates a certain amount of engineering. You must intrude yourself upon people who in turn introduce you to your victims. I should imagine that you would pick your subjects quite a few days in advance for several reasons. First, you must be reasonably certain that they have a position to maintain. Secondly, that they have jewelry and that it is real. And after that you must insinuate yourself temporarily into their good graces and wait patiently for an opportunity when they are unescorted. As I say—the time element in all this puzzles me. I don't see how you carried it through so successfully because I have only been in Paris a few hours. Since five o'clock, to be exact."

"Quite so." Tony bowed. "But as you see by the results, Madame, that has been quite long enough."

"No," Sandra shook her head, "it hasn't been. You are very clever but not clever enough for that. Somebody is paying you for this."

Tony smiled. "Madame is."

"Somebody in addition to Madame, providing Madame decides to pay."

"Unfortunately Madame has no choice in the matter." Tony leaned forward and took her hand in his. With a deft twist he had her ring and there was the nerve scream of pain in her hand and up her arm to her elbow, and a drop of blood oozing through the torn flesh of the knuckle.

"Perhaps," she said, "I had better give you the pearls." She took them off and held them clenched in her hand for a second before she dropped them in his. "Before you decide to be more swinish than you have been."

"Thank you," he said.

"The transaction is complete now?"

"Quite complete."

"HAS it occurred to you that your position may be a trifle embarrassing when an agent of the Sûreté Générale, instigated by a request from the American Embassy, calls on you tomorrow and demands the return of those things?"

"Really not," he smiled, "because that will not happen. Madame, you see, has given me these baubles in a spirit of generosity as a slight token of her esteem for my discreet silence on the matter of what has occurred between her and me in my rooms at a very late hour tonight. Such things are unfortunate, perhaps, but life being what it is, they cannot always be avoided. I shall have the pleasure of attending any agents Madame cares to send but I am sure that after Madame thinks things over, she will decide that any action is useless. Unfortunately, she has been here alone with me and it will always be a question as to what actually took place, so the most diplomatic move possible is to forget the incident entirely as far as the authorities are concerned."

"If someone were very anxious to secure a divorce, your services would be invaluable."

"Most invaluable."

"But my husband is not anxious—has that possibility been taken into consideration?"

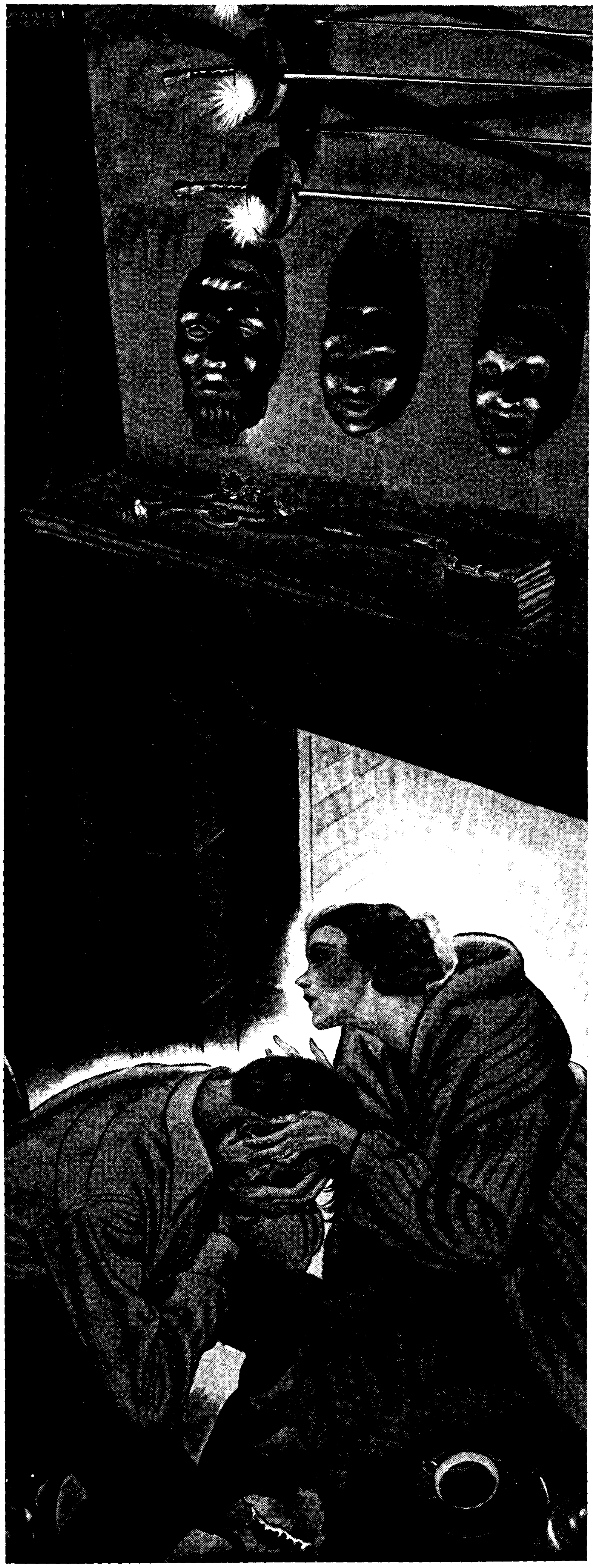
"Madame flatters me—I do not know what she is talking about."

"Why," Sandra said, "are your employers so delicate? If it is desired in Vienna that Madame Bibescu be disposed of, why do they not employ good marksmen and marksmen who know Madame Bibescu infallibly? That would be far better than employing poor marksmen to take pot shots at innocent ladies who happen to be wearing sables and wide linen collars and tiny straw toques."

"Madame speaks in riddles."

"AND it seems to me that it would be a much surer way of insuring Austria against Madame Bibescu's return if she were quite definitely dead, rather than amorously embroiled with a wealthy American undersecretary, the path to whose pocketbook had been cleared by having his wife formally compromised to the satisfaction of the divorce courts of France by a cheap Italian version of the badger game. Especially"—Sandra stood up—"as the American undersecretary does not wish to divorce his wife, nor does he return Madame Bibescu's infatuation in kind. If it is Madame Bibescu who hired you—you may tell her that—it may disturb her slightly."

"Madame is quite finished?" Tony reached for her cloak and held it for



"Oh, my dear Philip," she said. "Have I done that to you?"

her. She looked at him and in spite of her inner fury she smiled.

"Do you know," she said, "that one can't help but admire you, regardless of the circumstances. You know exactly what it is that you want—and you get it. It is an admirable trait that should lead to happiness if it is carried into all the departments of life."

"It is my business," he said. "I am sorry it was necessary to hurt your finger." He crossed behind her and unlocked the outer door. "Good night, Madame, and a thousand thanks for a most entertaining evening."

She stepped out into the dimly lit hallway.

He held his door open for her that the light from within might help her to the stairway. Her hand groped for the cool surface of the iron balustrade. What a beastly night. She wrapped her cloak tightly about her and felt her way down the dark stairs. Her torn finger still ached as she walked hurriedly across the pavé of the court to the open street. She felt mean and dirty and foul with the whole thing. She wanted a bath and the sunlight and the sight of flowers bright with dew on the borders of broad green lawns.

There was a number—22—on the stone of the arch at the entrance to the court and at the corner she saw the street name—Rue Foyat. She looked at her watch. A quarter past three. Why not? Philip wouldn't mind being awakened. There wasn't a taxi in sight, and it was miles to the nearest bridge. It would be pleasant sitting there in his studio for a few moments. Coffee, perhaps, and a fire, and they could talk until her cab came. As she hurried along she thought she heard a step behind her. She turned—no one—an echo of her own footfalls.

SHE walked quickly on down the Rue Foyat until she came to Philip's. An old house, Philip's—a house that had been old when French cavalry galloped through the streets of Paris with Napoleon's Legion of Honor tied to their horses' tails.

Sandra pulled at the ancient bell and waited, the night wind a cold, impersonal presence all around her.

He opened the door for her.

"Sandra!"

"Good morning, Philip!"

"What in the world are you doing here at this hour?" He passed a hand across his disordered hair and snugged the collar of his dressing-gown more tightly about his neck.

"It's a long story." Sandra smiled. "I may come in, *mayn't I*—"

"Of course—but after all—"

"Poor Philip," she laughed. "It really isn't as bad as all that." She went past him as he closed the street door and stood in the archway that led to his studio.

"I'll want a taxi, I suppose—in a few minutes—but I may stay here until it comes?"

"Sit down—I'll telephone in a minute. I was asleep, Sandra. I'm not quite awake yet." He snapped on the lights in the high-ceiled studio and poked for a moment at the dead, gray ashes on the hearth.

"I like your poker."

He looked at the heavy cavalry saber in his hand.

"It does," he said. He put a handful of shavings on the live coals he had turned up, blew on them until they frowned and crinkled and burst into feeble flame. Then he laid kindling splinters on them and stood up.

"Sit over here, Sandra—and watch it for me while I get your cab. There is heavier wood in the box."

"Oh, let the cab go for a moment, Phil dear. It's a long time to daylight, and it's so restful to be here again after all these months. Do you mind awfully if we just sit quietly for a few moments? I haven't had a very pleasant evening. Might I have some coffee, Phil—or is it too much trouble?"

"I'll make some—at once."

"You're a dear."

"Nonsense—I should have mentioned it myself. Hospitality is at a low ebb at this hour, but it's no excuse." He smiled.

"Are you annoyed that I dropped in?"

HE BOWED over her hand. "I'm overjoyed, Sandra—I really am. I hadn't expected to see you for weeks. The coffee." The light glinted on the heels of his patent leather slippers as he went down the long room and into the rear of the house. Sandra lay back in her chair and stared upward at the high ceiling, shot with shadows that writhed in the firelight against the still darkened panes of the glass roof above. There was a gallery up there somewhere leading to Philip's bedroom—a gallery with a teak rail Phil had brought from Saigon—a teak rail with a tapestry dropping from it. Somewhere down the long reaches of the room there was a dais and beside it a marble pilaster with clay on it under damp towels. Or perhaps he had not started to work since his return from America.

In the firelight, a row of his bronze masks hung beside the mantel shelf with a long row of *épées* above them, their blades and bell-guards shattering the light into silver splinters. The home of a restless man using his millions in a vain attempt to reconstruct an age that was dead and lost forever. An expatriate American roving over the world like a Roman of old, taking parts of it that he liked and making a new world in Paris for his soul's pleasure. Quiet Philip—the son of a great, crude man with heavy fists who had spun webs of steel over frozen mountains and flowering deserts that men might travel in the comfort of Pullman drawing-rooms and think of nothing more arduous than their bridge and poker losses. Out of all that—Philip—with a few fair bronzes to show for his being on this world, a slim book of fragile poetry, a blue-pitted deltoid muscle from a fragment of steel that had plowed into him in his eighteenth year, at Verdun—and his make-believe world in Paris.

At times he had fiestas in the studio. The rugs were rolled back from the three rubber fencing strips that ran the length of the room. The wine of Champagne in frosted buckets stood ready on the massive buffet, and the men who owned the *épées* above the row of masks came to him with pomp and ceremony. Old Byacinth Nourric, the Master of the Chanticleer. Boron, his Provost. Paul de Chèvres. John

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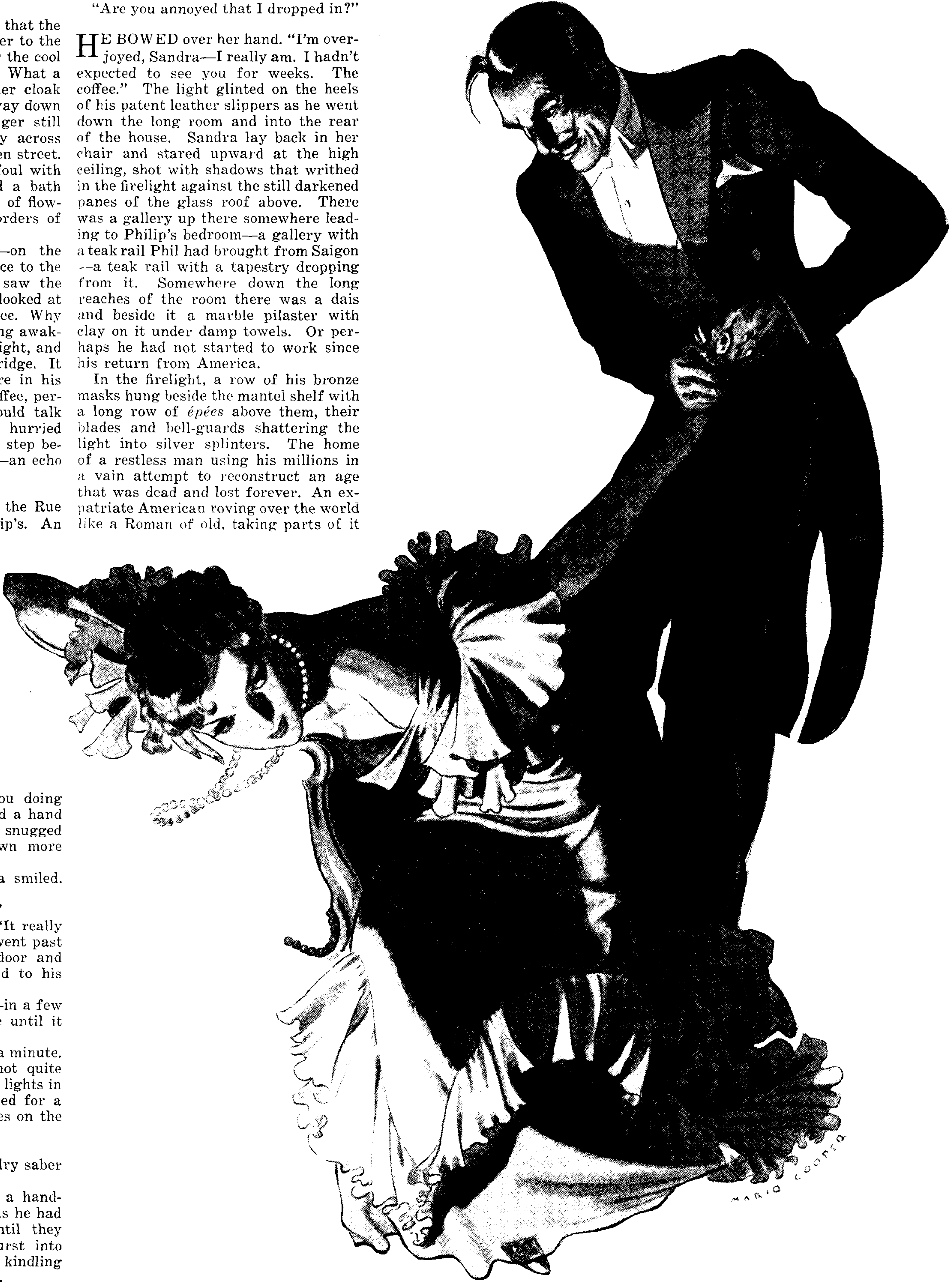


"Unfortunately Madame has no choice in the matter," Tony said. With a deft twist he had her ring

Gunning for Man-Eaters

By Howard S. Reed

as told to

W. B. Courtney

Head tiger hunter of Moi Land—that's one of the odd jobs that Howard Reed has filled during his thirty-five years of tracking down big game. The position is now vacant, and he recommends it to you—in case you're looking for a kick. Just as a sample, he takes you with him on a day's hunt

DO YOU want a job—a good job, steady, interesting, with plenty of spare time in which to invite your soul, in one of the loveliest countries on earth, where the men are good-natured and the girls are pretty and unsophisticated and friendly and waste neither time nor money on clothes, for the simple reason that they do not wear clothes, and have no idea what money is? A job for which you can virtually name your own salary, and everything else will be found? You will not receive pay in coin, but that need not worry you, for by the sale of the goods which are your wages you can grow rich at the nearest seaport.

The qualifications? Almost any normal young American adult male—or even female—who is in good health, possesses them. I can tell you exactly where you can get such a job; just drop a note to the Banta of the Moi tribes, northeastern Siam, Asia, and tell him you would like to become his head tiger hunter. You may even say that I told you to write.

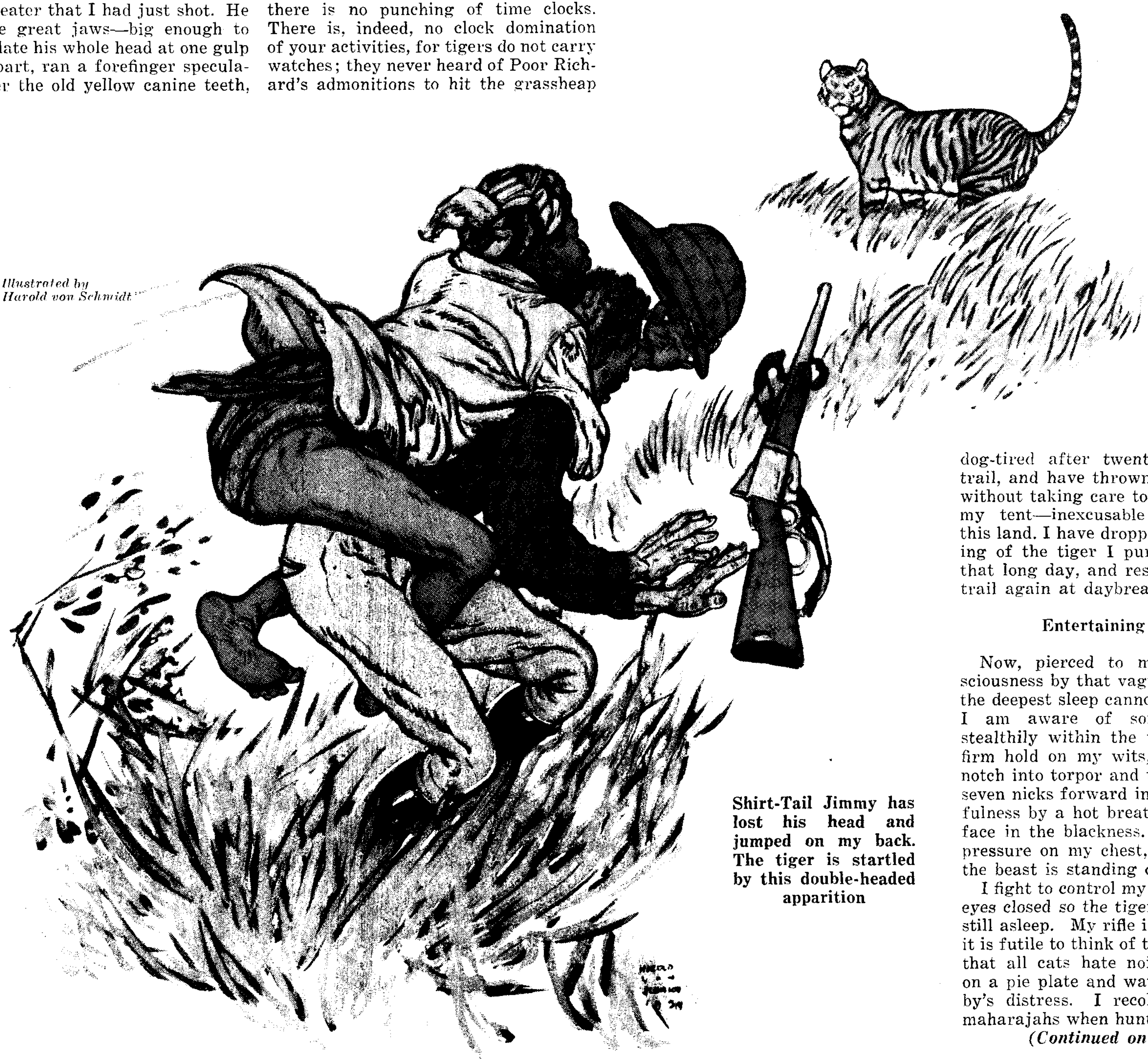
First, perhaps you had better hear a bit about the work expected of you. I can tell you that, readily enough; I held the job for a spell! It is not precisely the safest job in the world; this phase of it was perhaps best epitomized by the old Banta, or chief, when I stood beside him one day as he examined the head of a man-eater that I had just shot. He pulled the great jaws—big enough to accommodate his whole head at one gulp—wide apart, ran a forefinger speculatively over the old yellow canine teeth, then bent close and stared long and sadly into the cavernous throat. "So—so—many of my poor people go down that place!" he said plaintively.

Try It for a Day

But it is not a dull job. I can assure you that what it lacks in security it makes up in piquancy. To help you make up your mind first-hand whether you want the job, come spend a head tiger hunter's working day with me. You are your own boss, of course, and there is no punching of time clocks. There is, indeed, no clock domination of your activities, for tigers do not carry watches; they never heard of Poor Richard's admonitions to hit the grassheap early and get up early, yet they manage somehow to be healthy and wise. They prowl the jungle alleys and back fences at all hours when there are tidbits to be had, or gals—tiger gals, of course—to be serenaded.

Almost thirty-five years of experience in collecting big game for the natural history museums of the United States are back of the lesson I am going to give you today. Being Americans, you will sympathize with—and adopt, I hope—some of the little dodges which I carried over into Asia from my early days with famous paleface and Indian scouts in our great Far West. One is to remember always that no matter how quick you are, how sharp, the tiger will see you first! Another is, wild animals go softly on their trails because their feet are padded. The moccasins of our wise Indians were the nearest human substitutes for foot pads. Wear them, and you will have a great advantage—and longer life—over European rivals for the job. Another Yankee woodcraft trick: did it ever strike you that the buckskin suits of the white and Indian hunters, and the war paints of the latter, were camouflage in the wilderness? Naturally tanned buckskin formed protective coloring in the dusty, tawny backgrounds of the West. Here in the Siamese jungles, therefore, dye your shirt a dark forest green; your hat too.

We shall make it a full day, for good measure, and pick up just after midnight. It is summertime. I am encamped near the village of Zulite of which Ngoit, my splendid friend and the comrade of my seladang hunts, is now the chief. Tigers have been raiding the kindly Mois and I have staggered home to my tent an hour before midnight, dog-tired after twenty hours on the trail, and have thrown myself into bed without taking care to close the flap of my tent—inexcusable carelessness in this land. I have dropped to sleep thinking of the tiger I pursued futilely all that long day, and resolved to take his trail again at daybreak.



Illustrated by Harold von Schmidt

Shirt-Tail Jimmy has lost his head and jumped on my back. The tiger is startled by this double-headed apparition

Entertaining a Tiger

Now, pierced to my recessed consciousness by that vague instinct which the deepest sleep cannot always thwart, I am aware of something moving stealthily within the tent. Lacking a firm hold on my wits, I slip back one notch into torpor and then am twitched seven nicks forward into clammy wakefulness by a hot breath panting on my face in the blackness. I feel a leaden pressure on my chest, and realize that the beast is standing over me!

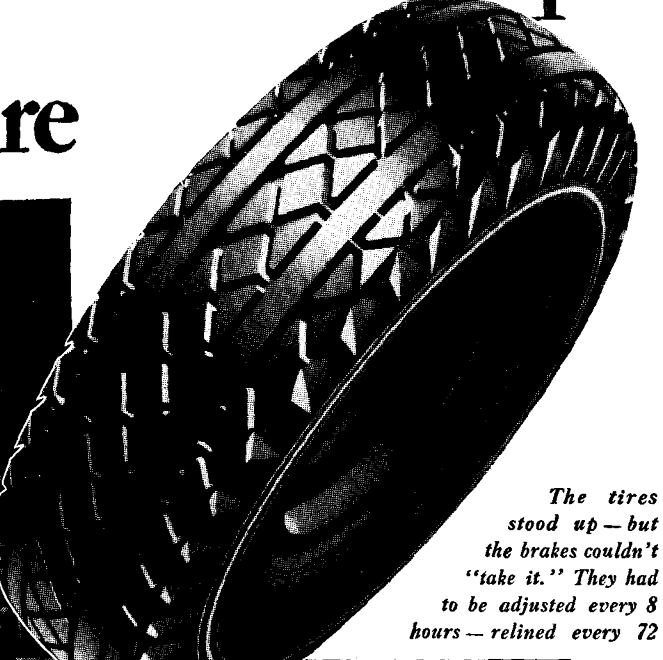
I fight to control my panic. I keep my eyes closed so the tiger will think I am still asleep. My rifle is across the tent; it is futile to think of that. I remember that all cats hate noise; rap a spoon on a pie plate and watch your pet tabby's distress. I recollect that Indian maharajahs when hunting the sensitive,

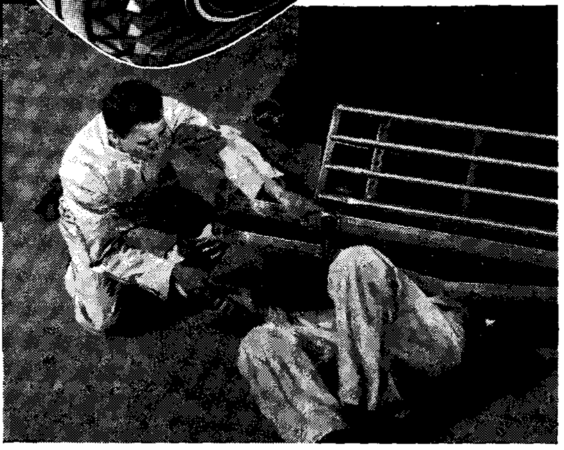
(Continued on page 44)

The "G3" MYSTERY—

How "THIRD DEGREE" methods developed an astonishing NEW tire

. . . a brutal "third degree"—testing the endurance of a tire on high speed friction wheels





The tires stood up — but the brakes couldn't "take it." They had to be adjusted every 8 hours — relined every 72

Goodyear Experts Solve Puzzle and Return an Improved All-Weather Tread That Gives 43% Longer Non-Skid Mileage

FRANKLY, we hardly believed it ourselves when this new "G-3" Goodyear tire showed ability to deliver 43% more non-skid mileage.

It was astonishing. We knew it had won against all other treads tested on high speed friction wheels. We knew it had survived the most brutal "third degree" ever inflicted by the test drivers.

"G-3" was one of the many tread designs originated to stop the mysterious tread-wear that was attacking all tires. Not just competitive tires, but even ours. When it was determined that the cause for unusual wear was the higher-powered, faster-braking, modern automobiles, Goodyear executives demanded not just a better tire, but a vastly superior tire.

Now that "G-3" All-Weather tires have been in use for some months (in a few sizes) the reasons for the astonishing toughness of this new All-Weather design can be summarized this way:

A wider, flatter tread—*actually 5½% more road contact.*

Greater traction—*16% more non-skid blocks.*

A firmer, more compact tread—*Ribs are 11½% wider; grooves are narrower; less "squirming."*

More rubber in the tread—*an average of 2 pounds more per tire.*

Added safety—*in actual test, 43% longer non-skid mileage.*

The "G-3" tread is made possible by widening the road contact, which puts some additional strain on sidewalls. But the famous extra-durable, extra-elastic SUPERTWIST cord carcass has plenty of reserve for this duty. Here, Goodyear was prepared to increase tread width without the slighest difficulty. And, because SUPERTWIST is a patented Goodyear feature, the advanced principle of "G-3" All-Weather design will be found in Goodyear tires only.

If you would know how "G-3" and SUPERTWIST combine to provide the most astonishing tire that has ever carried the Goodyear name, go to your nearest Goodyear Dealer's and see this marvel.

You get "G-3" All-Weather tires at the regular price. It costs more to build, but nothing extra to buy.

WARNING!

Watch the rest of the industry try to copy this amazing tire. Watch them try to duplicate Goodyear's claims. But, remember, you have to have "*non-skid*" before you can have "*non-skid mileage.*" And to have "non-skid," you have to have GRIP where you *see it on the "G-3" All-Weather*—GRIP in the *center* of the tread—the place where it counts, *because it's the spot where the tire contacts the road.* Look at the *grip* on this Goodyear Tire and ask yourself why buy any tire that lacks this safety?

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE trail of the notorious Dr. Fu Manchu, who has kidnapped Fleurette Petrie, Alan Sterling's fiancée, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's premier detective, sees the "Doctor's" daughter—Fah Lo Suee—leave Sam Pak's restaurant, an evil London resort. With Sterling and Inspector Gallaho of Scotland Yard he follows her. She meets Sir Bertram Morgan, a banker, escorts him to an ancient house—Fu Manchu's hide-out!

Fu Manchu is there. He escapes, however—with a captive, *Sterling*. . . . Interrogated, Sir Bertram tells a strange story. At the house, he says, Fu Manchu (introduced to him as the "Marquis Chang Hu") had shown him a fortune in pure gold—gold made from base metals! . . . With Sterling in his hands, Fu Manchu is gleeful. Deep in the ground beneath Sam Pak's is a vast furnace, to which an old abandoned tunnel leads.

Using that furnace, he is performing some fantastic experiments, the fires for which must be fed *with human flesh!* He informs Sterling of what he is doing, then leaves him with a guard—one Ali Oke, who, having served Sterling in Africa, loves him, hopes to save him. . . . Nayland Smith receives a note (sent by Ali). It reads: "In hands of Fu Manchu. Deep pit, a furnace and tunnel below Thames water-level. Do your best. Sterling."

Sir Denis works quickly. And presently, having learned the location of the tunnel, he and Detective Murphy (both disguised) are seated in Sam Pak's. There, after a time, a Chinese "boy" steals over to them. It is Fah Lo Suee—obviously in a state of terror. "Sir Denis," she whispers, "you are both in peril. If I can save *you*, will *you* save *me?*" "Yes," Sir Denis replies—and almost instantly he is knocked unconscious.

As Sir Denis falls, Fu Manchu enters. "Let them all be brought down!" he commands. . . . Meanwhile, Scotland Yard men—Gallaho, Detective Officer Trench, Forester of the River Patrol, and others—are battering down a door. It crashes. Another door—iron—bars their further progess. They send for explosives and wait. While they are waiting Sir Denis comes to in a small chamber. Fah Lo Suee is bending over him. "I love you," she says. "Now we can die together!". . . Sterling is seized, bound, and carried to the furnace. Ali Oke, bound and gagged, is there. And Sir Denis! The fire in the furnace roars. Far above, waiting for the explosives, Trench and Forester hear the sinister sound—and shudder.

VIII

STERLING realized, as the horror in this hell-pit rose ever higher, that the company of the shadows was now complete.

Someone else had been borne down those many stairs and thrown like a sack upon the concrete floor. The doors of the furnace were opened again by the Chinese firemen, and again the heat seared his eyes. He tried to take advantage of that white glare; in a measure, he was successful.

Detective-Sergeant Murphy had joined the company of the doomed; trussed and helpless he lay beyond Ali Oke.

The sweating Chinamen fed the hungry furnace.

It was the closest reproduction of the traditional hell which he believed could ever have been created. He struggled to his feet: his ankles were bound, his wrists were bound. But in some way, to be upright again, though he could not move a step, seemed to reinforce his failing courage. The furnace doors were reclosed.

"Sir Denis!" he shouted, his voice reverberating in that shadow-haunted shaft. "Sergeant Murphy!"

In his extremity he spoke with the accent of the Middle West; indeed, his father's face was before him. He saw the home in which he had been born; Edinburgh University, too, where he had taken his degree; all the happy things of life. And Fleurette! Fleurette! Merciful heaven! Where was Fleurette? He would never see her again!

Murphy answered.

"O. K., sir," he called. "While there's life there's . . ."

A dull thud, that of a blow, terminated the words.

"Murphy!" Sterling cried again, and was in that state when he recognized hysteria in his own voice, yet fought against it. Sir Denis, he remembered to have noticed in the glare of the furnace, had a bandage over his mouth. "Murphy!"

No answer came—but, in silhouette against the light, the gorilla shape of the Burman appeared.

"You yellow swine!" said Sterling viciously and, bound though he was, launched himself upon the broad, squat figure.

He received a blow upon the mouth which knocked him backwards. He tasted blood; his lips were split.

"If I could meet you in the open, you bandy-legged horror," he shouted madly, "I'd knock you silly!"

The Burman, who wore heavy shoes, kicked him in the ribs.

STERLING groaned involuntarily. The pain of this last brutality threatened to overcome him. The horrible, shadowy place began to swim before his eyes.

His wrists were aching; his hands were numb. Nevertheless he clenched his fists, clenched his teeth. He was writhing in pain; a rib had caved in—he knew it. But his supreme desire was to retain consciousness; to be on the job if any eleventh-hour hope should offer.

"Be silent," came a musical voice out of the darkness.

Fah Lo Suee!

"My friend, you only add more pains to those that are to come."

Sterling succeeded in conquering himself. His maltreated body had threatened to master his brain. But his brain won.

Above the ever increasing roar of the furnace, a voice reached him:

"I'm here, Sterling, old man—I couldn't speak before."

It was Nayland Smith.

In some way, the shadows of that dim shaft seemed to possess weight—to bear down on one oppressively. From where he lay, Sterling could not see the mouth of the tunnel, but he was oddly conscious of its presence, somewhere beyond the furnace. There was water above, a great quantity of water, probably the River Thames.

This sense of depth, of being buried far below the surface, alone was horrifying; with the accompaniments which surrounded him, plus a split lip and a dislocated rib, it stretched endurance to the breaking point.

And then another voice spoke out of the darkness. It was a voice which, once heard, could never be forgotten: the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith. You are, I believe, acting for the secret service. You are a legitimate enemy. Detective-Sergeant Murphy. You are attached to the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, and therefore entitled to my respect. Mr. Alan Sterling, you have voluntarily thrown yourself into the midst of my affairs, but since your motives are of a kind sometimes termed chivalrous, I shall accord to you also the honors of war."

The strange, cold voice ceased for a moment.

Sterling struggled into a crouching position, ignoring the blood dripping from his chin, striving to forget the sharp pain of his injured rib.

"Tonight may well be a climax in my war against folly and misrule; but if I triumph tonight, my path will be clear. My chief enemy will no longer obstruct me in my work, nor treachery live in my household. . . ."

That strange, impressive voice ceased—then uttered a short, guttural command.

The squat Burman appeared in the circle of light, dragging by the heels the inert body of Ali.

It now became obvious that the Nubian was bound hand and foot, and that a cloth was tied tightly over his mouth. His eyes seemed to bulge from his skull; his face was wet with the sweat of fear.

The Burman withdrew into the shadows, but appeared again almost immediately swinging a short, curved sword, which he seemed to handle with familiarity.

"This man is a traitor," the guttural voice said softly. "I have held my hand too long."

A SWIFT, hissing word of command; and during some few, dreadful seconds, in which Alan Sterling's heart seemed to remain still in his breast, the Burmese executioner obeyed.

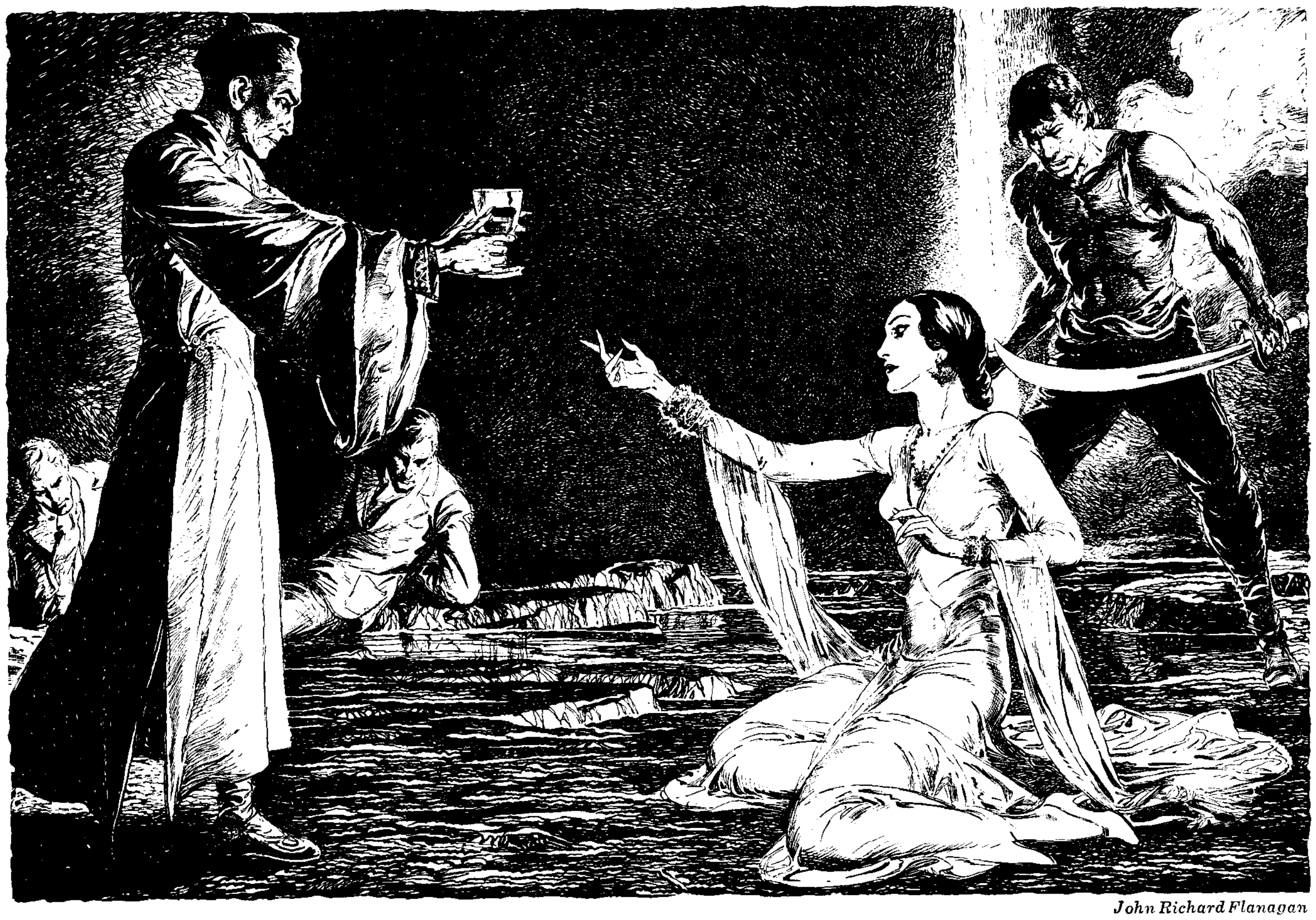
Twining the fingers of his left hand into the frizzy, black hair of the Nubian, he jerked him to his feet with a single movement of that long, powerful arm. And, as the man stood there bent forward, swaying—with one mighty, unerring sweep of the scimitar he severed his head from his body!

"My God!" groaned Sergeant Murphy. "My God!"

Unconcernedly, the executioner threw the body on to one of the wooden frames, lashed the trunk and feet with lines which were attached to the woodwork, and stood up, glancing into the darkness in the direction from which the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu had come.

In response to another hissing command the two Chinese firemen came forward and threw open the furnace

(*Continued on page 49*)

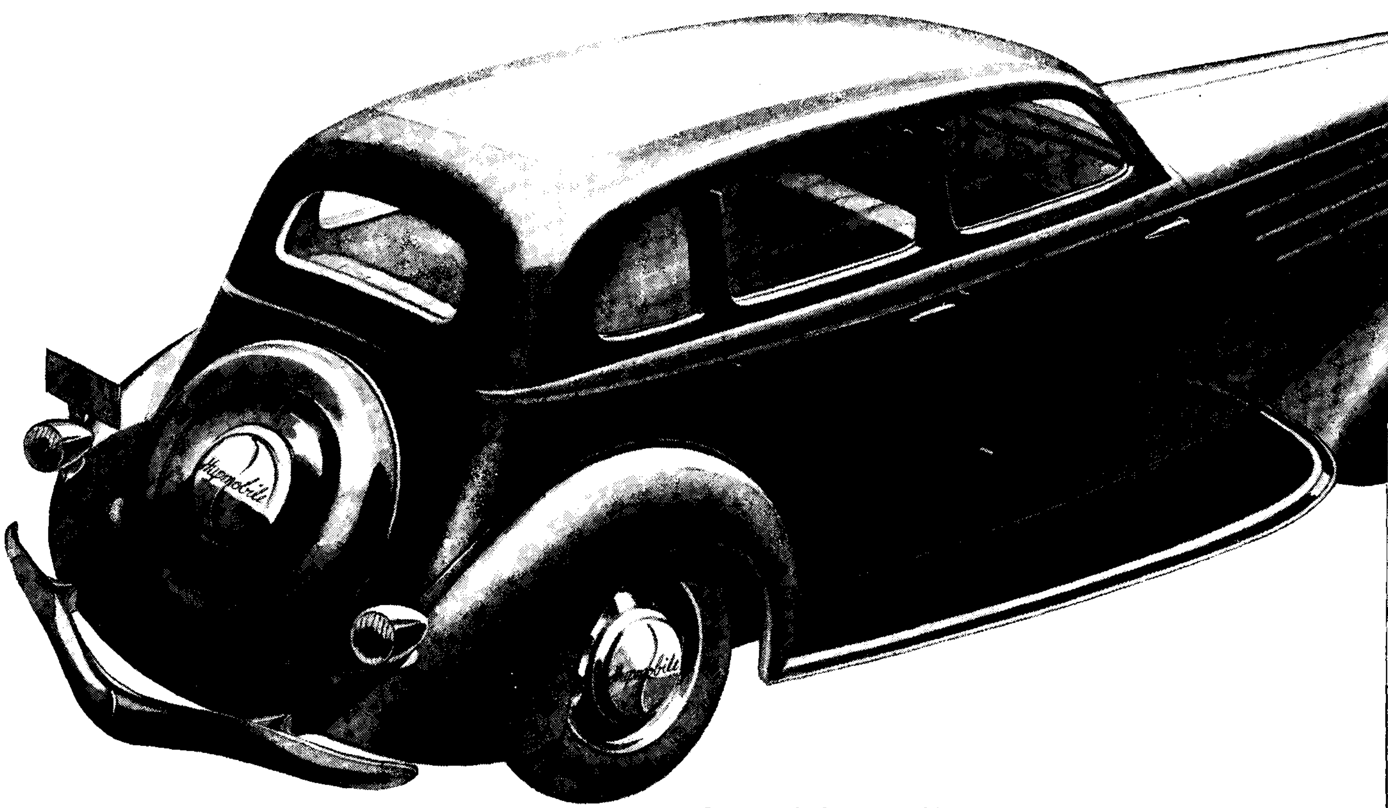


John Richard Flanagan

Fu Manchu appeared in the circle of light. He carried a small goblet, upheld like a chalice. "Rise," he commanded

A fine Car's Challenge

TO THE LOW PRICE FIELD



Compare the beauty of this new Hupmobile's graceful Aero-dynamic lines, its luxurious finish and interior spaciousness with anything else anywhere near its price. This big, powerful car is a true Hupmobile in quality, performance and long life. 4-door Sedan $795.

This Sedan is again available at $795

PERHAPS you are one of thousands of motorists who hoped some day to drive a Hupmobile. If conditions had been better you would probably be driving a Hupmobile today.

There's no longer any need to wait, for Hupmobile has solved your problem with a full size car of Aero-dynamic design at $795—the biggest package in quality, size and performance at anywhere near its price.

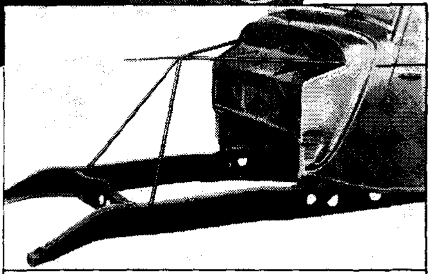
This new Hupmobile challenges competition and backs its challenge in two ways:—*First* . . . with Hupmobile engineering genius—responsible for a 25-year reputation for sound, substantial quality. *Second* . . . with a combination of features usually found only in expensive cars; features that mean real automobile value to the careful investor.

Drive this new $795 Hupmobile . . . drive it on any kind of road . . . under any sort of driving conditions. Let it do its own selling. Its comfort, luxury and performance will show you in a thrilling way what happens when a really fine car enters the low-price field.

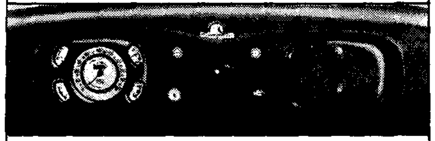
HUPMOBILE PRICES

127-inch wheelbase, 6-passenger Sedan	$1245
121-inch wheelbase, 6-passenger Sedan	$1095
117-inch wheelbase, 4-door Sedan	$795
117-inch wheelbase, Coupe with rumble seat	$795

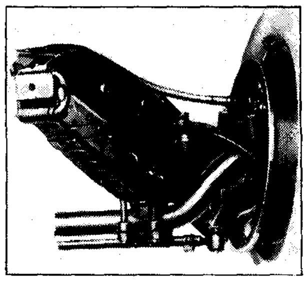
Prices f.o.b. factory—tax and special equipment extra.



No "shimmy" or road weave, thanks to Hupp's exclusive Chassis Torsional Stabilizer. Front end and steel body are tied into a single unit.



Beautiful walnut-finish instrument board. Large parcel compartment. Large, legible instruments of modern design. Built-in ash receiver.



Check these quality features against any other car:—extra long, extra flexible springs, tubular front axle, automatic two-way thermostatic control hydraulic shock absorbers, threaded U-type spring shackles.

THE AERO-DYNAMIC *Hupmobile* $795 AND UP

Come up and meet Mae West

By Frank Condon

It's not so easy. Even if you outwit her armed guards you'll not find Mae West easy to meet. But it's well worth the trouble. Here, with Mr. Condon's assistance, is your chance

Mae West became a movie star overnight and is now on the verge of becoming a national tradition

FOR the benefit of uneasy males the country over who have been sitting in movie theaters and questioning the sincerity of that famous invitation to come on up and see me sometime, any time, it can be stated officially that it's a lot of eyewash. There is nothing to it at all. In scientific circles, it would be called the apotheosis of hooey, and you can't go up.

I tried for ten days and was barred out with a firmness that would discourage any but a hardened goer-up. Eventually I got up, or in, following a gentleman who belonged to a band and was paying Miss West a social call during noon hour. She enjoys talking to persons who play in bands. I remained outside, looking wistfully in through the screen door, and the band man loitered inside, clutching his hat and probably discussing zithers and oboes.

As a matter of information, Miss West enjoys talking to all sorts of people, especially prize fighters, for whom she has a soft spot in her heart. When it is feasible, she provides ex-pugilists with jobs on her set, first because they need employment, and second, because she likes to listen to them boast of their triumphs in the ring. Years ago her father was a fighter and that may have something to do with it.

Finally the zither man came out of the dressing-room and it was my turn. The hour was noon and the star had just eaten a crab, her midday repast when things are going sweetly with the movie in hand. Sometimes during the noon hour, when things are in a jam, she merely sits in a large pink chair and rests, but when there is nothing to worry about and the story is moving along, she has a noonday crab.

On this occasion no guards were in sight, no machine guns, no tear-gas bombs, not even an ordinary .45. Usually the guards are to be noticed hanging around, loitering carelessly. They are from the office of the District Attorney and do not cost Miss West a thin dime. The county pays. They lounge on the set, when Miss West is on the set, ride in the big car, accompany her to the box fights, go home with her after work, and all this free of charge, for the D. A. is extremely earnest in his desire that Miss West shall retain her present good health. Some day he will need her again as a witness in that robbery trial and he doesn't want her carried into court on a shutter.

When the lady was winding up It Ain't No Sin, her third starring picture with Paramount, she stated that she was working harder than at any other time in her life. When the powers first brought her to Hollywood they gave her a minor part in Night After Night to see how a person like Mae West would do in the movies. When that photodrama was completed they looked at it, listened to what people said, called a conference and decided to shoot the works, make the actress a movie star in one fell swoop, and so they went at She Done Him Wrong, investing two hundred grand in the idea. Out came the picture and the Mae West walk and the West wiggle, and the population began trampling over one another and breaking down box-office windows. Accustomed to a long line of comatose movie heroines, the ticket buyers let off a whoop and Miss West was in.

Twice in the Same Place

Pleased utterly, the company produced without delay I'm No Angel and saw it crack all records at the Paramount Theater in New York City in a four-weeks run—eighty-five thousand the first week and fifty thousand the last. A good many movie fans decided they didn't like it as well as She Done Him Wrong, but that seemed to make little difference at the turnstiles. Miss West doesn't like it herself as well as her first. "Too much of me in it," she explained. "Story wasn't just what it should have been."

That was two of them and now along comes Number Three, It Ain't No Sin, and they worked so hard on it that Miss West couldn't eat her noontime crab. At the very start they had an orchestra and there were four songs that had to be done, and the orchestra was being paid a king's ransom by the day and the four songs had to be finished pronto or everybody would go broke paying the orchestra. Then the story suddenly went wrong, the scenario went wrong, the cast went wrong and the producers fretted. Not a wheel turned and the orchestra sat there silently, waiting and collecting. Miss West went without her crab during this time and merely sat in her pink chair during noon hour.

There is a rule which says you cannot walk on the West set while she is making a picture and look things over. Even the studio people who have always strolled freely are *verboten*. Mr. William LeBaron, who produces the West pictures—he can come and go. Mr. De Lapp, publicity expert for Miss West, is permitted to step inside the lines and that's about all. The reason: those two guards from the District Attorney's office, sitting over there silently with their guns in their pockets. They have orders—strangers not welcome—and that's all there is to it.

They're Taking No Chances

Miss West was held up and robbed of thirty-four hundred dollars in cash and sixteen thousand in jewels, and subsequently three men were indicted. One was tried, with the star testifying coldly, calmly and courageously, and he went to San Quentin for twelve years. The other two are yet to face the music and the District Attorney will some day need his star witness in court, so you cannot walk into that set, no matter who you are.

During this particular rest period, she sat on the pink silk chaise longue, having stowed away a large morning's work. She was clad in a clinging white outfit, the bottom part slinky, shiny silk, the blouse sort of thickish, fuzzy silk. At her throat was a triangular flap, crossing from right to left shoulder and buttoned, and either the button

(Continued on page 42)

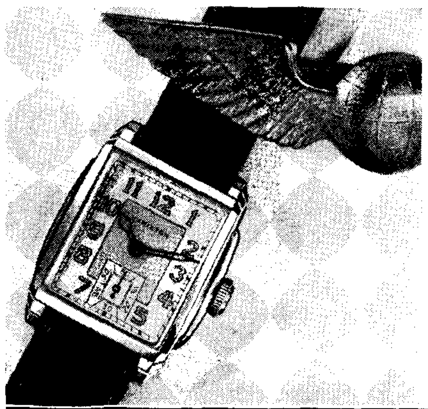
"Where do we go from here?"

"I'm TAKING UP AVIATION"

Dignified faculty members were shocked, but several thousand students cheered, when he landed his plane on the campus of his Pacific Coast university. You can't help but admire lads of his sort. Four strenuous school years are behind him . . . His courage and downright guts brought his school more than one gridiron victory. His sure aim at basketball was sensational . . . Aviation is his chosen future. And it's only reasonable—since he is taking up a career where life itself may depend on ACCURACY — that he wants his graduation gift to be a Hamilton. Accurate time and Hamilton time are one.

★ ★ ★

FOR THE YOUNG AVIATOR. "Streamlined" in the modern manner, and as accurate as a plane's most precise instruments — the new Hamilton **Dixon.** 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow $37.50

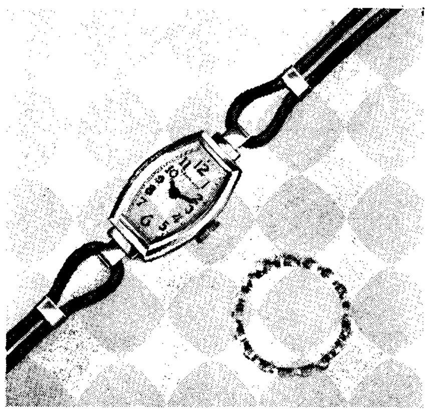


"I'm GOING TO BE MARRIED"

The most sought-after girl on the campus of her Middle Western university. You've known girls like her . . . Leading lady in the Dramatic Club shows, captain of the Girls' Tennis Team, Class Poet . . . You might have seen her frequently around Lake Forest these recent months—with that young doctor whose ring she is wearing. To her way of thinking, getting married is a career too. Running a home (and a husband!) won't give her much time for day-dreaming. That's why she's hoping for a Hamilton for graduation. They're lovely, of course — but just as important to her is dependable Hamilton ACCURACY.

★ ★ ★

FOR THE BRIDE. Lovely as a rare jewel, yet worthy of the Hamilton name for long-lived accuracy—the **Fairmont.** A beautiful gift for graduate or bride. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow $52.50

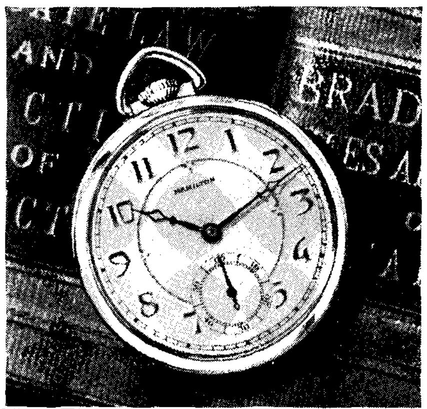


"I'm HEADED FOR LAW"

A graduate from an Eastern law school this June. You know the type. By the vote of his classmates, he is rated "Most Likely to Succeed." Certainly his school career merits the prophecy . . . Honors in scholarship, editor of the school's daily paper, Class Orator, and the man who led a victorious Debating Society to new school honors . . . He knows the Law is no rose-covered path to riches, that there's plenty of grief ahead. But he aims to make every minute count, and that's why he believes a Hamilton—faithful and truthful guardian of TIME — is about the best partner a young lawyer can have.

★ ★ ★

FOR THE YOUNG LAWYER. Smartly modern, yet having the dignity demanded by men of affairs, is this handsome pocket watch — the **Carter.** 19 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. $60.00. 17 jewels, $45.00

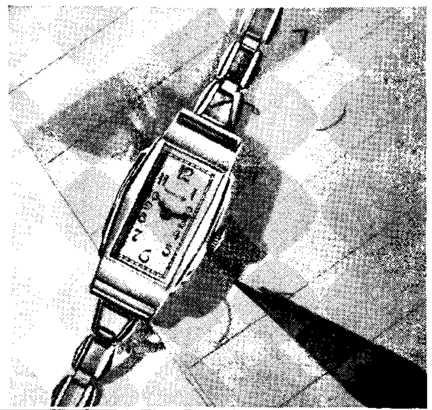


"I'm GOING INTO BUSINESS"

A certain Southern college is losing one of its most valuable assets this June. You've met her kind of girl . . . Chairman of the Senior Prom Committee, the leading spirit in her Sorority, business manager of the school's magazine, the sort of girl who shoulders responsibility and smiles — like the time she organized and put over the school's first Spring Festival . . . She wants to be busy *after* college too. She's taking a job this fall. That's why she wants a Hamilton for her graduation gift — a watch as accurate and dependable as it's beautiful. She knows that ACCURACY is one of the first laws of success—anywhere.

★ ★ ★

FOR THE BUSINESS GIRL. Gracefully feminine, yet sensibly practical for the busy business girl — the **Linden Hall.** 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With filled gold bracelet $47.50



START THEM OUT WITH THE WORLD'S BEST LOVED GRADUATION GIFT

TO PARENTS: Whatever road your boy or girl takes after school, a Hamilton will be a true and lasting friend. New 1934 Hamiltons include many models at prices lower than ever before. We urge you to send for our special folder, "Life Begins at Graduation." In it, you'll find many new graduation-season Hamiltons illustrated and described. You should also SEE these watches at your jeweler's. He will be glad to help you select just the right watch for the graduate. Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa. *Only Hamiltons Are Time-Microscope-Tested.* (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

HAMILTON WATCHES FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN RANGE FROM $35 TO $500

HAMILTON.. *The Watch of Railroad* ACCURACY

MADE IN AMERICA BY AMERICAN WORKMEN

"AN EYE TO THE FUTURE —

—this describes General Motors' policy, a policy by which the public is given *what it wants in*

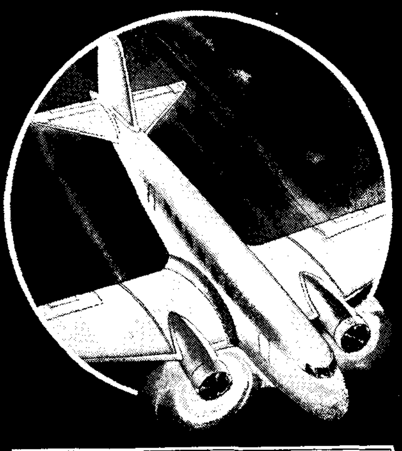
POINTING

STREAMLINING

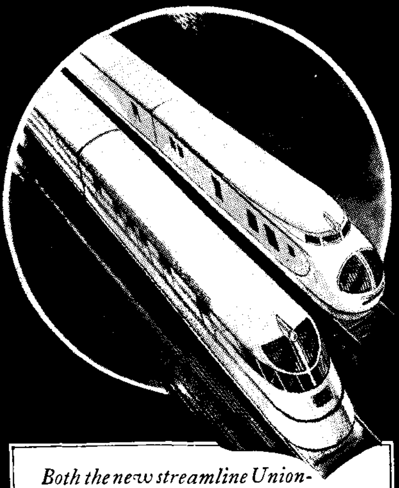
of the new La Salle car, prototype of modern progress in motoring, and now ready for delivery at Cadillac-La Salle dealers, represents General Motors' concept of streamlining

REFINED TO BEAUTY

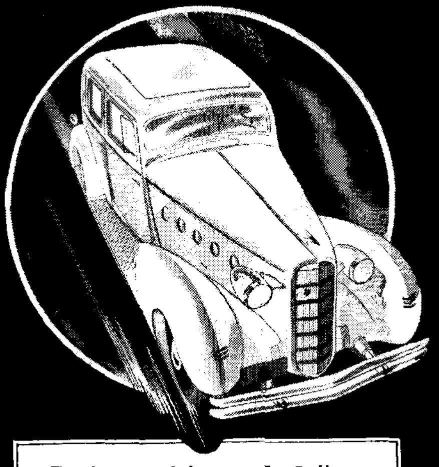
127-313
NY 34
Beauty
BODY BY FISHE



Illustrative of General Motors' familiarity with practical streamlining is the new 200-miles-an-hour Douglas transport airplane, built to specifications of TWA, an organization affiliated with General Motors' aviation interests



Both the new streamline Union-Pacific train and the new Burlington Zephyr are powered by low-operating-cost Winton engines developed by General Motors engineers



The beauty of the new La Salle car grew from General Motors' experience in streamlined railway trains, airplanes and motor cars unmatched in the world

AN EAR TO THE GROUND"

better cars year after year, and yet is safely protected against ill-timed or dubious experiments

THE WAY!

LOOKING at the new General Motors cars this year the searching eye sees far more than streamlined and seasonal distinction.

In the lithe grace of the new La Salle, for example, is a reassuring glimpse of the pattern cars will take in seasons yet to come.

It is audaciously modern, yet in its lenient planes and fluent surfaces streamlining is refined to *beauty*—given form and discipline and fitness.

The motorwise appreciate, too, how it keeps to the practical necessities of sound automobile design — *its mechanism easily accessible.*

The striking beauty of La Salle no less than its faultless behavior has root in the matchless technical resources that benefit all General Motors cars.

But the popularity of that beauty and behavior rests on the fact that the car reflects fairly and truly *what the public itself wants.*

General Motors did not have to guess what was wanted: it had a clear pre-season picture in replies to more than a million letters sent to car owners.

The measure of General Motors' fidelity to the people's wishes, and of its capacity to satisfy them, is that this beautiful car is everywhere hailed as the car of the year.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

It is easy to understand why the style of the new General Motors cars has met the popular taste so accurately.

On the technical side, this organization has been identified with every recent advance in streamlining. Trains, planes and cars—they were "all in the family."

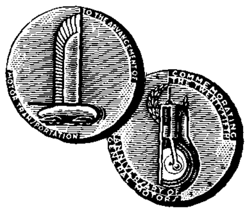
But we never forget that there is another side to motor car designing—and that is knowing *what the public wants in better cars.* So the great family of American car owners also sat in—in response to more than a million letters inviting the public to express its desires.

That is why the outstanding recent advances in modern automobiles—*No-Draft Ventilation, Knee-Action Wheels* and *Streamlined Design*—all came from General Motors—*Three in a Row!*

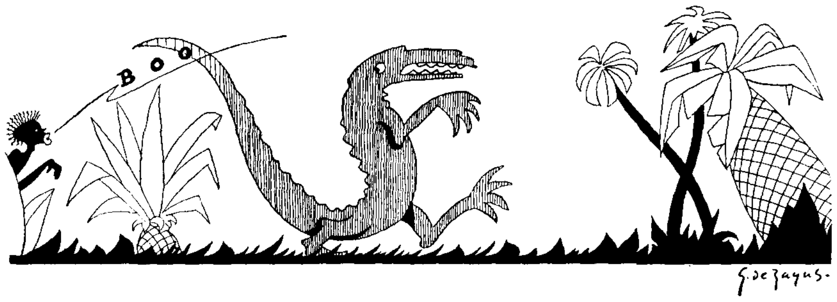
GENERAL MOTORS

A Public-Minded Institution

CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · PONTIAC · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC



This medallion commemorates the twenty-fifth anniversary of General Motors and of its public-minded interest in the advancement of motor transportation.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The alligator on rare occasions is known to take on a characteristic of its prehistoric ancestors. When badly frightened, this heavy, four-footed reptile sometimes runs on its hind legs like its dinosaurian forbears of long ago.—*By R. R. Wickstrand, Mokokchung, India.*

A pharmacist is obliged to know the safe and proper dose of every drug and be responsible for every prescription that he fills. Therefore he can be held liable for filling a prescription as it is written when, through an error, it calls for an improper dose.—*By Vera Hickey, New York City.*

The world's oddest produce exchange building is in The Hague, in the Netherlands. A canal, 20-feet wide, flows right through the middle of its big board-room. Its members, sitting in tiered seats on both sides of the waterway, make their bids and buy the fruits and vegetables as the loaded barges sail past.

The Diamond Exchange in Antwerp probably uses more care in admitting new members than any other business in the world, owing to the great necessity for honesty and honor. For a year a photograph and description of the applicant must hang in Police Headquarters and the Exchange itself thoroughly investigates his past life. If no objection to him can be found during this time, he is admitted.

Americans know more about the world than the world knows about America. For many years our tourists have spent six times as much money in foreign countries as foreign tourists have spent in the United States.

Not long ago in Africa, many big-game hunters had their lions "fixed" for them. The fixer would kill an antelope, inject poison and place it in a good spot at daybreak. Lions feeding on the meat became partially paralyzed. The hunter would then "accidentally" arrive on the scene and quickly shoot them before his unsuspecting friends realized that the beasts could neither fight nor run.

For many centuries various gems were believed to have sex and the ability to produce offspring. Between 400 B. C. and 1600, there were numerous serious accounts of germinating diamonds. As late as 1913, the pearl-fishers of Borneo saved every ninth pearl in the naïve conviction that it had some magical power to breed others of its kind.

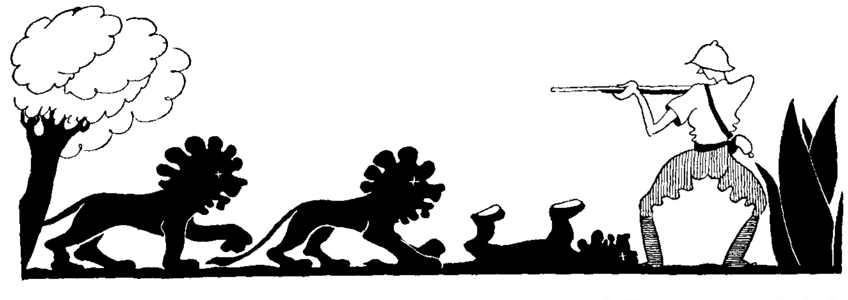
Circus performers who slide down wires on their heads are put to shame by Tibetan acrobats. During each New Year's celebration in Lhasa, a long leather cable is stretched from the Potala, the palace of the Dalai Lama, high up on the hill, to a point of the plain, and two men—wearing breastplates—slide down it on their stomachs. Their reward is a valuable gift.

About 30 years ago in Rajkot, India, the Nawab of Junagadh held a reception during which, for the first time, he never moved from his throne. The guests were suspicious, yet he constantly smiled at them and seemed to be enjoying himself. And he was. He was asleep. Having had too much opium before the reception, he had had his court artist paint a gay, happy smile on his face so he could be present and still take his much-needed nap.

Human skin can develop such sensitiveness that it becomes painfully inflamed and even necrosed when exposed to daylight. This rare condition is brought about by the eating of certain foods or by the injection of certain compounds such as erythrosin. Those afflicted are obliged to live in darkened rooms and stay indoors until nightfall.

The Dutch were the first people to tolerate free thought and to offer refuge to those of other countries who had been ostracized or harassed for their religious beliefs. Incidentally, our own Pilgrim Fathers, persecuted in England, found refuge in Amsterdam and Leyden for twelve years before they sailed for America in the Mayflower.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Private Case

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said Mr. Crile cautiously. "Your public connects you with more sophisticated characterizations, perhaps."

Grace Divine sat up so suddenly that Corinne moved forward nervously to tuck her charge into a safer nook in the chaise longue. "You know the last two pictures were flops," said the star furiously, "because you insist on casting me in parts that aren't suited to me." Her voice was not so cultured as it had been. "You don't give me a chance," she flung out in a rage. "It's all a conspiracy against me. After twelve years!" Her voice rose in a wail, her outflung arms invoked the gods of justice. Corinne leaned over and rescued the baby.

"There, there now," soothed Eggleston. And somehow Corinne knew that Miss Divine's contract was not to be renewed. That the great Divine was not to have the part of the suffering little nurse who had given her all.

SHE started away, holding the baby, moving him to one arm that she might open the door. But the third man, the one in tweeds with the eyes which seemed to be seeing nothing, the one who sat and said nothing, was there before her. He took hold of the gold-washed doorknob and looked down curiously at her face as he stood, as if he actually saw her, as if she were not just the invisible nurse who moved about in Miss Divine's boudoir.

"I haven't really had a glimpse of this child," he said quietly. "May I?"

Corinne pulled down the fleecy wool covering to disclose the tiny pink face with its blue eyes, its miniature nose and mouth.

"He ought to screen well," said the quiet man, and he did not open the door.

"He needs to go back to sleep, Dakin," said Miss Divine sharply from the couch. "Let the nurse take him away, please."

A haven, that was what her nursery was; and so it remained until Miss Pilly came in. Came in looking as if life was too much for her, as if Corinne, at least, could have done her best to save a secretary's reason.

"It's really too bad," declared Miss Pilly, "that you could not refrain from annoying Miss Divine this morning of all times. When she is so harassed."

"*I* annoyed her!" Corinne, heating the baby's twelve o'clock bottle, stared.

"I can't *think*," lamented Miss Pilly, flustered, worried, disarrayed, "*what* you nurses *do!* And I hoped *you* were going to be a comfort! I told myself that at last the nursery, at any rate, was going smoothly!"

"But what is wrong with it?" Corinne looked around at the order, felt the peace and the quietness.

"I'm sorry," said poor, stoop-shouldered Miss Pilly, "but you must go. I have sent for another nurse."

"I must go, you've—" She could make *no sense* of this. "Say it again," she begged.

Miss Pilly said it again: she was most regretful, she had liked Miss Yates better than any nurse they had had—and there had been enough of them, Heaven knew; but she *did* wish Miss Yates could have managed to conciliate Miss Divine. One would think, would not one, that a nurse's first business was discretion?

"Discretion?" Even if Miss Pilly didn't believe it that word must have sounded to her like an excellent imitation of utter bewilderment.

"If it isn't one thing it's another," said Miss Pilly without resignation. "There's another nurse coming within the hour. Dr. Jameson said he would send a Miss Cross. I do hope she has tact. He seemed quite upset that you had caused trouble."

"He thinks I caused trouble?" said Corinne hopelessly.

"I had to tell him."

"It's all right," said Corinne after a moment. "I'm sorry Miss Divine did not have her contract renewed. I suppose that *would* make her hate everyone."

An hour later she went out into Park Avenue again in her blue flannel tailor-made. She felt perfectly calm and steady except for her knees. People hurried past in groups and streams. People who could hold their jobs, who could live up to what was expected of them and would not have to rely on being forgiven and bucked up by Terry Jameson. The city was happy and gay; it could not be bothered with Corinne, bracing herself as she waited, standing beside her shiny new suitcase, for a taxi.

"I'll keep my next case," said Corinne doggedly to herself in the dimness of the cab. "He will know this couldn't possibly have been helped, it wasn't my fault. I'll show him that I can keep my next case."

The taxi driver looked at her when she got out at the registry and paid her fare. People often looked at Corinne. She wasn't flaming hibiscus like Grace Divine—she was yellow violets, she was white orchids if you could think of white orchids not being expensive, could think of them apart from their price.

She went up the steps of the registry and reported in, and then she went to her room. She sat there quite a long time by the window, looking out at the one-way street, at the cars rushing past, at the traffic signal on the corner flashing red and green.

The telephone rang some time in the afternoon.

"You have callers in the reception-room," said the switchboard girl and hung up.

"Callers?" But who could be calling? The girl had said callers—plural; then it wasn't Terry.

SHE went down to the reception-room. There were two men there. They were Mr. Eggleston and the quiet one they had called Dakin. Corinne stood in the doorway and gazed at them. The light was shining on her hair and her face looked unobtrusively lovely and her hands were folded before her.

Mr. Dakin was on his feet, observing her. He didn't exactly hesitate but it was an instant before he spoke.

"Miss Yates," he said, "my name is Dakin. I think we weren't introduced this morning. And this is Hyam Eggleston of Union Films."

"Yes, I know," said Corinne, while Mr. Eggleston, who looked as if he were enjoying a quiet doze, watched her with appraising eye from the middle of his doze.

"You heard some of our conversation this morning," said Mr. Dakin, deftly, easily, observing how she sat in her chair, listening to her voice, which was clear and had not any breath around it, and which said she had heard a little, not much.

"We are about to produce a hospital script," he went on. "We intend to keep it entirely authentic, to cut out all hokum, to have in it only people who know their stuff."

"Yes?" said Corinne. Could it be that they wanted her advice on hospital technic? But why not go to the supervisor, straight to Medical Union?

(Continued on page 35)

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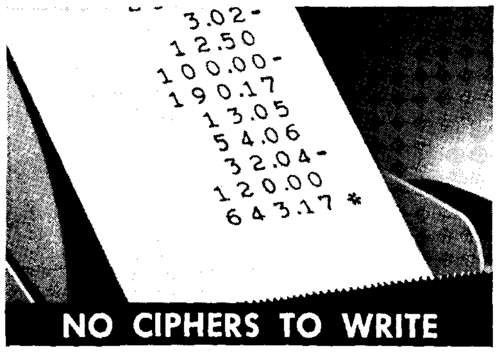

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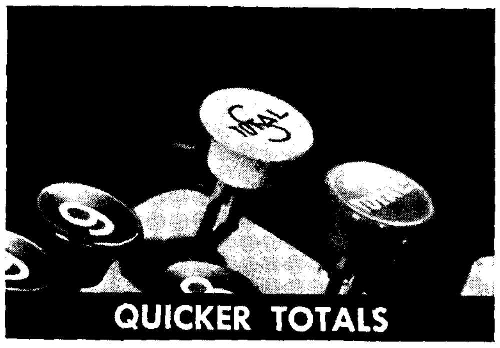

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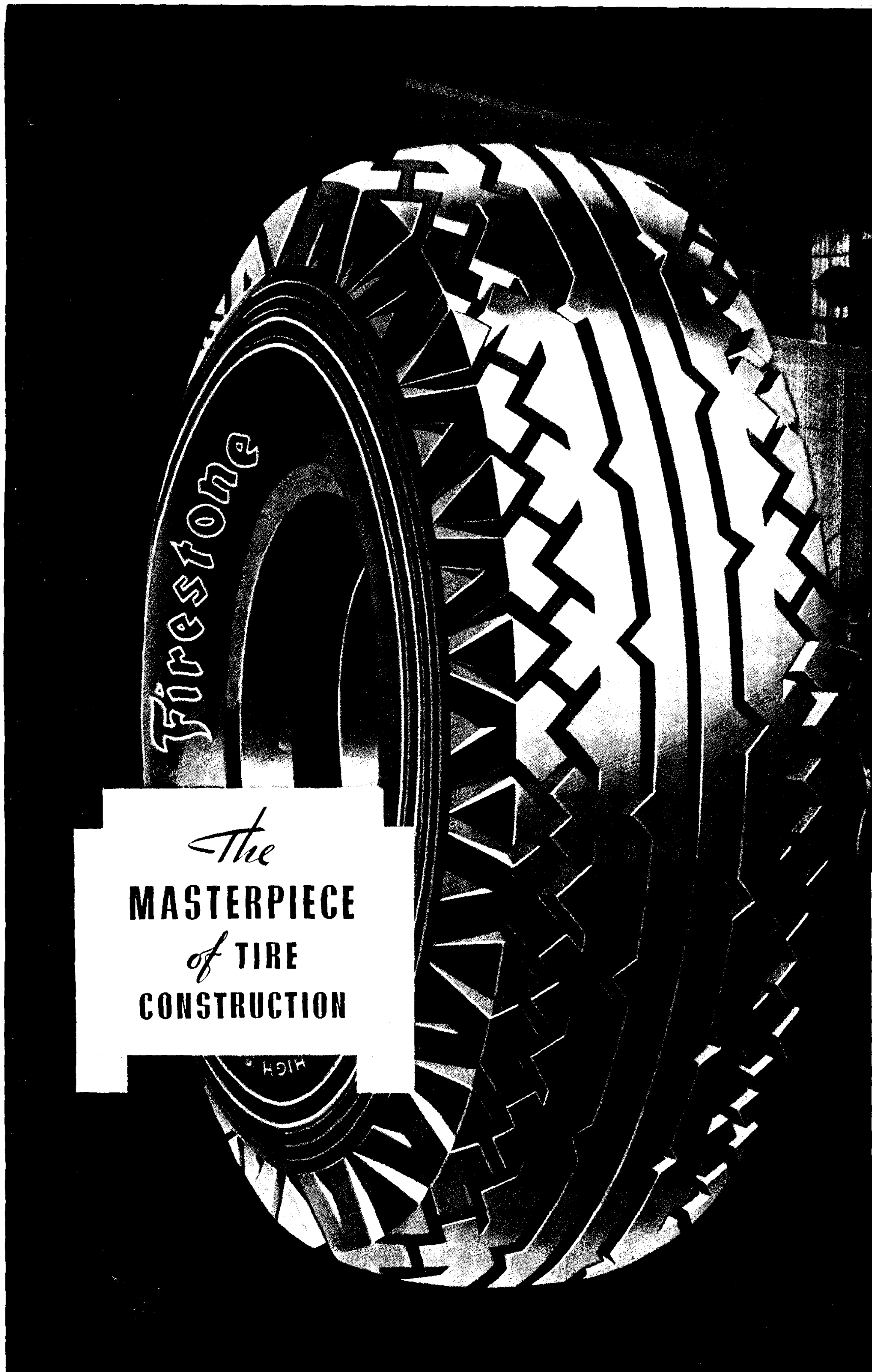

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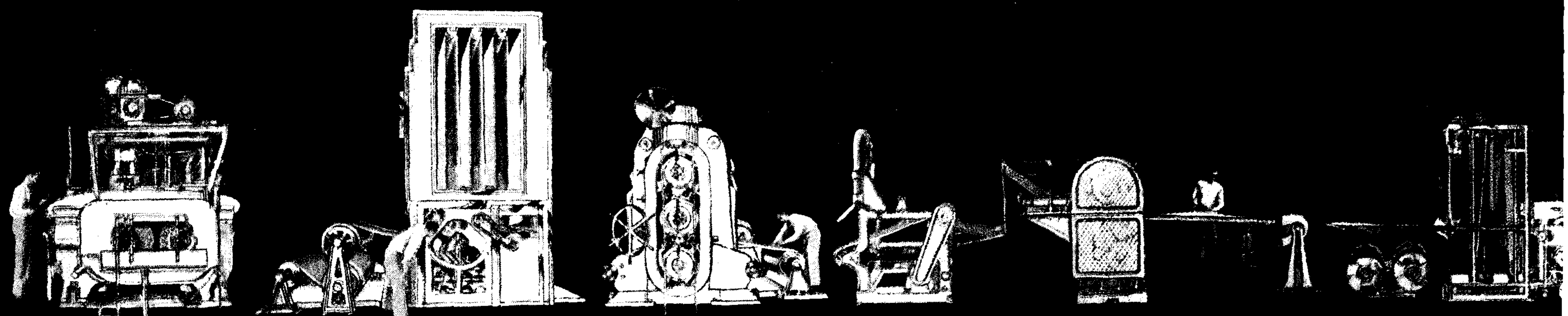

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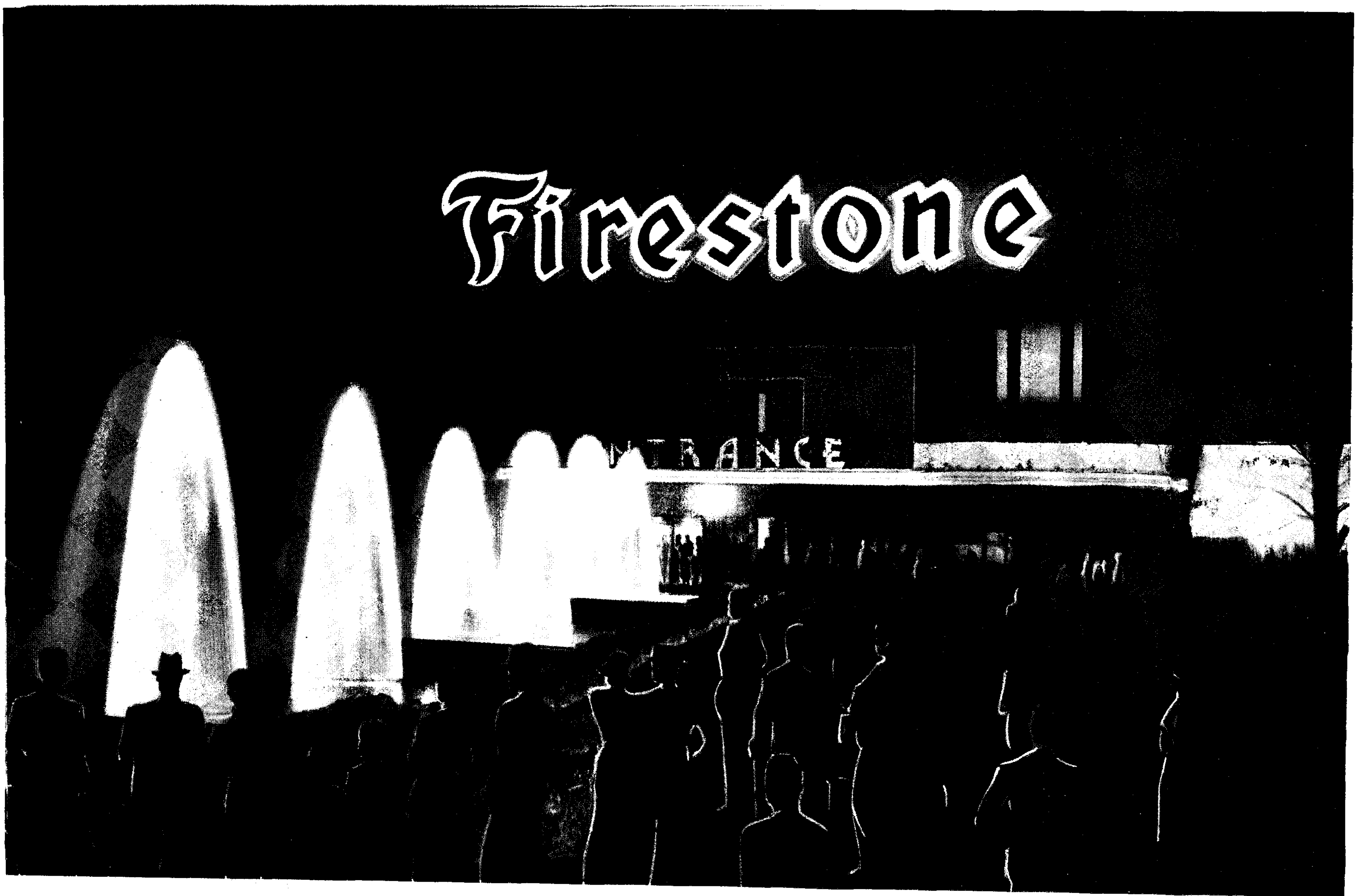

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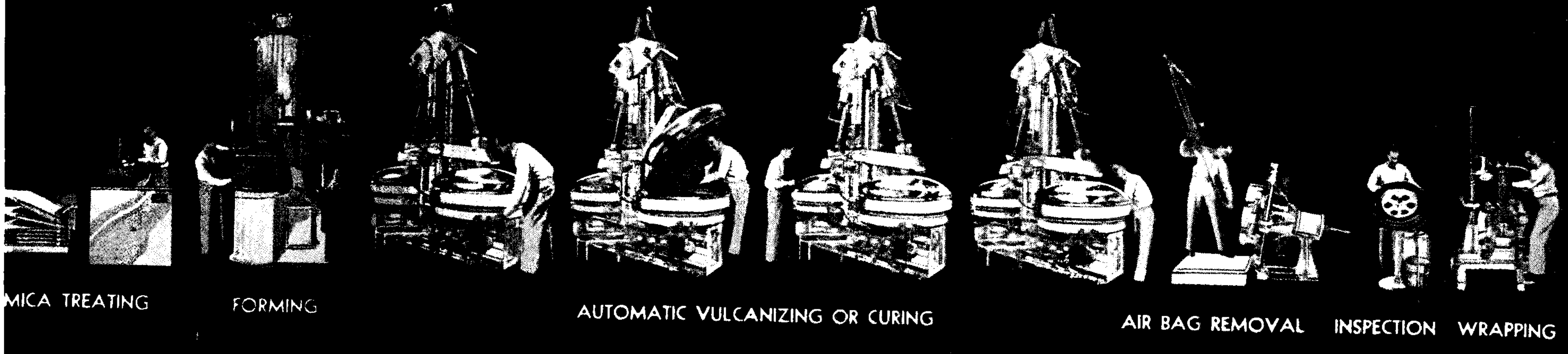

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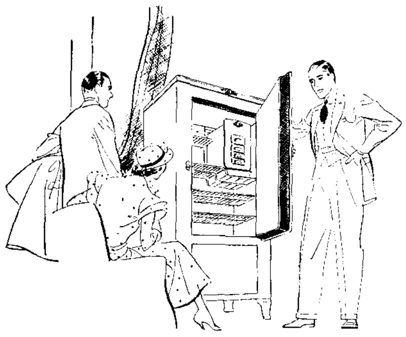

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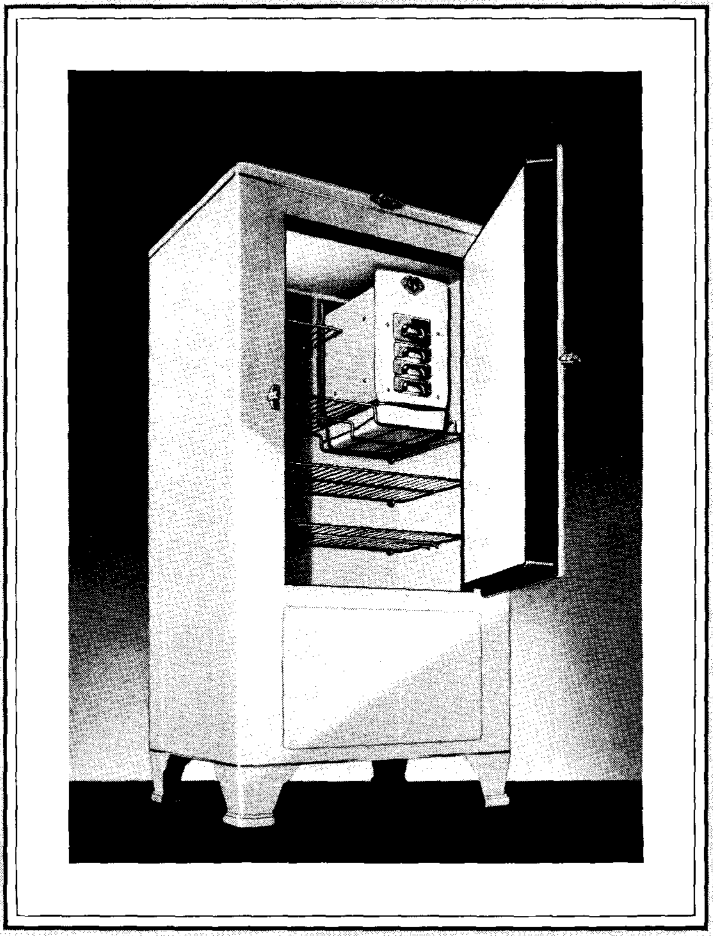

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Private Case

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"The thing is," said Mr. Dakin, "I liked the way you handled that baby this morning. I like the way you move. I think you will screen well and I'd like you to come with us for a test."

A screen-test! In the pit of her stomach, in the pounding in her legs she felt the beat of *her* heart. She dug her nails, which weren't scarlet, into the palms of her hands. She didn't say anything more and they looked at her and she went on thinking they had lost their minds. Or she had. Yes, they must be crazy. Dakin must be, perhaps Eggleston was not, perhaps he saw how ridiculous this was. She looked toward him.

"Whatever Dakin says," he puffed comfortably, waving a plump hand.

CORINNE kept on looking at him. She saw that he wasn't crazy. "You see," she explained carefully, "I'm not an actress. I'm not even considered pretty. And I haven't any accomplishments. I don't know anything about the movies at all. Why, I hardly know what a screen-test *is*."

"That's good," said Mr. Dakin. "That's great. That's the stuff I like to hear. I'm sick of actresses. I want real people. I want a real nurse, a woman for *this* picture. Perhaps you'll screen well. Perhaps you won't. Will you come along and try it for me—for us?"

"Don't take it too hard, sister," suggested Eggleston from his chair. "It's only a screen-test. You'll probably be a bust; most everyone is. But we'll get this out of Dakin's system. And we'll pay you for your time."

Corinne looked again at Mr. Dakin. It was time for her to look at him and, besides, she liked it. He was very attractive to look at. He went on being attractive to look at and said nothing. You could see he seldom said anything. But you could trust him. He knew what he wanted and you could trust him.

"I should be glad to try if you say so," she said. "Shall I wear this suit?"

"Yes. But bring along your uniform and cap and things in a bag."

"At times," observed Mr. Eggleston drowsily when she had gone to get her bag, "at times I think of all my trained collection of nuts you are the nuttiest."

"You haven't lost any money on me yet," Mr. Dakin reminded him. "So what?" He strode about the room. Somehow he was not as quiet as he had been. "This girl," he said. "Have you noticed—she has a speaking voice in a million, and then she's the type. There's nothing artificial about her. She's got sweetness and tenderness and gallantry and—" He stopped himself.

Corinne came back again looking a little as she had when Grace Divine's butler stared down his curved nose at her. All the way, riding in Mr. Dakin's large car, she kept wishing she could have heard from Terry Jameson before she left. She held herself tight but she was calm after she reached the studio, for it was like the hospital in its impersonality, its businesslike rush. She could not be stampeded here as she had been by the extraordinary home of Grace Divine. Here were men intent on their jobs, pivoting about on their heels, with lines of doors flying open and men and girls rushing out headlong. Nothing to make her feel an outsider. Especially after she was in uniform. After the first few minutes she forgot that her face was painted into a mad mask, and the things they asked her to do seemed natural and simple, very much like the intense concentration of a morning in the operating-room.

She entered doors, turned, sat down, stood up, spoke, smiled, while the sound apparatus was raised and lowered, while the great lights were adjusted by men with eyes as cold as the lights in their absence of knowledge that she was a human being. Shades and gauzes were maneuvered and the cameras glided backward and forward and shot her from every possible angle. She was given a doll to carry like carrying the Divine baby. Perfectly natural, because everybody made it natural. Just the hospital all over again. The hospital was really carried to the last degree and the studio was unreality raised to the *n*th power and somehow they went around the circle and met.

Sometimes from behind the glare of lights she could hear voices. Eggleston's and others', but all that mattered to her was the quiet one of Dakin. When he spoke the others stopped to listen.

Eggleston's voice at one time came out of its doze. "Gosh, I think she's got it," he breathed. "Dakin, perhaps you're not so crazy after all."

"Possibly not," said Dakin, and he wasn't giving out anything. "We won't know until we've seen the rushes."

He appeared from behind the wall of light. He looked at Corinne. "That is enough, Miss Yates, and thank you very much." He looked at her steadily, deeply. "I'll call you in the morning," he said, "and let you know the result." His car, he said, would take her home.

Corinne said goodby. She was not tired. Cases tired her frightfully sometimes, but this play-acting, this imitation of nursing had not tired her. She had done all the things they had asked her to do, with her brain, with her memory. But it wasn't in the same world of strain with a real case. It wouldn't amount to anything, she knew, this afternoon's hectic performance, but it had taken her mind off her troubles, it had passed the time until she should have heard from Terry. She expected to hear that he had telephoned when she reached the registry. But he hadn't called. He did not call. "He must have had some bad case turn up," she thought.

When at last, next morning, the telephone rang, it wasn't Terry Jameson. It was only Mr. Eggleston and Mr. Dakin in the reception-room. "Oh," said Corinne, lost, hanging up the receiver miserably. Almost twenty-four hours of not having heard from him. She stood with her hand on the telephone and felt dogged and brave. Which made the good bones which gave her face such a nice shape suddenly more important than her delicate coloring. "He *couldn't* be cross with me," she thought, and if he was it seemed to her that she had put her finger on the secret of all human sorrow. But he *couldn't* be cross—people who did not know patients and their vagaries might call her down for what had happened, but not a doctor. Not Terry.

SHE went down to the reception-room. And then the incredible had happened. She had screened perfectly—her voice was lovely for sound. Briefly, and as though this happened every day to little nurses alone in New York, they were offering her the lead in Nurses in Uniform.

"You mustn't worry, not at all," said Dakin as though it were all settled. "You will be all right. Everything will be all right. You may be the sensation of the year but that will be all right too."

He turned to Eggleston. "Miss Yates said yesterday she wanted her own lawyer to draw up her contract." He smiled at Eggleston and Corinne thought he had the most attractive smile she had ever seen. "I don't know where she gets her distrust of your methods, Eggleston—of ours, rather—but she said yesterday she wanted to call her lawyer if you decided you wanted her."

Corinne stared at him. Her first impulse was to say that she had never had a lawyer in her life, that she had never *mentioned* such a thing to Mr. Dakin.

"But—" she hesitated. He stood still, staring at her, with his hands plunged deep into his trousers pockets, his eyes bright with concentration and still smiling at her.

"But it means giving up nursing," said Corinne faintly. "I don't know that I care to do that."

He kept on looking at her. He turned his back on Eggleston and grinned broadly. This girl was marvelous. She couldn't be as simple as she sounded and yet he knew she was. And he knew, too, that if you are born with that simplicity and with that manner and bring it to the Mr. Egglestons of the film world you can pick up gold from the streets and gather enough electric light bulbs to blaze your name across the North American continent.

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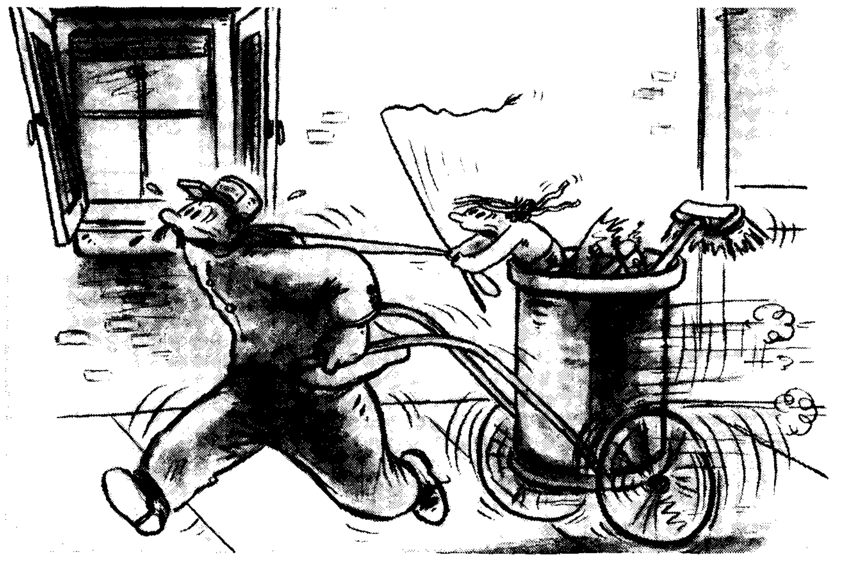

"I wish your mother would stop reading you those stories about Ben Hur!"

Frank Owen

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Private Case

Continued from page 35

Eggleston regarded her in amazement. "But you earn only seven dollars a day as a nurse," he said.

"But it is my profession. I like it." She knew it sounded wild. Viewed in the cold light of every day it *was* wild. But nursing meant working with Terry Jameson.

"Nobody likes seven dollars a day," said Eggleston, luminously reasonable. He rubbed his nose and thought about her. She wasn't so dumb. She wasn't dumb at all, she was out for all she could get and that was being wise with a wisdom that Mr. Eggleston understood and admired.

"Would you agree to give up nursing for the duration of this picture?" asked Dakin. He was just quietly standing there and he wasn't worried.

"I don't know," said Corinne, a helpless fly in the spider web of their determination. "I'll tell you tonight." And that was all she would agree to until she had talked it over with Terry. So they agreed to return that night.

"Terry may think I am silly to do it," she thought when they had gone, "and then I won't." She decided to go around to see him, for it was now his office hour. Even if he thought she should not enter into this mad experiment he would be pleased and terribly surprised. For after all, it was pretty fairly amazing for a plain little nurse to be plucked right out of the air as it were and be offered a big part in the movies!

She waited until his office patients had left and then she went in. He sat, handsome and thin and alert, at his desk and looked at her. He didn't rise, he didn't smile. He didn't say, "I'm sorry you got such a raw deal from Divine, old thing." Instead he said, unpleasantly, with a kind of disdainful ease, "So you couldn't keep your first case a full week."

"What—" said Corinne. "Why, you know how it was. I couldn't help—"

His eyes hated her. "Why put up an alibi?" his voice wanted to know. "You knew this case was vital to me. I recommended you and you couldn't even hold up your end of it."

"But I *did*," she said, growing white, for it was as if the heavens had opened and dispensed undeserved punishment. "I didn't do anything wrong and the baby gained. You said yourself I was doing well with him."

He was furious. "Has it ever occurred to your brilliant mind," he demanded, "that the physical care of a patient is only a small part of the duty of a nurse? That using tact, being expedient with the family is more than half her job?"

SHE kept looking at him. She tried not to think of what he was saying to her. Tried to think he didn't mean it. That he really had a good reason for being angry.

"Oh," she said, suddenly horrified, "she didn't dismiss *you* from the case too?"

"Of course not," he said, "but that doesn't alter the fact that you put me in a bad light." He drummed on his desk. "I can't send you out on any more cases," he said, "until you've learned some sense."

She rubbed her fingers along her flannel skirt. She thought if only she could see it as he saw it she would be at his feet again. But she couldn't see it that way, that was the terrible thing. Her mind knew, her heart knew that he was letting her down. Letting her down for his own tawdry, shop-keeping ambitions. Suddenly he seemed to be shrinking, to be growing smaller and smaller before her eyes, so small that she couldn't possibly be at his feet.

"But what was it I did that was so terrible?" she asked carefully.

"Apparently you tried to make a hit with this new hotcha director. What did you think—that you could cut Grace Divine out?"

Of course it couldn't happen. The splendid Terry Jameson couldn't say a thing like that. One had to keep one's sanity and not imagine things. "You know, I think I'm not very well," she said, holding on to the table. "I think I hear you saying the most horrible things—" But of course he had said them. Of course he was not splendid, and his attitude was that he and she understood each other, on cases, like a pair of conspirators in a profitable plot. He could be trusted to do nothing self-sacrificing or kind or noble—nothing unprofessional and nothing fine.

SHE stared at him, at this stranger, for fully a minute. No, he didn't count. He never had counted. There was no use in discussing her future plans with him. She took a breath as one would take a deep breath after a long dive. She put her slim hand against her mouth and laughed and laughed. Then she went out of the office and back to the registry and called up Mr. Dakin.

"I don't know what you mean about a lawyer," she said.

"I thought not," said Mr. Dakin. "Shall I come up and talk to you about it?"

And so he came. He came into the reception-room. He looked young—too young to be a great director. He looked stern and calm and kind and yet stormy under the calm.

He came over and took her hand. She let him take it. He held it, and she let him hold it. She had laughed when she was in Jameson's office but now she had to cry. Life had suddenly become a matter of personal experience rather than of information and faith. She cried, with great tears rolling down her cheeks. And Dakin, the director, could not let that happen. He could let them cry only on the set, perhaps, or possibly he couldn't let Corinne Yates cry at any time or place. So he held her. He lifted her from the chair and held her with something of the air of a man closing up to a chum in a tight place.

"If it's that somewhat Apollo-like doctor," he said, "that I saw at Divine's, he isn't worth it. You let him clog up your mind too much. You got the habit in the hospital. But you're not going to the hospital any more. You're signing up with us." He went on holding her as if he liked it very much. "You're signing a contract for a year," he said, "and then we'll see. We may make something of you yet."

"I don't know anything about contracts!" cried Corinne. "That's crazy."

But he was looking down at her and she saw that she didn't have to know. He knew about them. He was holding her secured and rationed and defended against all comers. She stopped crying but she didn't stop standing in his arms. She felt so sure, so light, so confident there. He put his face against hers.

"We do these things so quickly in the movies," he murmured. "You must forgive me, but I have a heart of mercy and I cannot bear to look upon suffering."

The registry was quiet, the city was still, and Corinne saw that thus was the invitation to a new life, to his life, extended and accepted.

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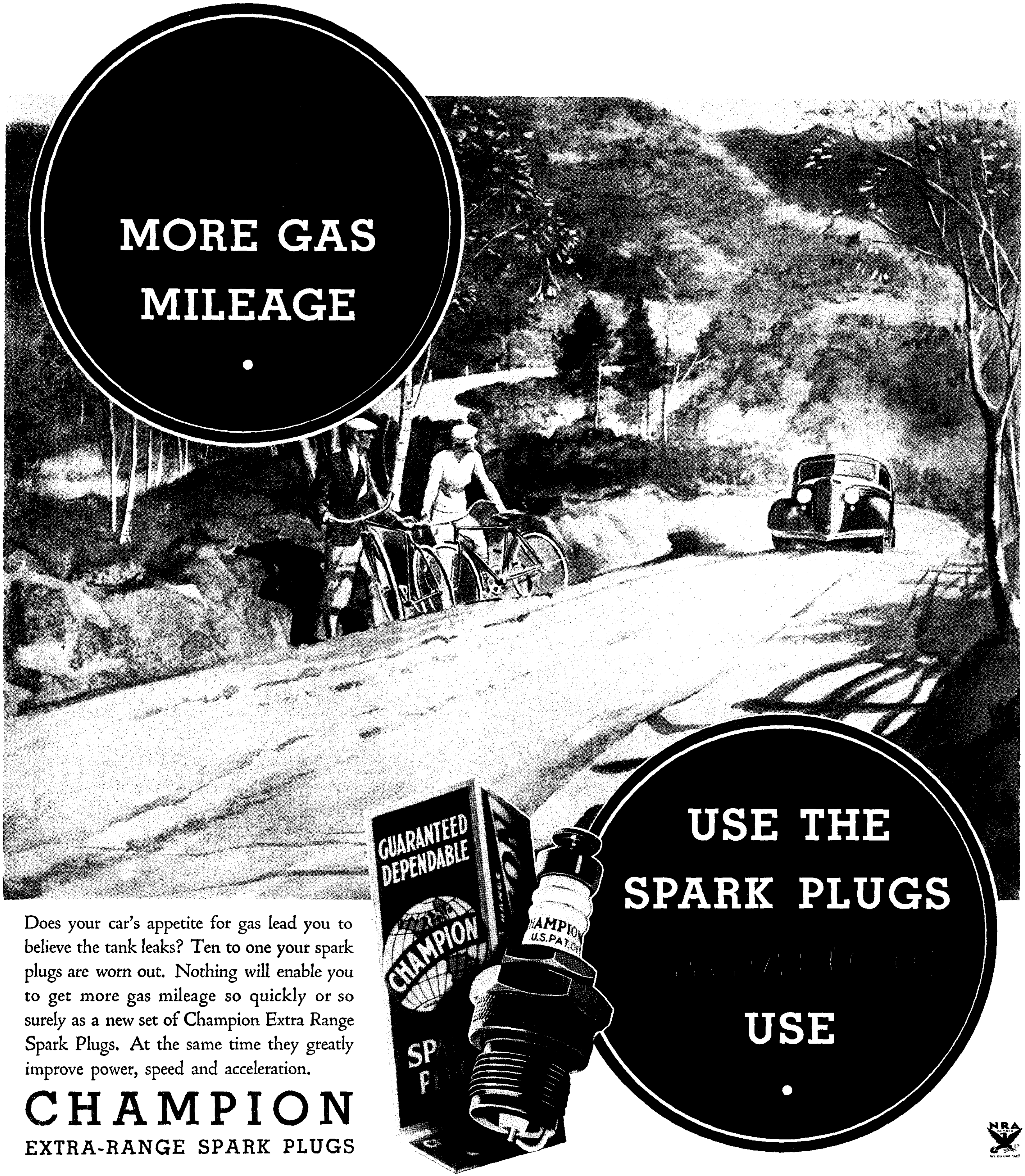

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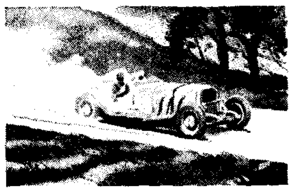
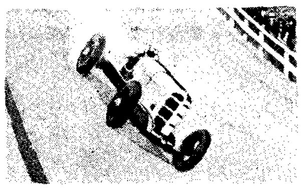
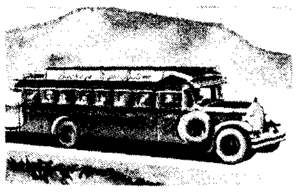


ARGENTINA — *Emilio Karstulovic driving a Champion equipped Mercedes-Benz won the 1934 Argentine Grand Prix establishing a new speed record for this event.*

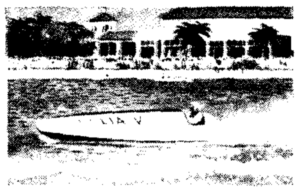


FRANCE — *G. E. T. Eyston broke the world's hour record in a Champion equipped Panhard at 133.01 m. p. h., and records for 100 miles and 200 kilometers.*

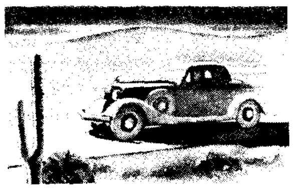
FLORIDA — H. *Tennes won the International Class "X" Championship. All American, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Swedish and Hungarian drivers, excepting one, used Champions.*



COLUMBUS, OHIO — *Buckeye Stages, Inc., won the 1933 Bus Transportation Maintenance Award using Champion Spark Plugs exclusively for maximum efficiency and economy.*



FLORIDA — *A. Becchi driving his record holding 12 litre boat "Lia V", won the world's championship in that class. All boats, American and Italian, used Champions.*



SAVANNAH, GA. — Bob McKenzie *driving a Champion equipped Studebaker, was checked in by Western Union 49 hours and 37 minutes after leaving Los Angeles.*

Woman of Honor

Continued from page 21

Hayden Rollish, his hair whiter each year and his eye a paler blue. De la Torre di Salvaggio, and Charlie Muir, who had fenced saber at West Point and never forgotten it. Guy Peters, when he was in Paris and his back allowed him to fence; and John Sassoon.

For hours they bouted on the strips with the courtesy of a forgotten age, sipped champagne between bouts and talked of the lore of blades. Futile people, if you will, clinging stupidly to a weapon that attained its maximum efficiency long, long after its actual usage passed from the world—the sword. But then, people still ride to hounds in Connecticut.

PHILIP was coming up the long room through the shadows. He had combed his hair and put on a shirt and trousers. He set the tray down on a taboret and poured a thick, rich stream of coffee from the slender spout of his Haviland pot into the two small cups.

He put his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"It's nice the way you drop in on me, Sandra—at any old time." He smiled. "I'd hate to have anything spoil our crazy friendship."

"So would I," she said.

He sat down and reached for cigarettes.

"That," he said, "is a nasty-looking finger, darling. I would like to know about that finger, if you care to tell me."

"I'm rather proud of it. I've been nicked in the foray—but I haven't been found wanting."

"I see," he nodded gravely, "and you come to me to have your wounds bound up. Suppose you tell me the story."

She held the finger out to the firelight and looked at it.

"It is bashed a bit, but I don't think we need do anything about it. I'm rather proud of it. I want to swank it for a while just as it is—and gloat over it."

"Have you seen Eric?"

"Yes, my darling—I have seen Eric."

"So? How is he?"

"Eric is always well. That's the curse of his existence."

"So things are quite rotten between you two?"

"I suppose that's one way of looking at it—quite rotten—because at one time we stood before an altar and swore that throughout eternity they would always be well. If we hadn't done that, there could not possibly be anything rotten about it. Which is the greater crime then—marriage or divorce?"

"Oh, come now—none of that at this hour. I don't feel like abstract thought at two in the morning."

"Nor do I, really."

"Let's not, then," he smiled. "Let's talk about things we can see and feel and hear."

"All right." She leaned back and stared up at the shadows of the ceiling, drawing deeply on her cigarette. "Let's talk about you and about me."

"Excellent." He sipped coffee. "You first."

"Very well—but I warn you—I shall be most shockingly frank. I shall tell you about me as if I were someone else who was not here. I shall tell you about all of me."

"Oh, no, you won't." He shook his head quickly. "You mustn't do that. You are in my mind in two sealed envelopes that will never be opened. One is marked 'Sandra—unmarried' and the other 'Sandra—married.' They are full of jumbled imaginings that I have never tried to put in order. If I ever did try, I am sure I would lose my mind. I'm afraid I must never know what is in either, you see. Life hasn't treated me pleasantly about you. It put you in my mind as something that would do away with all disappointments and disillusion—it did that when I was very young—so I had to believe. Then suddenly you were gone from me." He snapped his fingers. "And I grew up. Ever since then I have been trying to find a substitute for you—but all I have ever achieved is a smile here, like your smile—an angle of head there, like your head—a voice somewhere else, like your voice." He patted her hand. "You mustn't feel sad about it, however, because I've become quite used to it. It's part of my life now. The only thing I have to guard against—is a certain knowledge, absolutely definite knowledge. As long as it remains a mirage, I am quite safe."

"Oh, my dear Philip." She leaned forward quickly and put her hands against the sides of his head. "Have I done that to you?"

"Of course not!" He stood up quickly and crossed to the fireplace. "It wasn't you—it was me always. I did it to myself, Sandra. Don't you understand about those things? They can't be helped. Everyone has them—but only a few people can call them by name. They just are. I've been very happy in the whole thing for years—until just lately in fact, when I knew that you were unhappy. So shall we close the book again and talk about other things—shall we talk about your finger?"

"It will make you angry."

"Perhaps that might be a good thing. I can stand being angry for a moment."

She told him.

"Damn it—a thing like that—the police should be notified. Call Eric right now—tell him the whole story and have him put an official request through and in half an hour you'll have this Italian in custody—and your things back."

She shook her head. "No, Philip, you don't quite understand. It goes a trifle deeper than a mere call to the police. Eric is in a perfectly ghastly mess of some kind again. I can't tell you how ghastly, for I don't know. It's this Bibescu woman, apparently, and tonight was part of it—it must have been part of it. So don't you see that if I report it to the authorities I will only make the mess more ghastly, by bringing it out into the open?"

"And if you don't do anything, this Italian will go to Eric with your jewelry and his cock-and-bull story."

Sandra smiled. "Yes," she said, "and that will be Eric's concern."

"But it seems to me that—"

"It seems to you that I should get in touch with Eric and warn him in advance, but unfortunately I'm not going to do that. The affair doesn't interest me enough to bother and I'm very comfortable at the present moment, too comfortable to think about it."

PHILIP pressed a cigarette flat between his fingers, drawing it back and forth until the last shred of tobacco filtered out and fell on the little golden pile in the ash tray before him. And he wrote something upon it with the smudge of a match end.

"I didn't mean—for Eric's sake," he said quietly, "nor because he happens to be your husband. I meant because of your joint responsibility to your own government. A foreign diplomatic scandal at this time—with all the spy scares here, with the police raids on alleged arms caches, with veterans' threats to take over the government, and with the political upheaval—would be snatched at joyfully by the press to divert attention from home issues. I think it's your duty to consider that."

"Was my duty," she smiled, "but not any more. . . . Philip—I've lived with a man I've loathed since I first knew what it was to be married to him. Do you understand what I'm telling you? It's so long ago that I've forgotten everything about it"—she looked up at him as he stood at the fireplace, his lips in a tight, bloodless line, and his face a drawn gray mask—"but the desperate determination to go through with that marriage no matter what it cost either of us." Her voice was so low he could hardly hear her words. "It's so long ago—that it seems like someone else. He's had loyalty and someone to keep his houses. He's had a partner to help his career. That's been my part of the bargain. I haven't paid it fully even yet. I took his money and the place in the sun he gave me—and I paid him by keeping his life as straight and as orderly as I could keep it. But he's always known what lay behind.

"Now suddenly it's stopped—and the years have gone, and everyone has been cheated abominably, and there is no help for any of us. I've been as faithful as we like to believe our mothers were—cruelly, viciously faithful—smugly faithful. God knows what it's done to my soul—but I can't think of that, fortunately. All I can think of is meeting you again on the boat and being near you for a few days. That somehow washed me clean of everything. When I left you yesterday at Cherbourg, it was like walking out of a bath into the sunshine. Then, somehow deep inside me, I knew that I should never get dirty again. I was finished being Eric's wife."

"OH, NO." He shook his head. "We can always talk about these things and give them the quasi-tragic note they should have. But we can never bring them into being as actualities. I know what your life with Eric has been—but you've lived it for a loyalty that only you know about. That loyalty has satisfied something within you that you had to satisfy or you wouldn't have given it. It's been a part of you. You can't cast it off without a thought. For a night perhaps—but no longer. I want desperately to have you understand that. Look you—between you and Eric lies a career. Not many marriages that I know of are founded on as firm a base. Don't make the mistake of looking for much more from the institution, for few people find even that much."

"But my God, Philip! Where has love gone—in this age we live in—if that is all that is left of marriage?"

"Love, my dear girl, was invented by musical slackers in Provence while married men fought the infidel and trusted to the blacksmith's art to insure the legitimacy of their heirs. I'm afraid it has little to do with marriage. It used to have a great deal when the home was a social unit and a necessity. But we live in penthouses today—so marriage has become largely a matter of sportsmanship—a game one either plays or doesn't. You've realized that—I don't have to tell it to you."

They were silent for a long moment. Presently he raised his head and clasped his hands behind his back.

"Let's," he said, "stop talking about the whole thing. Let's pretend it's all right. Today is today, and that's all

(Continued on page 40)

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for style
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(Continued from page 39)

that matters. We only exist in this one living second we draw breath in. That's all that matters."

He reached for her hands and held them. He lifted the hurt finger and touched it tenderly with his lips.

"Kiss me, Philip."

His head bent closer to her hands, and she felt his lips brush her fingers again softly. His face was quite close to hers, and their lips touched.

For a long moment they looked at each other, then he leaned forward and knelt on one knee at her feet. His arms rested beside hers, his hands gently cupping her elbows.

"Poor dear little Sandra."

"I'm so tired—I want to cry, Philip—I want to cry on someone's shoulder—and I want to laugh idiotically about it while I'm crying. Why can't we just finish one chapter and start another without all the ghastly arrangements that have to be made in life?"

"We can't, I'm afraid," he said. "We never can. If we could, there would be no need for laws or churches in the world."

She threw back her head. "I hope, Sandra, you won't go to hell—but I expect you will, dear."

"My father said that to me once—he was that kind of a person. I was the one joke he could play on the world. He used to chuckle over me and tell me that."

"Come, Sandra—you're tired—steady, girl—steady."

AFTER a moment he stood up and went through to the rear to telephone for her cab. It seemed a very little time later that there was a motor in the street outside the windows and a step upon the flagging of the entryway. The doorbell jangled deep within the house.

"Sandra—" he looked up at her. She bent over him and kissed his hair above the forehead.

"Good night, Philip."

"Sandra—will you always be a little bit fey?"

"Always, dear."

"I'm afraid you will."

"You haven't understood anything I have told you, have you, darling? You don't understand very much about life, do you, Philip?"

"Perhaps—perhaps not. Who does?"

"Shall I go back to Eric—do you want me to? I can, you know."

His hands were suddenly cold, and a chill tracery of nerves forked under the muscles of his throat to the point of his upturned chin. For a moment he couldn't see her. He closed his eyes and opened them again.

"I do know it," he said. "You aren't asking me to put anything in the way of your going back, darling, are you? You wouldn't do that?"

The fire was dying again, and the shadows of the room crept in closer to smother it completely.

"He will ask me to," she said. "He did this morning."

"What are you trying to say to me?"

"I am trying to tell you, Philip, that you are the only person in the world who would never have to ask me anything. Good night."

When he looked again she was gone and a second later the cab was gone too, but the echo of her voice was still in his mind, and there was sunlight all about him, and the broad sweep of fields with the grain rippling under the silent fingers of the summer wind.

He picked up the cigarette he had written on, "Rue Foyat-22," and laid it carefully on his mantelshelf. He stared for a moment at the chair Sandra had sat in, then he knelt quickly before it and raised his arms as if to embrace it; but, instead, he covered his face with his hands and bowed his head. . . .

The coffee in his cup was cold and brackish. He set it down on the taboret and took a cigarette. He crossed the room to the windows and drew back the heavy curtains at one edge. The street outside was dark and deserted. It was half past four by the watch on his wrist.

He picked up the cigarette again and looked at the address scrawled on it, "Foyat-22." No use trying to get Toby Macintyre on the wire at this hour, and besides, Toby had picked them up at some bar and wouldn't know much about them.

Destiny.

Go back through a chain of events, change any of the time elements by five minutes—and the whole fabric is destroyed.

Destiny.

Sandra calls the American Express in Baltimore to book her on a boat leaving around the fifteenth because she wants a week of the theater in New York before she comes back to France. In Detroit, Philip insists on that particular boat because Page Jardine has asked him to be his best man in Rome. They meet again.

Destiny.

Philip went up the gallery stairs into his bedroom and through to the bath beyond. He shaved and showered and came back to his wardrobe to dress. A careful business, his dressing. A discreet matter of cravats and hose and what not. Like fine table manners, his clothing could not be analyzed.

At the open street door he stood for a moment, breathing the cleanliness of the early morning air. The Rue Foyat was empty. The lines of the curbing, the gables of houses, the lamp-post at the corner, and the clustering chimney pots were cut sharply against the glazed white light of the early Paris morning, so that they looked flat and unreal—like a stage set. With one hand in his jacket pocket, he walked up toward Number 22.

The porter, in baggy trousers and blue denim jacket, was washing down the worn steps with hot water that steamed in the brisk morning air. Underfoot, the old stones were blue with a film of soap. The man touched his cap to Philip. A great bulk of a man, the porter, with huge sloping shoulders and the ponderous stupidity of extreme myopia in his eyes. His whole face hung pendent from inside the sweatband of his cap, a bag of soft, white flesh resting upon his breastbone, with the whiskered jowls dripping over on either side, like great gobbets of pasty dough, and the tiny, nearsighted eyes punched redly into the upper part.

"B'jou', M'sieu'."

"Good morning." Philip started up the steps to the court. The glass door of the concierge's cubby beyond was closed. He turned.

"The concierge, he is here?"

"He sleeps yet," said the porter.

Philip reached deeply in his trouser pocket. "There are above two Italians, is it not so?"

"Since one month," said the porter, "on the second stage."

"Good." Philip gave him a ten-franc note. The porter held it up to within two inches of his eyes, then he whipped off his cap, leaving his pendulous face hanging from nothing, in midair.

"Thank you, thank you. My wife cleans for them at times. They are backward in paying."

"Ah."

"SHE was in Rinaldi's rooms this morning but left. He entertains a lady. He has money for that."

"I see. It is too bad, your wife—she is now in the other's apartments?"

"At ten she returns for that. M'sieur Cottafavia likes well to sleep late."

"Quite so—we shall cause him to forgo his preference this morning." Philip nodded and crossed the courtyard to the concierge's empty cubby. He mounted the stairs. There were three sets of high doors, deep paneled, their huge brass knobs glinting dully in the half light of the landing. The card of Rafaele Aristodemo Cottafavia marked the outer one. Philip rang. There was no answer. He rang again. Beyond, in the depths of the apartment, he could hear the jangle of the bell as the wire from the knob he pulled agitated it on its coiled spring. He waited. Still no answer. Then he raised his fist and knocked loudly on the panels. The sound echoed in the silent rooms beyond.

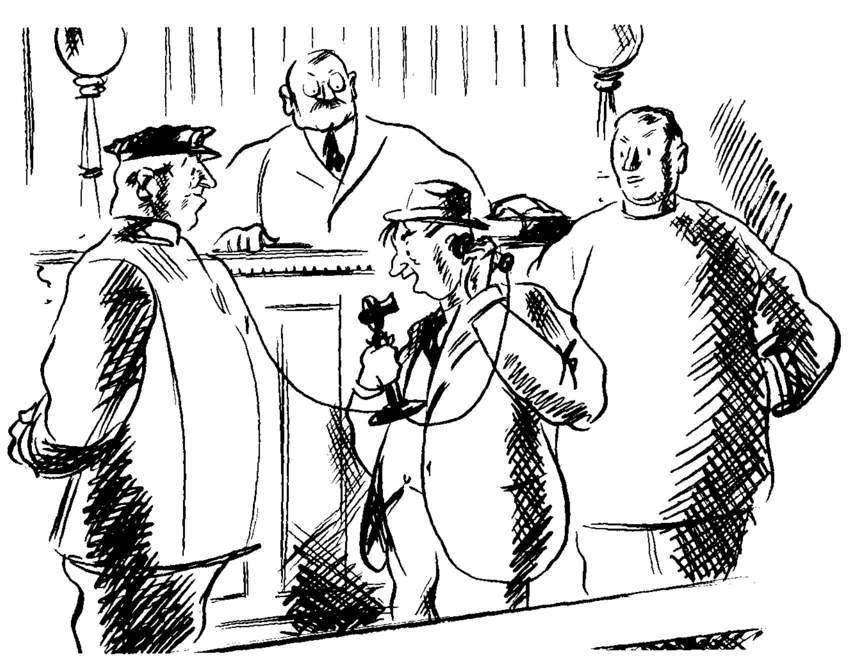
In a moment there was a muffled call from within, and the sound of an inner door banging against its stop. Furious footsteps padded across the room, and with a clash of the drawn bolt and a wrench at the knob the door was yanked open.

Cottafavia, in rumpled pajamas and dressing-gown, looked at Philip.

"Name of—what do you want at this hour?" he snapped in French.

Philip raised his right foot quickly, placed it on the paneled door, and shoved.

(To be continued next week)



"I won't come home tonight, dear. Leo asked me to spend the night with him"

Louis Priscilla

"He told me to spruce up *or get out*"
RIVATE

"Jobs often lost... *because a man neglects shaving*"

SAYS H. A. BARKER, PERSONNEL MANAGER, HOTEL NEW YORKER

H. A. BARKER

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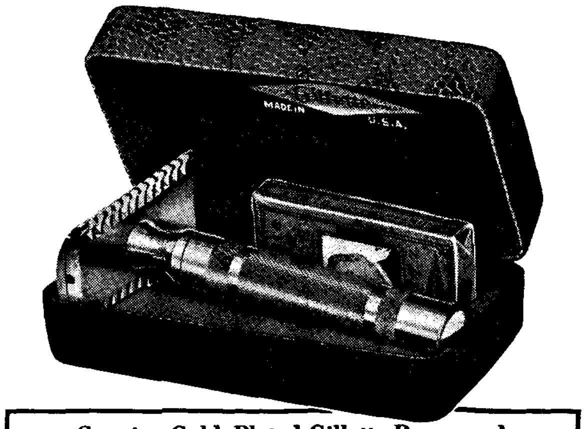

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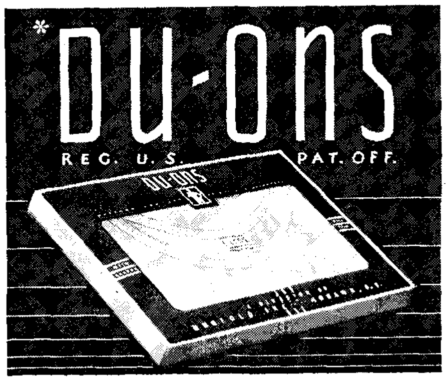
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Come up and meet Mae West

Continued from page 26

was too small or the buttonhole too large, for while she talked she frequently buttoned it and it immediately came unbuttoned and flopped down.

She was concerned for the moment with the eastern columnist who had made unfriendly comment, saying that, as he had the news, Mae West was slipping. When she talks, if the subject interests her, she pounds herself gently on the chest, first with the right hand, then with the left. This gives the triangular flap no chance at all. "I would like to know what made this chap break loose with a crack like that," she said, "and especially with I'm No Angel running for four weeks at the Paramount Theater and making new records."

It may not always be so, but it often is, that the smart women in this world have spotty complexions, and here is one smart woman whose skin is perfectly elegant. Miss West would still be able to write plays and movies and dialogue without that creamy skin, but it has its uses when the lights go up and the camera starts.

She Knows the Answers

She does write her own dialogue, too. In fact, she writes everything connected with the job. First of all, she turns out the movie play, then the dialogue; next she selects the director, chooses the actors and actresses, indicates the man to compose the music, if any, decides on the scenery and talks over the costumes. When she first arrived she examined the dialogue written on the lot, and it didn't seem to ring right. "I can do better than that," she suggested to Mr. LeBaron, so he permitted her to take a whack at it.

She worked out some fresh dialogue and all the West movies now are garnished with lines by the star. Sample: "Goodness, what lovely diamonds," says an admiring lady character, and Miss West replies: "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie."

As a recreation, Miss West goes to the fights—even the little ones over in Pasadena—and is recognized by the fight public as a regular. And that's all. No parties. No soirées. She doesn't drink and she doesn't smoke. She doesn't foregather with the movie folk and is a sort of lone wolf—except for her immediate little group, including the faithful lads from the D. A.'s office. The moment she finishes one picture, she begins another, which means that she works all the time.

Occasionally she likes to step into the big car and just ride aimlessly in the late afternoon—ride anywhere, up in the mountains, out to the sea, along country roads. And now and then she likes to slide out of the car at a wayside hot-dog stand and regale herself with whatever the man has to sell. Her manager is James A. Timony, who has been running her business affairs for years and usually is around somewhere. At the fights he sits on her right and the bodyguard sits on the other side. During boxing contests Miss West stares at the ring and doesn't look around like Lupe Velez, who stands up, sits down and looks everywhere. Miss West never stands up until it is time to go home.

Our heroine began acting when she was six years old and has been at it ever since, getting herself into stock companies, musical comedies, vaudeville and her own dramas on Broadway. She sang Frankie and Johnnie, Father, Dear Father and other plaintive ballads, played in The Fatal Wedding and East Lynne, imitated George M. Cohan and Eddie Foy and was billed as The Baby Vamp. In due time she began writing plays herself, figuring that a play was nothing but a large vaudeville sketch, and she had written plenty of sketches.

One of her first was Sex, which was fairly sultry and denounced by almost everybody. Even the British Embassy spoke up and said it annoyed them. After that she wrote Diamond Lil and The Constant Sinner, little suspecting that soon she would be out in Hollywood making movies.

In his early days Mr. LeBaron wrote and produced musical plays and one day he had a brand-new one called À la Broadway. What they needed was a girl to do a bit of singing and dancing and someone asked Ned Wayburn if he knew of such a girl.

Next day around came a gangling young thing named Mae West, accompanied by her mamma, stating that she would like to get a job, and after hearing her sing Mr. LeBaron put her on the pay roll.

Mae had one spot in À la Broadway. She was to sing a song with Cook and Lorenz, two popular comedians of that day. While the show was in rehearsal Mae did a little homework. She wrote some extra choruses for the song and provided some new business to go with them. On the day before the dress rehearsal she had a talk with the two comedians.

"You boys have a lot of hard work in this show," she said. "If you want me to do it I'll sing alone and you can take a rest." The boys thought it would be a good idea. Next day Mae told the stage director, harassed with last-minute emergencies, that Cook and Lorenz didn't want to do the song. She could do it without them, she said. He agreed. He would have agreed to anything.

Opening night was a triumph for Mae. She took nine encores. Even as a young girl, you see, she was smart.

LeBaron subsequently put aside musical comedies, forgot the girl and took up with the motion pictures in Hollywood, and years later he returned to New York, where he saw a play called Diamond Lil. He thought the play good and the star excellent, but he didn't recognize Mae. At a still later period Miss West stopped play-acting and had an invitation to try out in the movies, and her first part was in Night After Night, produced by Mr. LeBaron for Paramount. She journeyed from New York, walked into the studio in Hollywood, paused in the door and stared at the man behind the desk. "Yes," she cried, "it's the same LeBaron," and there they were together again for her first wallop at the moving pictures.

A Church Marks the Spot

If she ever gets a vacation she would like to take a long trip through Europe, but the prospects are not any too bright just now. While she is acting in one drama she is worrying over or preparing the next. If there is any spare time she works on a book that is slowly coming to a jell.

Most movie-goers think of her as a large woman, but she isn't. She weighs a hundred and twenty pounds and sometimes goes on a milk diet to build up. Her face is oval and her eyes light up when she talks. Her eyes alone ought to keep her in the movies for some time to come. Her daddy was a lightweight boxer and she was born in Brooklyn; and oddly enough, a church now stands on the spot where Miss West joined the human cavalcade.

Around the studio everyone admits that she is a keen business woman, goes at every new job carefully and makes few mistakes. Will Rogers came right out in public and stated that she was the most interesting woman in Hollywood, and D. W. Griffith goes a step further and says she belongs in with the ten most interesting people in America.

"I like to work," she remarked, buttoning up the triangular flap again, "and that's a lucky thing, for I have to work. Up to now I have had no time at all for social affairs, even if I leaned that way, which I do not. Another thing, this company took a chance when they decided to star me, and I won't forget it. They didn't know whether I'd be a flop or wouldn't be a flop and they put up a couple of hundred thousand to find out. All right. I don't forget that.

"You see, I used to hire actors myself and I know about them. Very often I would cast an actor in a certain part, help him with suggestions and sometimes he would be a hit. Then what? He would instantly strike for more pay and I would just as instantly fire him; and after that he would either get a job somewhere, or fail to get a job, or work at rehearsals for nothing. In the long run he would have been much better off staying where he was at the old salary. I made up my mind that if I was lucky enough to click in the movies, I wouldn't do anything like that."

Helpful Questions

Miss West's automobile is a large one and has to be to hold those gentlemen from the District Attorney's office, her manager, her chauffeur and herself, but it was not a new car when she bought it. It was a secondhand or used car, one of these reconditioned machines. When her first picture opened in Hollywood with the usual première effects the stars—that is, the other stars—administered a mild rebuke by pointedly staying away. At Hollywood premières it is an old custom for the stars to attend and sometimes the evening paper prints their names in advance and invites the public to come and mingle with them, but the stars certainly stayed away from Mae West's première in numbers.

One reason may have been that Miss West didn't send them any tickets, and Mr. LeBaron certainly didn't send them any tickets and nobody put their names in the paper. However, the evening was not an utter frost, as thirty thousand citizens howled in Hollywood Boulevard and the police announced later that it was a tough traffic night.

A local newspaper lady recently called on Miss West to interview her for the Sunday edition. The subject of the interview was: "Miss West, do you think you would like to be a mother and would you be a good mother if you were a mother?"

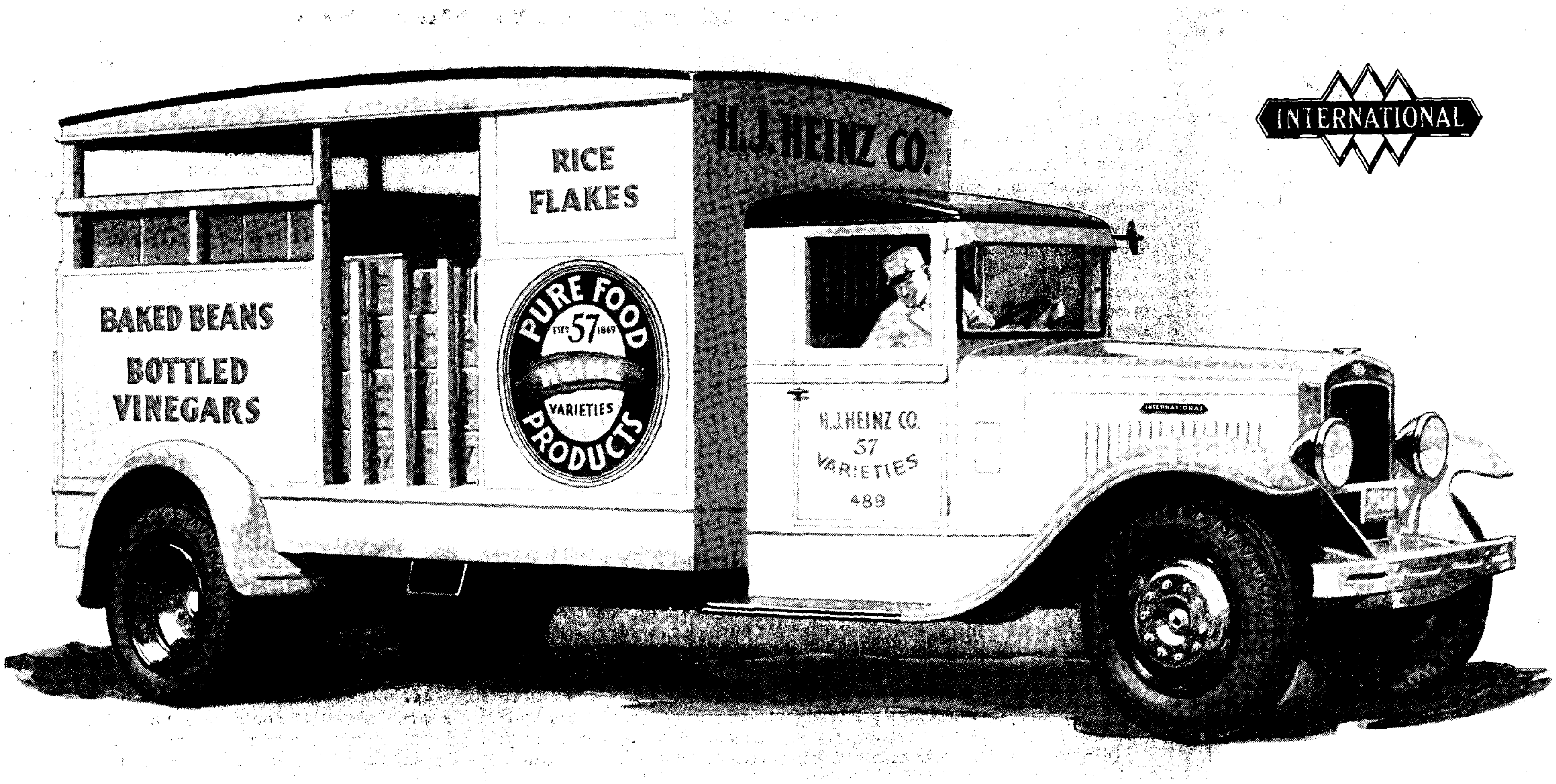
Miss West looked mildly surprised and spoke back.

"Are you a mother yourself?" she asked.

"I am not," responded the lady in a firm tone, "nor am I even married."

"Neither am I," said the star. "This ought to be a real helpful conversation."

That man in New York said that La West is slipping, but I saw She Done Him Wrong, and I'm No Angel and I think it would be a good idea to see It Ain't No Sin. The chances are, if you get over to the theater some evening about seven, you can probably get in.



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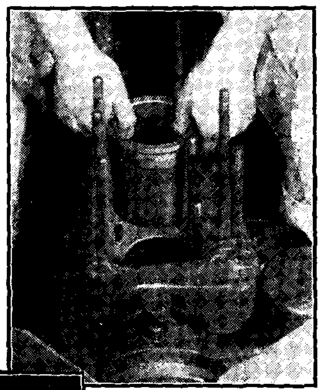
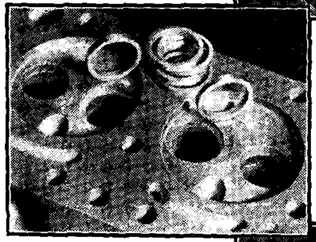


• ***Replaceable Cylinders:*** In International trucks the cylinders may be individually removed and quickly replaced with new cylinders of the same size, saving the cost of expensive, unreliable reboring. The engine need not be removed from the truck. The new cylinders actually *renew* the engine—reboring does not. Owners say this feature of advanced design easily adds 50,000 miles to the truck's life.



• ***Left: Hardened Exhaust-Valve Seat Inserts*** are a feature long ago made standard International practice. They retard valve seat burning, engine efficiency is retained, and the valves seldom need grinding.

• ***Right: Removable and replaceable precision-type bearings*** have long been a feature of International truck engines. These bearings make it possible to replace connecting rod or main bearings quickly, easily, at low cost.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Gunning for Man-Eaters

Continued from page 22

high-strung tiger employ several hundred beaters to move through the canebrakes smacking tom-toms and yelling.

In Malaysia natives hang long strings of homemade metal bells around the necks of their ponies when riding through the jungles; and suspend great bells carved out of hardwood, with long clappers which keep up a constant rat-a-tat-tat, around the necks of their work buffaloes.

All these points flash in my head; but, mind you, only a couple of seconds have passed since first I awoke. I make my plan—a blood-curdling yell, which *may* cause him to jump back far enough, and long enough, to give me a chance to reach my gun. Summoning all my powers, I let out a terrific shriek—and Chou, one of my hunting dogs, springs off my chest and takes surprised refuge in a corner of the tent!

Look at His Teeth

Well, a job with as many advantages as that of head tiger hunter must have one or two slight disadvantages. It will make your nerves uncertain. No use trying to go back to sleep now; there is a thin red-gray slit extending across the eastern horizon, and it is time to go to work. The tiger, like the cougar, has a regular patrol line—a great circle, flung out through miles of jungle and thicket and morass.

He customarily hunts it twice a day—just after dawn, and again a short time before sunset. The first trick is to find his line; the second is to be ready when he comes along, as he surely will if you bide in patience. That second trick, by the way, is not easy; which is the reason why the tiger all too frequently comes out on top.

Carry the rifle so: across your front middle, the barrel resting in your crooked left arm, right hand holding it at the grip, trigger finger ready. The rest of the equipment is a handful of cartridges in one pocket, and lots of faith in a quick shot. Awfully quick, for you will find your average distance with tigers about twenty yards — and him a-coming like a bat out of hell. That means spotting, aiming, firing—possibly twice—in not much more than a second.

If you want to know whether a tiger is a man-eater, look at his teeth. It might be prudent to shoot him first. If his teeth are clean and white and businesslike from chewing on the tigers' equivalent of bread crusts and roughage you have made a terrible mistake. But if his teeth are yellow, with dark vertical streaks, and look like kernels from a cob of Golden Bantam corn which has been out in the rain all winter, be thankful you shot him. The yellowness is a sign of age; and when a tiger, the athlete of the jungles, gets varicose veins and charley-horse and muscle-bound and every little wild animal can outfoot him, and those which cannot are too tough for his old teeth, he disconsolately abandons his old hunting patrol line and moves to an ambush near a village. Humans are comparatively slow of foot and wit, and hold no toothache for tigers.

Tiger-hunting is not sport; it is deadly business. You do not shoot him, as you shoot deer or ducks or partridge, to win your food in a match of your inferior senses against their superior instincts. You do not even shoot him as you shoot cougar or weasels or foxes, which are vermin that prey on innocent wild life. Tiger meat is uneatable; even animals shun it. Your justification for shooting tigers is the saving of human life and the domestic cattle necessary to the sustenance of human life; for the tiger is a murderer set down in the midst of peaceable and ignorant natives whose flocks and herds and selves are virtually defenseless against him. More than a hundred Mois a year are victims of tigers; and in one state of India alone—Johore—86 natives were felled last year by them.

So much for that; I just want you to know, as you go along, what you are up against. We are now entering the village of Zulite, at dawn on the first day of your apprenticeship as head tiger hunter. Ngoit, handsome, friendly chap, ace tracker, with a heart second to none in stoutness, is ready. So is Don, my Malay interpreter; and a handful of Ngoit's picked men, including Shirt-Tail Jimmy, a Moi lad I am breaking in as a gun-bearer. He gets his nickname from his habitual wearing of one of my cast-off shirts. I have trained Jimmy to keep at my heels, but I am not yet sure of his fortitude.

There is much excitement; plenty of stirring news. Ngoit tells me that the tigers have grown unbelievably bold; one of them spent the night in the village, sniffing leisurely around all the houses, roaring, frightening the poor natives who crouched in trembling behind their bolted thatched doors, and stampeding the buffalo in the pole corrals. Because of the precautions I had induced Ngoit to impose, there has been no loss of life nor of livestock; but the shrinkage in morale of the villagers is pitiful to behold.

Don is in a great state, for while I was enjoying my encounter with the bathing tiger he endured an unprecedented adventure with a less pacifistic one. Schooled to anticipate my wants, Don decided that I should require a deer with which to bait a new tiger trap. Before dawn he had set out to get one. Zulite lies in a basin, fed by a small stream, surrounded by upland rice terraces and forest. Don spotted a deer just below a long point of timber, and began to stalk it. Unknown to Don, a tiger—evidently the one who had raided the village—was also stalking that deer. The hunters, man and tiger, were unseen by each other in the long grass until their paths converged.

Open for Business

Don, rising to one knee to aim his rifle, heard a fearsome roar almost beside his head. He whirled, and saw the tiger charging. He fired—and missed. One more bound and the tiger would have him. But with the flash of the rifle it abruptly ended its charge and slunk away into the underbrush. Don could not believe his eyes. I find it difficult to believe his tale. This is so unlike a tiger. Miss a lion or evade his leap, and you will be rewarded, like as not, with a view of his hind quarters as he romps off with dignity. Miss a tiger, and commend your soul to its Maker. If you side-step his charge, he will twist and come at you again—and again. In all my years of hunting I had never heard of a tiger quitting, once he had started. Here is a first-class mystery, which I hope to solve later.

I ask Don to point out the scene of his adventure, and we push into the jungle beyond. I hope to pick up the tiger's patrol line, and meet him face to face. He is. There, on a wide path through a patch of canebrake, we suddenly make out a standing tiger in the gloom of the breaking day. He is watching us, and lashing his tail, and showing about as much concern as you would if you saw five doodlebugs following you on a cement sidewalk. We halt. Some of the natives retreat along the trail, uneasy. Ngoit and Don stand with me, grinning. They understand that I do not shoot the tiger at once because I want to see what he will do.

He takes a few impatient bounds toward us, and roars as if trying to frighten us away. When we do not move he is puzzled; and his annoyance begins to give way to good, honest anger. He flattens his belly close to the ground and starts to creep toward us. That is the tiger symbol of open for business. Still I do not move; it so happens that from the distance which separates us, and the nature of the surroundings, I can play this game out a little without being guilty of bravado. He pauses, uncertain; lashes his tail; comes on again.

Primitive Bombers

Now he is getting too close for safety, and I raise my rifle. When he sees this gesture, and his attention is drawn to the rifle, he comes to an abrupt halt and stands upright—staring, speculating. He is directly under a durian tree now—tall jungle bearer of that fascinating fruit, bigger than the average coconut and beloved by all creatures of the wild, and by man, too, once he gets past the first odor. Any country lad would tell you it reminded him of the odor of distant skunks borne on the wind of a frosty autumn night; or of onions left to rot in the furrows. But the taste! Thick, buttery custard, flavored with almonds, and served in a sauce of sherry wine.

However, we have no time for epicurean thoughts now; that tiger is giving us the blackest looks. I decide we have played enough, but just as I prepare to shoot there is a great shower of durian fruit from the tree; like a flock of stinging meteorites the hard-shelled globes smack the luckless tiger on the head and back and flanks and spatter on the ground about him, while furious cacophony breaks out in the green bowers above.

A troop of monkeys, paralyzed into absolute silence while the first stages of this tragi-comedy of the wilderness trail was being played out beneath them, have been startled into a desperate attack by the sight of the tiger standing directly beneath their hide-out. With a roar that makes my eardrums sing, the perplexed tiger bounds off into the canebrake before I, helpless equally from laughter and surprise, can fire.

We move away from that durian tree ourselves, for we have no reason to believe that the monkeys will be more friendly to us than to the Bengal. Can you imagine what fun it would be to have someone drop a frozen grapefruit on your head from, say, the fifth story of a building? That would approximate the merry experience of having durian fruit plop upon your head. We do not want to stay thereabouts, anyhow; we want to try to bay that tiger. He appeared to be a grand specimen, as large as any I have ever seen—and in my time I have shot more than one Bengal which measured ten feet from tail tip to nose tip, four and a half feet around the belly and stood nearly four feet at the shoulders—300 pounds of iniquity, of compacted malice.

We leave the monkeys and their durian bombs safely behind, and push through the canebrake until we are so tired we cannot close our jaws, but his

(*Continued on page 46*)

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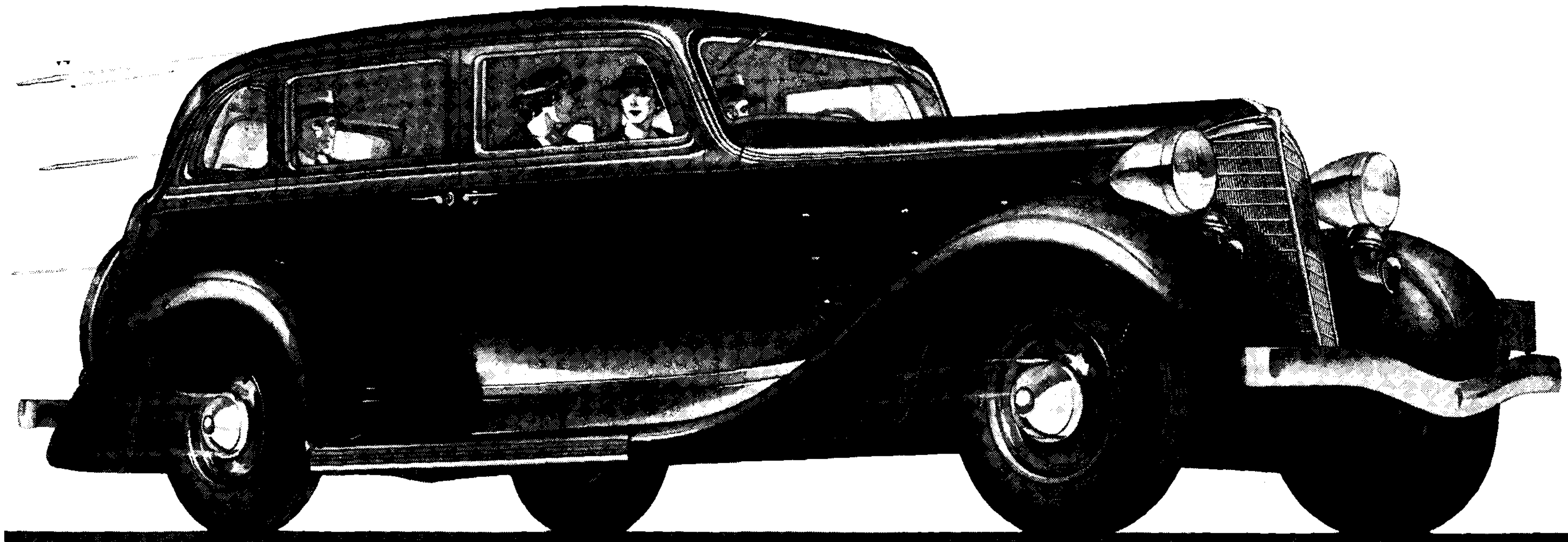

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Gunning for Man-Eaters

Continued from page 44

tracks are all we see of the fugitive tiger. We pause for breakfast, then scour the jungle again until the heat warns of the approaching tropical midday. We stop again for lunch and a siesta; afterwards, forward once more.

Plenty of tracks, but no tiger. It is dispiriting; we have nothing to show for ten hours of trekking. Sunset approaches, and I direct a spreading movement back toward the village; darkness pours into the heavens suddenly in the tropics, like muddy water over a dam after a cloudburst, and we do not want to be caught too far out on the trail by nightfall. I stake the day's fading prospects on this last maneuver. I tell one man to go with Don, the other to go with Ngoit, and Shirt-Tail Jimmy to stick with me; and allot a generous portion of the tiger's patrol line for each group to comb.

Minute by minute, as the daylight wanes, Jimmy walks closer to my heels. He barks them with every other step. When we go through dense bamboo or canebrake, or along gloomy forest aisles, I can feel his hand clutching my belt. Fresh signs, barely visible in the dusk, slow me down; then, suddenly, I catch sight of the tiger. It is my old friend of the bombardment; a large male. He is slinking along the edge of a clearing, a cutover patch long since abandoned for tillage. I see him dimly; but, thank heaven, he does not see at all—yet—for I am still in the thicket.

I turn to Jimmy, who has my extra rifle. His eyes are white balls of terror. I smile at him, take it easy!—and pat his brown shoulder, steady there! He nods, and I go forward, reassured. Nerves tight, moving with every bit of trail skill at my command so that I shall make no sounds, I creep toward the edge of the thicket where I can get a fair and close shot. Now! Just as I raise my rifle, the tiger stops and looks toward us—waggling his keen ears.

Instantly there is a scream of mortal fear at my shoulder, and I am thrown forward out into the clearing, into full sight of the tiger, by a sudden weight from behind. Shirt-Tail Jimmy has lost his head, and jumped upon my back—frantically wrapping his arms and legs around me for safety. He shakes so with fear and excitement that he makes me shake with him as I sprawl there, on my knees, staring across the little narrow clearing directly into the eyes of the tiger. He is startled by this double-headed apparition, but not alarmed.

Revealing a Secret

He pivots slowly, softly, until he is faced toward us; his tail is lashing, and he is shifting his weight from foot to foot, an infallible signal that he is preparing to charge. When Jimmy knocked me forward my rifle fell to the ground in front of me. It is within easy reach. But I do not pick it up—I am too distracted by the caterwauling of the boy on my back, and too awed by the spectacle the great Bengal offers in the sooty twilight, with his stripes dancing like dark flames over the rippling of his fearful muscles, and his eyes livid coals of hatred.

Then, with a roar, he crouches. I come to life and scramble for my rifle. Jimmy holds fast and kicks and screams. The tiger leaps, and I struggle to my knees and fling up the rifle and fire. I hope for a brain shot—only that, or a heart shot, will stop a charging Bengal—but Jimmy's antics on my back do not help my aim. The tiger's first leap is shortened by the wound, and he staggers when he gathers his sinews for the next bound. I pump in another cartridge, and when he is in the air I aim under his fore quarter at his chest and fire. That one goes home. The tiger is through.

I have been too busy to pull Jimmy from my back, but I attend to that now. Sanity returns to his glazed eyes when he perceives that the tiger is dead. He comes forward timidly with me, and holds the tape. This is my largest Bengal; *eleven feet* from tip to tip. Ngoit, Don and the others have heard the firing; and I hear them yelling in the distance that they are coming. I yell in answer, and sit down to complete the notes in my field book about this tiger. His teeth are yellow; a man-eater.

In his jaw I find an old gunshot wound, whereof the fracture had filled up with new bone. So this was the animal of Don's adventure that morning; and here is the secret of its gun-shyness. In some long-past year a casual trader had shot it. The flash of Don's rifle brought back memories of quick pain and long suffering, and he had made off; only great rage, from the suddenness of my appearance and the fact that he had been badgered all day, kept him charging at me. Later, my skinning knife strikes a bullet in its shoulder; so old that it is encysted and covered by a calcareous deposit.

Do You Still Want the Job?

But here are Ngoit and Don, now, with their boys. With their help I finish skinning the prize as night comes on. The footpads and ears must be cleaned out with extra care, and coarse salt rubbed into the whole skin. Then it is rolled up and borne to the village by the Mois. In the morning, and on the next morning also, the thorough and wholesale salting must be repeated; else the skin will spoil. The skin of any beast left for one night untreated in the jungle will never grace your den floor.

It is pitch dark as we near Zulite, and the villagers, who have seen our flashlights and lanterns, come out along the trail with torches to greet us. Borne in single file, the flickering brands make a fiery serpent. It is an entrancing sight in the mild night, and compensates for the weariness of my body. But what is this? I had noticed that Jimmy's courage returned dramatically when Ngoit and the others had joined us in the clearing. I am not, however, prepared for this! Jimmy has run on ahead. As I arrive I find him the center of an admiring group of his neighbors and relatives, beating his swelling chest as he explains to them that I lost my head when I discovered the tiger, and should have fled but for his stratagem in pushing me forward. Even then my hands shook so when I tried to aim the rifle that he had to steady them; in fact, he had to pull the trigger, for all nerve had deserted my fingers. Thus, it was really due to him that the tiger had been killed at all; if he had not been with me there should be no cause for celebration in Zulite that night.

Well, I warned you that there are a couple of disadvantages in this position of head tiger hunter to the Banta of the Moi tribes of Siam. This one it has in common with nearly every other worth-while job in any profession, or in any part of the world—there is always someone ready to try to grab credit away from you after you have done a satisfactory bit of work.

But perhaps you are no longer interested in the job, anyway; now that you have spent one day at it.

Save 'em, Life Guard!

Continued from page 19

while his nearly naked mob of child labor would crawl all over him, he would call these sea animals by their other names. He was giving everybody the low-down on the higher learning.

Women all over the beach were smiling at Buck. But Sally-Jo is not smiling. She just couldn't bear him. "Can't that life guard swim any at all?" she asked me.

"You can't blame him for wanting to stay dry," I said.

"Anything as dry as that," she said, "gets in my lungs, when I try to breathe."

"Why don't you try breathing elsewhere?" I hinted. "Or just not at all."

AND so. . . . Well, anyhow—when I came to work the next morning, Buck was down ahead of me. But he wasn't sitting on the life-guard bench. There is a pile jetty going out from the beach, and Buck was out there hanging across one of those piles, face down like a limpet. Sally-Jo was on hand too, in her white bathing suit this time, and she was so disgusted with Buck she wouldn't let good-enough alone. She waded out to find out what he was looking at.

But she didn't stay long. She waded right back. "What do you think he's doing out there?" she sniffed.

"Who?" I asked.

"Buck Starbuck!" she blasted in my ear.

"Oh!" I said. "What's he doing?"

"He's gawping at a school of little fish."

"Well," I cracked, "it's safer for a boy to gawp at fish than at you. Sour apples, *har har har!*"

"What do you think he told me?" she snorted. "He said that nude fish are more beautiful than women, or that beautiful fish are nuder than women—I didn't quite get which. And then he asked how I would like it if I was beautiful too, and knew that something would come along any instant and grab me down for his breakfast."

When Sally-Jo gets that funny little squint, it is a bad time for men to act strong or cocky. "If he's afraid of the water," she said, "I'm going to get him in there in front of all these women who think he is so cute. If he can't swim, that'll be too bad!"

So she sprang her ideas on the beach captain. She asked him to give Buck Starbuck orders to teach her how to swim. Just for the joke. Well, there is nothing a lunk like our beach captain would not do for Sally-Jo, if not for the joke. So he kept his face straight and gave Buck his orders to teach her how to swim.

"Glad to," said Buck when he got his orders.

Sally-Jo then got Buck by the hand, and started to hop in the ocean. But not Buck Starbuck. "Do you want to learn like a man or like a puppy?" he asked her.

"What's the difference?" she asked.

"The difference is," he told her, "that you're going to try to learn like a human being. You've got to know the strokes before you fool with any water."

Just north of our beach is an inlet, breaking through the sand bars. At high tide a narrow, six-foot-deep channel runs in between two breakwaters. In back of this is a big lagoon, very quiet and deep. They have built a dock back there on the inland side, where people tie up their little cruisers and sea skiffs when they come home from the ocean. Buck saw this dock and told her there is a fine place to learn.

He still kept hold of her hand and led her out there, whether she wanted to or not. "When we get the hang of it," he said, "then we can go in the ocean."

Some flat-topped mooring piles stick up at the end of the dock, and Buck had Sally-Jo lay across one of these on her stomach. Then he counted time for her. "*One*, two, three, *four*, five, six," he counted, while she lay belly-buster and kicked with her feet and swum with her arms.

Sally-Jo had told everybody to watch her get her lesson, because this was going to be good. And the people on hand by now had begun to snicker. Maybe they gave Sally-Jo the idea that what seemed so funny was not Buck Starbuck. Anyhow, she flopped off that pile.

"This is very dumb," she said, "and I want to learn like a puppy."

"A puppy don't have to learn," said Buck. "He just goes in deep water and swims, because he don't know any better."

"That's the way I want to do," she told him.

"All right," said Buck, and pushed her off the dock.

Sally-Jo wasn't looking for anything like that. She hit the lagoon a loud belly-whopper. But she kept her head. And when she got her wind back, she pretended she was drowning. Maybe she figured that if Buck Starbuck was a gentleman or anything, he would get in there and hold her in his arms while he instructed her. But I guess Buck must of learnt his swimming from a mail order house, and that is the method he teaches.

He stayed on the dock and showed her how. "Watch me!" he told her, while she was splashing and coughing and sinking. Then he began to work those elbows of his like knee-action hubs. "Look, Sally-Jo—the way I'm doing! It just takes a little patience—"

WELL, you couldn't blame a girl for not drownding, even if she ought to. Sally-Jo came up as wet as a mad hornet. Then she flattened and struck out with that snappy little reach of hers. But not for shore. I guess she did not care to land where she had asked so many friends to watch her get her lesson. So she swum out around the dock, and where she was going I do not know.

This Buck chased along above her, shouting praises. "You're getting it!" he said. "*One*, two, three, *four*—that's right—that's great!"

I had walked out on the dock myself. And then Ken Billings came running out. "Sally-Jo!" he yelled. "Come back!"

I never saw Ken move fast before. "What's the matter?" I asked.

"Shark!" he said. "I put a big shark in that lagoon!"

"What?" I hollered.

"Early this morning—high tide—had a fishing cruiser dump him—big baby—got 'im penned in there!"

I looked, and saw that somebody had stretched a length of chicken wire across the inlet, so that nothing could get out. And then I saw that Ken had a long-bladed knife stuck in his life-saving belt.

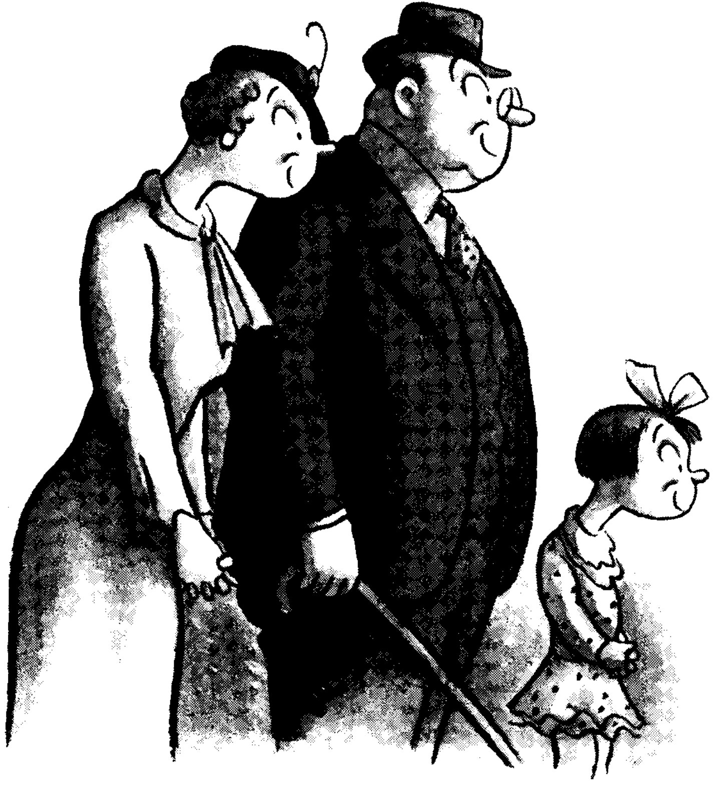
I just could not believe it. "Wait a minute!" I said. "You got a shark in there—to fight him?"

"What would you think I got him in there for?" asked Ken. "To brush his teeth?"

It goes to show you that even the biggest liars, they cannot be trusted not to tell the truth sometime. But I don't

(Continued on page 48)

An artist friend volunteers a message



Gentlemen:

I have always suffered from claustraphobia (fear of being shut in). I had a horror of shrunken, tight-fitting shirts. So, though I really wear size 14, I always bought size 17½.

This size gave me plenty of room, but it also gave me a pretty sloppy appearance. And that helped me sell pictures. An editor would look at my work unenthusiastically -- but when he'd look up at me, and see how bohemian I looked, he'd say "This guy must be an artist" -- and buy the picture. It was a cinch.

Then one day I heard about Arrow Shirts, Sanforized-Shrunk. I saw Trump and Gordon, was captivated by their good looks, bought a supply of them. The clerk told me to get my exact size, because the shirts wouldn't shrink. And they didn't!

But -- they robbed me of my bohemian appearance. Editors no longer were fooled. They told me to go back and learn how to draw. I did. And I Made Good.

Today, I again sell my drawings. Today, people stare at me as I walk down the street (see picture) and say in hushed voices, "There goes Steig, the well-dressed artist". Gentlemen, I'm sitting pretty -- and I have Arrow to thank!

Sincerely,

Wm. Steig

P.S. The only fault I find with Arrow Shirts is that they take too long to wear out. I'm running short of rags on which to wipe my brushes.

NRA

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Sing away! Smoke away!

Who cares? You'll still keep a fresh, cool mouth ... if you keep to SPUDS

When many songs lead to many smokes . . . Spuds lead to a clean, cool taste. Try them!

Why are Spuds so cool? Does menthol *in the smoke* make Spuds taste cooler? Not at all. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by merely lowering the temperature of the smoke. So what you get from Spud is pure tobacco flavor . . . *with the heat taken out.* And what a difference that makes . . . in keeping your mouth cool and fresh!

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES

SPUD CORK TIP or PLAIN
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20 · (25c IN CANADA)
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page 47)

fool myself on the same guy twice. The next time Ken tells me he is a shark fighter, or if he wants to tell me he is Max Smelling, or Primo Carnerio, or even Max (Buggs) Baer, I will tell him sure that's right.

Ken is looking through the crowd. "Is Mr. Topping here yet with that two hundred bucks?"

"Hey!" I said. "How about Sally-Jo?"

"Doggone that little slug!" said Ken. "Hi! Get out of there!"

"Sally-Jo!" I yelled. "Shark, kid—shark!"

She heard me all right. But I guess she thought I was being funny. She would not even look around.

"If Mr. Topping is not here to see me stick him," worried Ken, "would he still kick in with that two hundred smackers?"

JUST then I saw this swish in the water. In between Sally-Jo and the beach. And then a thing like an old wet rubber boot top hove up and started to move along. Just a big, shiny black fin, that was all.

"My goodness gravy!" I yelled. "Shark!"

"Oh, there is Mr. Topping!" said Ken, and waved.

About then the people on shore saw the shark. They began to yell and screech like a lot of women. Sally-Jo looked behind. And her face went sick. She was cut off on this side. So she turned and struck for the other side of the lagoon. Tearing through the water.

But the shark, he swung and lazied along after her. Not fast for a shark, but hellish fast for Sally-Jo.

Mr. Topping by now had got down on the dock. "Ken," he panted, "you got to help her!"

"I was just goin' to, Mr. Topping." Ken stuck his knife between his teeth and hopped in the lagoon.

This was when the shark heaved his full length up, and I got a flash of his streamlines. He wasn't any twelve- or fourteen-footer. But he was plenty big—a shark, what I mean. And Ken was swimming at him.

I had forgot Buck Starbuck. He was still out there at the end of the dock. He saw the shark too. And he saw Ken hit the water. Then he yelled something. But Ken didn't look up. He was crawling high and fast, carrying his knife like a horse's bit.

Sally-Jo was in the middle of the lagoon by now, foaming along. The shark was about a third of the way out. And Ken was gaining on 'em. I heard Buck yell again. And then what do you think he did?

This Buck Starbuck, I mean. This guy who plays with seashells and couldn't swim a stroke. A sissy, yeh! All he did was to take a running dive off the dock. As clean as you ever saw. He hardly even went under. Then he hit out after Ken.

Oh, no, he couldn't swim! Only the way he had told Sally-Jo, like a bullet travels. Well, to me it was more like an old granddaddy long legs—like he had a dozen arms and legs to crawl with. Going over the water about fifty feet per second. What he wanted to buy a gold medal for, I wouldn't know. He caught up with Ken in five strokes. Then he reached out and grabbed the knife out of Ken's teeth.

That's right. I'm telling you. I already had the jitters, and when I saw this business, I caved in. What was the crazy nut going to do now? Was he going to fight the shark in the place of our trained shark fighter?

No, he wasn't! What he did was to throw the knife away!

Ken let out a holler, and kind of stopped and backed. Without his knife, he didn't want any.

Well, sir, I begun to feel like a ninety-year-old skeezix with the willies. This Buck must of gone all the way cuckoo. And the shark, he knew the two boys were behind him. Does a shark hear things, or smell 'em, or see 'em in back of his ears? I don't know. But that shark, he knew. He just swashed around, and stood head-on, looking at Ken and Buck.

That was when Ken voted himself back on shore, Sally-Jo or no Sally-Jo. He knew when he was through.

Buck—he kept right on. In his little bathing trunks. Nothing up the sleeve. No knife, no nothing.

I had got so weak I couldn't stand up hardly. Neither could Mr. Topping. We just hung on to each other. And Buck, he swum out to the shark. He swum right past him—I'll put my seal on this one and file it in the courthouse, if anybody should ask me—this Buck eased on past and slapped at that shark's nose as he went by.

Did you ever see a shark bat his eyes? Well, I did. And then the big, ugly lummox, all he did was to h'ist up his back end and plunge for the bottom. And I have not seen him from that day to this.

"Okay, Sally-Jo!" Buck yelled. "You wait there!" Then he headed acrost the inlet and hauled out on the rocks between the two breakwaters. He pulled the wire netting loose, and then jumped in again and swum back.

I don't know why Sally-Jo waited for Buck. Maybe it was because he told her to. And they came in together, taking their time. Buck got her hand and they landed that way.

The crowd on the beach kind of gave ground, looking at Buck as though he was old man ocean himself, with water running out of his hair. But Buck only looked at Ken.

"You knew what kind of a shark that was!" Buck snorted. "Or you wouldn't have gone in there, you big bully!"

It was the first time I ever saw Ken stand with his mouth open and not say a word.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Buck. "A poor old nurse shark! He wouldn't hurt a baby."

Ken was acting a trifle worried. "He cost us six dollars a foot," he said on the side, "Mr. Topping."

"I'll pay for him all right." Mr. Topping gave a kind of twisted laugh. "To see this boy swim out and slap a shark on the nose."

"I never laid a finger on him!" said Buck. "I wouldn't slap an old nurse shark."

HE WAS leaning his head over, pounding water out of his ear. The crowd didn't seem to know whether to laugh or cry or kiss him. Except Mrs. Peckingham. She was in there, pawing at Buck and gooing at him. "Oh, did you hurt your ear?" she gooed.

Sally-Jo shoved her away. "He gets drivel in it, Mrs. Peckingham."

Then she smiled up at our new life guard.

"Won't you come out to dinner tonight, Buck?" she asked him.

"I ought to see my doctor tonight," said Buck.

"We've got glass tanks full of beautiful nude oriental fish at our house," Sally-Jo coaxed him.

"I paid as high as a hundred dollars per fish for some of 'em," stuck in Mr. Topping.

"I'd certainly like to have dinner with you," said Buck.

Can you tie it? Here, I've always been swell to Sally-Jo, and she never asks me to dinner. Ken, he goes out to save her from a shark, and she don't ask him. She asks the guy who goes out to save the shark.

Is that a woman for you?

The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 24

door. They raised the head of the framework to which the body was lashed. The Burman seized the other end.

They began to swing it to and fro, chanting in unison, "Hi yah, hi yah, hi yah!" as they swung.

Then, with a final shouted "Hi!" they propelled it into the white heart of the furnace.

They were about to close the door, when the Burman checked them—and stooped . . .

"IT'S by no means as simple as all that, Inspector," the chemist in charge assured Gallaho. "Before I attempt a blasting operation such as you describe, I should like to know what's above and what's below. Also, what's on the other side of this wall that you want me to blow down. You say it's a concrete wall?"

"It appears to be," growled Gallaho, fretfully; technicians were always an infernal nuisance.

"We could probably blast a way through the wall, but I'm wondering what that wall supports. We don't want half Limehouse to fall in on us."

"Well, come and see for yourself; but come provided—for almost anything may be happening to the people we want to rescue."

"I shall certainly come, Inspector. I don't fancy the responsibility, but it's not the kind of thing I want to delegate."

There were further delays while mysterious apparatus was assembled, and Gallaho, seated in the office of the chief chemist, tapped his fingers irritably upon the table, glancing from minute to minute at a big clock over the mantelpiece. Messengers were scouring the extensive works in search of an expert with the musical name of Schumann. His attendance, according to Mr. Elliott, the chief chemist, was indispensable.

Gallaho was getting very angry.

Finally, arrangements were completed. Two workmen, who seemed to enjoy this break in their night duties, carried mysterious boxes, packages and coils of wire. Schumann, who proved to be a taciturn, bearded German, merely nodded and grunted when the chief chemist explained the nature of the project.

At long last, they all climbed into the police car, and set out recklessly for Limehouse. Gallaho sat in front with the driver. He was altogether too irritable for conversation, and at a point in their journey not far from their destination:

"Pull up!" he directed sharply.

The brakes were applied, and the car promptly brought to a standstill.

Inspector Gallaho stared forward and upward, and now, resting his hand on the driver's shoulder:

"Look!" he said. "What's that? Right over the river bank, in a line with the smokestack?"

The driver looked as directed. And then:

"Good Lord," he whispered, "what is it?"

There was very little mist in the air, but lowering clouds overhung the river; and there, either in reality or reflected upon them as upon a screen, danced that bluish, elfin light; and Gallaho knew that it was directly above the roof of Sam Pak's.

"Go ahead!" he growled.

There was not much evidence of activity in the neighborhood of the restaurant. The night life of Chinatown, such as it is, is a furtive life. A constable was standing on an adjacent corner, but there was little now to indicate that anything unusual had taken place there that evening, except the fact that the store was closed.

One or two customers who had applied there had gone away much puzzled by this circumstance.

No doubt there were watchers behind dark windows. No doubt the fact was known throughout the Chinese quarter that Sam Pak's had been raided and his wife arrested. But those who shared this secret information kept it very much to themselves, and kept themselves carefully out of sight.

Entering the shop, followed by the technicians with their apparatus:

"Anything new?" Gallaho growled.

Trench was waiting there.

"A most extraordinary roaring sound from somewhere below," he reported; "and the heat at the back of the bar, here, is remarkable."

"I have heard about this heat at the top end of the room," said Gallaho. "I can't make head nor tail of it." He walked forward. "Yes; the difference is very marked. What the devil can it be?"

"The place to hear the roaring, sir," said another voice, "is at the end of the passage, below, outside the iron door."

"Come on," said Gallaho, and made his way there. "Any report from the river?"

"Yes. That blue light has been seen up over the roof."

"I know . . . I have seen it myself."

STARK horror coming on top of physical pain all but defeated Alan Sterling. As the furnace doors were reclosed and the three yellow men, sweating and half naked, were lost in the shadows outside the ring of light, he thought he heard a groan . . . and he thought that the man who groaned was Nayland Smith.

The gruesome place swam about him; the hard floor seemed to be moving like the deck of a ship.

He ground his teeth together and clenched his fists. He knew that a mighty effort was called for, or he should *faint*. If this happened he should despise himself; and if he must die, at least let him carry his self-respect to the end.

Nevertheless, it was touch and go. Physical nausea saved him.

He was violently sick.

"The bloody swine!" came out of the darkness which concealed Sergeant Murphy. "By heaven! There's something coming to this lot!"

"There is something coming to all of us, Sergeant Murphy." It was the cold, measured voice of Dr. Fu Manchu which spoke. "Tonight, I am destroying some of the weeds which choked my path."

Somewhere in the neighborhood of the tunnel, the entrance to which Sterling could not see from where he lay, a pump was at work. The roar of the furnace increased in volume. It was like the sustained roar of some unimaginable, ravenous beast.

He took a firm grip upon himself.

He was shaking violently: complete collapse threatened. . . . There was an interval during which the furnace door was opened again, but Sterling resolutely turned his head aside. At the clang of its closing he opened his eyes again.

"Paracelsus," came that strange voice out of the darkness—and, now, with a note of exaltation in it, a note of fanaticism, an oddly rising cadence—"Para-

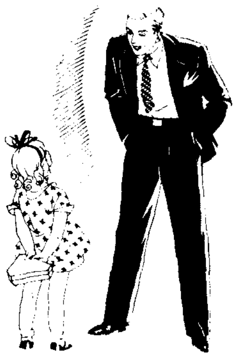
(Continued on page 50)

Father's Day – June 17th, 1934

"Which hand, Daddy?"

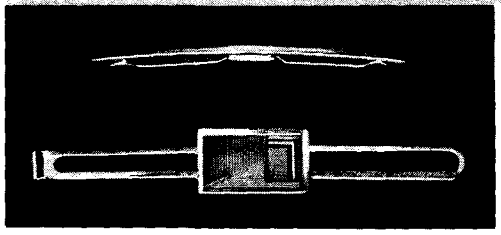
It's the Right Hand and the Right Gift..

a belt buckle of Monel Metal



The biggest dollar's worth in jewelry for men. Monel Giant Grip Buckle with belt of solid cowhide leather . $1.00

Monel Giant Grip Buckle in hand-finished platinum effect, with bridle leather belt of full grain cowhide . . . $2.00



TIE-SLIDE AND COLLAR CLIP SET

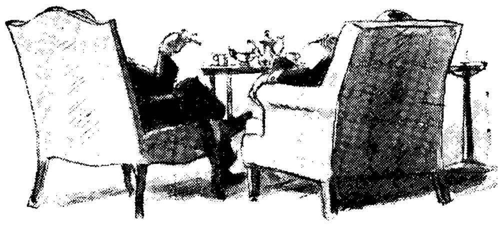
Design matches the $1 belt. Give *him* all three. Then watch his eyes shine . . . like Monel Metal itself. $1.00

And for the ladies—the smartest Monel Metal costume jewelry, at amazingly low prices. *(Same prices prevail in Canada)*

Monel Metal Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HOT WEATHER is "belt weather". When vests come off, give Dad's waistline something to be proud of—a belt buckle of Monel Metal. In good looks, a close relative of Sterling . . . in price, only a second cousin. Durability? — that's just where Monel Metal shines. Years of wear only add to its lustre. Corrosion resistance? — ask anyone who has ever seen a Monel Metal bar in action or has used those silvery sinks and table tops, the last word in modern kitchen equipment. All in all, a very manly metal . . . one to remember the next time you go shopping for a present in the masculine gender.

S. BUCHSBAUM & COMPANY, 243 EAST HURON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.



“Stout-hearted fellow, Brooke-Tomas”

1—Had dinner with Major Brooke-Tomas last week—my word, what a stout-hearted fellow. Told about dropping a tiger in mid-leap!

2—Told about holding fifty tribesmen at bay in a village beyond Khyber Pass.

3—But he quite went into the sulks when his man brought the coffee. Said he had always been a great coffee lover and still was—but couldn't drink it nowadays without practically turning into an owl.

4—Quite put me off my stroke to see the old warrior in such a dither. So I mailed him some Sanka Coffee with the cheerio news it was 97% caffein free—that he could drink *this* coffee and sleep.

5—Had a note from him today positively bubbling with gratitude. Says it's masterly coffee. Says he's once more reveling in the jolly old slumber of infanthood. Wants me to come up for the shooting season. Bit of genius on my part, eh wot?

Maybe you and the coffee you now drink are on excellent terms. Maybe not. If not, you ought to try Sanka Coffee. Make it good and strong, the way connoisseurs prefer coffee.

SANKA COFFEE

Lift the steaming cup and inhale that promising aroma. Then take a sip—and become acquainted with one of the finest coffees you've ever known! And remember—you can drink all you want at *any* time, *for 97% of the caffein is removed!* It is a product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE. DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

(Continued from page 49)

celsus, although in some respects an impostor, yet was the master of many truths; of the making of gold he knew something, but few have understood his dictum, '*Vita ignis, corpus lignum*' (life is the fire, the body the fuel).”

He was silent for a moment. The roar of the furnace increased again in volume.

“The body the fuel . . .” he repeated. “Sir Denis Nayland Smith, Mr. Alan Sterling, Detective-Sergeant Murphy. War is merciless, and I regret that you stand in my way. But in order that you shall realize the selflessness of my motives, I wish you, before going to join the shades of your ancestors, to be witnesses of my justice.”

He uttered again that short, guttural command.

A figure walked gracefully out of the shadows into the light.

It was his daughter—Fah Lo Suee. She wore a green robe, cut low upon the shoulders, and of so fine a texture that every line of her slender body might be traced in its delicacy. There were jewels on her fingers and she smiled composedly.

Within the ring of light she knelt, and bowed her head in the direction of the unseen speaker.

The Burmese executioner had followed her. He stood behind her, now, looking upward.

“Of all the spies who have penetrated to my councils”—the voice became more and more sibilant, rising ever upon a higher key—“this woman, my daughter, has been the chief culprit. There is traitor blood in her, but she has betrayed me for the last time.”

Fah Lo Suee knelt motionless, her graceful head lowered.

“One who would do the work to which I have set my hand must forget mercy in favor of justice. Yet because, though execrable, detestable, you are my daughter, I offer you the Lotus Gate of escape. Do you accept it?”

Fah Lo Suee raised her head. She was still smiling proudly.

“I accept,” she said. “I have only loved one man in my life—and I accept on condition that the same gate shall be opened for him.”

“I agree to this condition.”

The tones of the speaker indicated repressed madness.

Fah Lo Suee extended her slender arms.

“Denis Nayland Smith,” she said, and there was tragedy in her musical voice—“until tonight, you never even suspected. I have told you and I am unashamed. You go with me through the gate. Death gives me something that life could never give.”

SHE paused; only the roar of the furnace could be heard. Then, stretching her arms upward, towards the hidden Dr. Fu Manchu:

“I am ready.”

“To this I had been blind, yet I might have known—for woman is a lever which a word can bend.”

The strange voice, exalted, oracular in mad inspiration, drew nearer in the darkness until Dr. Fu Manchu appeared in the circle of light.

His masklike face was transfigured, his eyes glittered like jewels. He was a seer, a prophet, a man set above human laws. He carried a small, cut-glass goblet, upheld like a chalice.

“Rise,” he commanded.

Fah Lo Suee stood upright.

“You are ready?”

“I am eager. It is my wedding night.”

“Here is the desire of your heart . . . and death.”

“Goodby,” said Fah Lo Suee, her lips curved in that proud, fearless smile.

She took the glass and drained its contents.

The crystal crashed to the floor. Fah Lo Suee sank down, slowly; her smile became a smile of rapture. She extended herself upon the concrete still wet with the blood of an earlier victim, and opened her arms ecstatically.

“Denis, my dear, my dear!” she whispered. “Hold me close. Then I shall not be afraid.”

Her arms dropped—she lay still. . . .

Sterling was past speech; even Murphy was silent. Dr. Fu Manchu turned and paced slowly back into the shadows. As he reached them, he uttered that quick, guttural order.

The Burman stooped and placed the body of Fah Lo Suee upon one of the wooden racks. The two Chinamen appeared and the furnace door was thrown open.

Sterling had reached cracking point. He heard a hysterical scream, but was unaware of the fact that he had uttered it. His last recollection of the scene was that of a monotonous chanting:

“Hi yah, hi yah . . .”

DR. PETRIE reached London late at night.

He had advised Nayland Smith of the time of his arrival; but, jumping from the train, for his activity was unimpaired by the stresses which had been imposed upon him, and looking eagerly up and down the platform, he failed to see the tall, gaunt figure of his friend.

This was unlike Smith. It was unaccountable; a crown, almost crushing, to the anxiety which possessed him.

Fleurette!

He recognized in this moment of loneliness, of disappointment, that he had even dreamed of finding Fleurette there. Smith's last message had held out such a hope. Yet, there was no one here at all!

“Dr. Petrie,” came a voice. “Dr. Petrie.”

Petrie stared all about him, and then recognized that the speaker was a commissionaire.

“Yes!” he said, eagerly. “I am Dr. Petrie.”

“Good evening, sir—” the man saluted. “I come from Sir Denis Nayland Smith's flat, sir. My orders are to ask you to proceed there at once.”

Hope beckoned again, but anxiety remained.

“Is that all, Sergeant?”

“That is all I was told to say, sir.”

“Thank you,” said Dr. Petrie wearily. “Have a drink as you go out, Sergeant.”

“Thank you, sir. Good night.”

The assembly of his baggage was a tedious business. A man who traveled light himself, on this occasion he was cumbered with many trunks and boxes belonging to Fleurette. He deposited the bulk of them in the cloakroom, and jumping into a taxi, proceeded to Westminster.

Fey admitted him.

Petrie observed with astonishment, for he knew the man for a perfect servant, that a large brier pipe was fuming in an ash tray in the lobby.

“Is Sir Denis at home?”

“No, sir.”

Fey took Petrie's hat and coat and Petrie walked through into the cheerful, lofty sitting-room. He observed that the curtains had not been drawn in the bay window.

A premonition of some new disaster began to creep into his mind. Fey joined him almost immediately.

“Whisky and soda, sir?”

“Thank you.”

Fey prepared one in silence, Petrie watching him; then:

“Where is Sir Denis?” he asked.

Fey handed the doctor his drink upon a silver tray, and then:

“I don't exactly know, sir,” he replied; “and with regard to the pipe, sir: as you are aware, I am not unlike Sir Denis in build, and my orders are to keep walking up and down in view from the Embankment, below, smoking a pipe, but not to show my face too much."

"Do you mean that he is out on some investigation—and that your job is to pretend that he is at home?"

"Exactly, sir—excuse me."

Fey went out and returned smoking the brier, strolled forward and stared out of the window. The night was damp but not foggy. The sky was overcast. He turned and walked back into the room.

"Is there any news, Fey, of . . . my daughter?"

"Sir Denis is certain that she is in London, sir, and alive."

"Thank God!"

Dr. Petrie finished his whisky and soda at a gulp.

"There's a bit of a mix-up, sir, I am sorry to say. Things have been moving very fast. That Chinese devil has got hold of Mr. Sterling."

"What!"

"But he was O. K. this morning; we had a message from him. I am a bit anxious tonight, though, and I'm glad you've arrived, sir."

The unusual volubility of Fey alarmed Dr. Petrie anew.

"Where is Sir Denis?" he asked. "I must get in touch with him."

"He's gone to a place called Sam Pak's, sir, in Limehouse. Somehow, I didn't like the sound of it tonight, sir. This Chinese devil is desperate; it's a fight to the death . . ."

FLEURETTE opened her eyes and looked in the direction where she thought the porthole of her cabin should be.

She closed them again quickly. She saw a small, curtained window, but not a porthole. This seemed to be a cottage bedroom, very cleanly and simply furnished. She opened her eyes again. The room remained as she had first seen it—she was not dreaming.

She clenched her hands tightly and sat up in bed.

Only a few hours before, her brain told her, she had parted from Alan in her cabin on the Oxfordshire. She remembered how much that last smile had cost her, that struggle to restrain her tears. She had heard his footsteps on the deck. And then, she had sat down, she remembered quite well, and had poured out a glass of water . . .

And now, what in heaven's name had happened. Where was she? And how had she got here?

Her head ached slightly, and she knew that she had been dreaming. It was difficult to believe that she was not dreaming now. She stepped to the window and, gently drawing the curtain aside, looked out.

She saw a little hedge-bordered garden with a smooth patch of grass in the center of which stood a stone bird-bath. There was a gaunt-looking apple tree on the left, leafless now, a weird silhouette against the moon. Over the hedge she could see the tops of other trees; but apparently the ground fell away there. She was, as she had supposed, in a cottage.

Whose cottage? And how had she got there?

Above all, where was Alan, and where was her father?

Was it possible that she had been seriously, dangerously ill?—that there had been a hiatus of which she knew nothing?—that now she was convalescent?

Perhaps that person whose movements she had detected in the next room was a nurse. She retraced her steps, her bare feet making no sound upon the carpet, and looked for evidence to support this theory. There were no medicine bottles or cooling draughts upon the table beside the bed; nothing but a cigarette case—her own—and a box of matches. She seated herself on the side of the bed, thinking deeply.

Her first impulse, to open the door and demand of whoever was in the next room what it was all about, she conquered. Fleurette had had the advantage of a very singular training. She had been taught to think, and this teaching availed her now. She crossed to the door very quietly, and by minute fractions of an inch began to turn the handle.

The door was locked.

Fleurette nodded.

A louder movement in the next room warned her that someone might be approaching. She slipped back into bed, drawing the clothes up close to her chin, but preparing to peep under her long lashes at anyone who should come in.

A key was quietly turned in the lock and the door opened.

Light shone in from a little sitting-room; Fleurette could see one end of it from where she lay. A newspaper and some illustrated magazines were upon a table beside which an armchair was drawn up. Her nostrils were assailed by that stuffy smell which tells of a gas fire. A strange-looking old woman came into the bedroom.

She was big and very fat. In the glimpse which Fleurette had of her face in the lamplight, before she crossed the threshold, she saw that this was a puffy, yellow, wrinkled face, decorated by wide-rimmed spectacles. The woman wore a costume which might possibly have been that of a hospital nurse. In silence she stood just within the little room, looking down at Fleurette.

To her horror, Fleurette saw that the woman carried a hypodermic syringe in her hand.

"Are you asleep?" she whispered, softly.

She spoke English, but with a strange accent. There was something in the crouching attitude of this huge woman, and something in the tones of her voice so threatening and sinister, that Fleurette clenched her hands beneath the coverlet. She lay quite still.

"Ah hah!" the woman sighed, evidently satisfied.

SHE returned quietly to the outer room, closing and gently relocking the door.

Fleurette listened intently, and while she listened she was thinking hard.

Sounds of subdued movements came from the outer room; then a click—and the streak of light beneath the door vanished. Soft footsteps—evidently the woman wore padded slippers—moved beyond the partition against which Fleurette's bed was set. A door was closed.

Her guardian had gone to bed.

Controlling her impatience only by means of a great effort, Fleurette waited, her ear pressed to the wooden partition.

She could hear the woman moving about in what was evidently an adjoining bedroom, and at last came the creak of a bed, as the heavily built custodian retired. Finally, she heard the click of an extinguished electric light.

Fleurette got up quietly and began to dress. It did not take her long, but she could find no hat and no shoes. But there was a pair of red bedroom slippers, and these would serve her purpose. A handbag, her own, lay on the cheap dressing-table. Its contents seemed to be undisturbed since she had laid it on the sofa berth in her cabin.

Dropping cigarette case and matches into the bag, Fleurette very quietly drew the curtains aside from the low, square window.

(Continued on page 52)

"LOOK AT THIS, Sir!

Now you know why your Oil Filter needs recartridging"

It takes this kind of evidence to make some motorists realize what a Purolator Oil Filter means to their engines.

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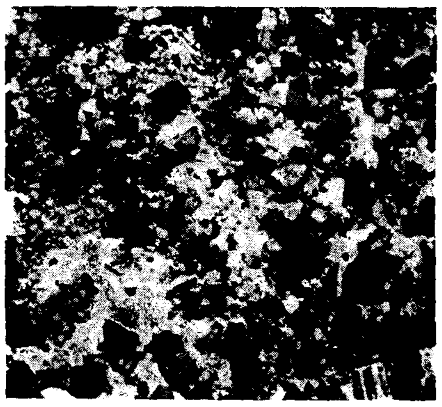

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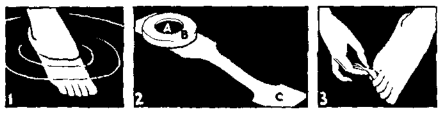

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1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3 After three days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

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a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
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C-6

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(*Continued from page 51*)

It was latched and the room, though cold, was stuffy. The latch was a difficult problem—it was a very old fitting, much worn and warped. Once it emitted a terrifying squeak.

Fleurette stopped dead in her operations and, creeping across the room, applied her ear to the wooden partition.

Sonorous snores sounded from the adjoining bedroom.

She raised the window steadily but firmly. To her great surprise it made very little noise. She looked out and saw a neglected flower border immediately below. Then came a moss-grown, paved path leading on the right to a little pergola. This, in turn, communicated with a gate.

Fleurette dropped her bag onto the flower bed, put on her slippers, and wriggled through the opening. It was not a particularly easy business, but Fleurette was fit and very athletic. She knew that her hands were filthily dirty and her feet muddy, when at last she stood outside; but these things did not matter.

PICKING up her bag, she walked *quickly around* to the gate, opened it, and found herself in a narrow, hedge-bordered lane.

An oak tree overhung it a few paces back on the left—there were other dark buildings ahead. But in none of them did any light show. She looked around her eagerly, sniffing the cold night air, then climbed the opposite bank and saw that where the ground fell away there were farm buildings beyond, backed by trees, and beyond these trees, evidently several miles beyond, a searchlight moved regularly. This, she decided, was an airplane landing field.

It was utterly, horribly mysterious, for she should have been far out in the Mediterranean, whereas the very scent of the air told her that she was in England!

In one direction the lane terminated beyond the cottage from which she had come, at a gate, with a stile. She decided to proceed the other way. The lane was roughly paved. And now, banks *of cloud suddenly* obscured the moon.

She was forced to walk slowly, for trees overhung the way and it was very dark. She passed two other buildings lying back from the lane on her right, but they showed no signs of life and she pressed on. She came to a wider lane, much better paved, hesitated whether to turn left or right, and finally decided upon right.

From the position of the moon and the darkness in the houses she passed (and these were few) she realized that it must be late at night—how late she could only guess.

On the corner of the second lane there was a large house surrounded by a high brick wall; also a post box and an electric lamp standard.

She pulled up, breathing quickly. She had reached a main road.

The lodge of some large residence directly faced her; but, while she had been hurrying along, she had been thinking clearly. She heard the sound *made by* the approach of a heavy vehicle; and presently came the glare of its headlights.

A green motor bus pulled up directly by the lodge gates.

There were very few passengers, but she saw that at least two were alighting. She raced across.

In the light of the standard lamp she read upon the side of the bus: "Reigate—Sutton—London."

As she sprang on to the step the vehicle restarted. The conductor helped her on board.

"Are you going to London?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, Miss. This is the last bus."

In the depths below Sam Pak's the furnace roared hungrily.

Sterling groped his way back through imaginary horrors to the real and greater horror of his actual surroundings.

If he had ever doubted, he knew now what his end was to be. He believed that he was no greater coward than the average man, but just as life with Fleurette had beckoned to him so sweetly, it must end. And what an end!

"Are you all right?" came a shaky whisper from the darkness.

It was Sergeant Murphy.

"Yes, thank you, Sergeant."

"We're in hell before our time, sir."

Sterling tried to control his nerves, to concentrate upon one thing to the exclusion of all others. He must not give this fiendish maniac the satisfaction of seeing him quail. If a woman could meet death as Fah Lo Suee had met it, then—by heaven!—it was up to the Middle West to show its mettle!

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith." The tones of that implacable voice fell upon Sterling like cold water. "The hour of our parting has come."

There was a pause; a guttural order.

The sound of a groan from the darkness where Nayland Smith lay completed the horror of the scene. It was a groan of defeat, of bitter humiliation; then:

"Dr. Fu Manchu," came Smith's voice, and—to Sterling it seemed a miracle—its tone was steady, "order your human baboon to untie my ankles. I prefer to walk to death rather than to be carried. This, I think, I am entitled to ask."

Another order was spoken rapidly. There was a faint scuffling sound—and Nayland Smith walked into the circle of light before the furnace door.

"Oh, my God!" Murphy whispered. "What are they doing up there? Why don't they break through?"

The Burmese executioner followed Sir Denis out of the shadows and stood at his elbow.

"Because in your long battle with me, Sir Denis," Dr. Fu Manchu continued, stressing now a note of insane exaltation, "you have always observed those rules of clean warfare which, rightly or wrongly, are an English tradition, I respect you. I, too, have traditions to which I have always adhered."

Nayland Smith, his hands behind him, stared up into the darkness which concealed the speaker.

"I bear you no personal animosity; indeed, I admire you. I have won—although my triumph may have come too late; and, therefore, Sir Denis, I offer you the Lotus Gate of escape."

"I thank you, but I decline."

STERLING struggled on to his elbow, watching and listening.

"He's playing for time, Murphy! Can't we do anything to help him?"

"What can we do?"

"You prefer the sword? The end of the common criminal?"

"I decline that also, if I have any choice."

"You reduce me"—there was a repressed frenzy now in the tones of Dr. Fu Manchu—"to the third alternative . . . the fire."

There followed a moment of silence which Sterling knew that if he lived he should never forget. Nayland Smith stood in the circle of light, motionless, looking upward. Beside Sterling, Murphy was breathing so heavily that he was almost panting in his suppressed emotion.

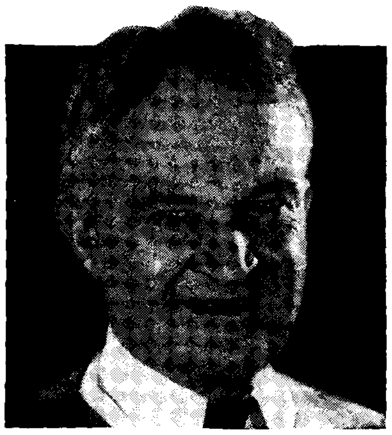
"Is there no other alternative?"

"None."

An order was spoken—one sibilant word. The Burman sprang forward.

(*To be continued next week*)

"I made up my mind I couldn't putt..Then I found this wonder ball"



"I've played golf for over forty years—and I've tried every stance on earth. I've tried putting solely with the left—I've tried hitting 'em entirely with the right. . .

I've tried the pendulum, and stabbing them in. And I'd just about given up playing golf when I ran into a new one. They're dropping from all over the place—and, man! it's a grand sensation.

Maybe I've just got a putting streak but I think I know the answer! I'm playing an ACUSHNET. They seem unusually easy to hole and they go plenty far off the tee.

Sure, I'll admit I'm a bit enthused—after all these years, I'm from Missouri!" . . . .

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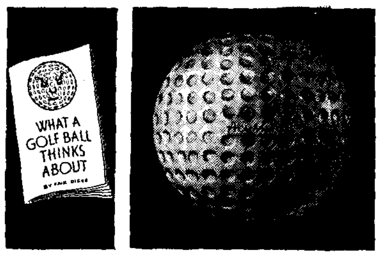

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The Green Bathtub

Continued from page 13

life might be lacking in romance. He loved her, but, as he had read, that was nothing. He practically never said those things that other men said—in print. Never said: "What witching glints in your hair tonight, darling!" Or, "You wash dishes three times a day, yet your hands have the seductive whiteness of the famous stars of stage and screen."

"Emily!" he said resolutely. "I love you!"

"Why, darling!" Emily said, pleased.

HE LET the matter drop then, but the next day, when she was dressed and ready to go to Mrs. Brackenbridge's, she looked so charming that he said more. He was sorry, too, to see her climb into the deplorable car, thinking, poor girl, that they were soon to have a new one, and never suspecting the peculiar uncertainty of the business transaction between Mrs. Brackenbridge and himself. He was determined to make Mrs. Brackenbridge give him a definite answer about that tub this afternoon, in defiance of all the rules of etiquette. In the meantime, he told Emily that she was the prettiest girl in the world, which was probably not true, and she responded by telling him that he had darling little monkey eyes.

They were really more pleased to be going to this party than they cared to acknowledge to each other. They thought it was going to be grand. The butler opened the door for them.

"Mrs. Brackenbridge is not at home," he said.

"Not—at home!" cried Fitzhugh.

"But come in, won't you?" said a man's voice from the hall. He was a big man, with heavy shoulders and a heavy jaw, and mild blue eyes. "I'm Brackenbridge, you know," he said. "And I'd appreciate it if you'd come in." He lowered his voice. "Thing is," he said, "Georgie's asked this feller here. Doesn't speak English, but of course they all speak French. . . . I know a few words, but he doesn't seem to understand 'em. I mean to say, after a few hours, it gets a bit monotonous."

In the enormous library sat a small man with a dome-like forehead and black whiskers, parted in the middle. He rose and smiled.

"I don't know his name," said Brackenbridge, in a low tone. "I just call him Tut. Egyptologist, you know. Buvez un whiskee, Tut?"

The distinguished man laughed heartily.

"Brainy chap," said Brackenbridge aside to Fitzhugh. "I mean, there's something more than mere animal instinct in those dark eyes. I'm learning to get on with him. Fact is, I've got to. Georgie invited him here, and we can't find out how long he thinks we want him to stay. Sort of settled down. Très content, aren't you, Tut?"

The Egyptologist clapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, sometimes he understands," said Brackenbridge.

Emily now took the situation in hand. She smiled, and the foreigner drew his chair closer to her. He spoke, and Emily answered; it seemed to Fitzhugh that they spoke different languages, yet they were satisfied.

"Leave 'em alone!" suggested Brackenbridge. "I'll show you my kennels."

Fitzhugh spent an agreeable half hour, although he was not easy about Emily. He was well aware that somehow the absence of Mrs. Brackenbridge was *his* fault.

So indeed it proved to be.

"How you can condone that woman's rudeness, I don't see," said Emily, as they drove home.

"Well, I don't," said Fitzhugh. "But —interesting to meet that professor, wasn't it?"

"He's a very remarkable man," said Emily coldly. "We talked in French."

Fitzhugh was impressed.

"What did he talk about?" he asked.

"I couldn't understand *everything*," Emily admitted. "He has an accent, you see."

The next morning the sales manager telephoned to him.

"That green bathtub," he said. "It'll have to go back in stock, or else be delivered. You've got to study a customer like that, Fitzhugh. Got to use psychology. Point out to her that her friends will go home and criticize her for the old, out-of-date tub she now has. While a beautiful, thoroughly modern bathroom that expresses her own personality is a definite social asset. Fact, you ought to be able to sell her the Roman A-14 washbasin too."

Fitzhugh saw nothing for it but to ring up Mrs. Brackenbridge—and use psychology.

"Fitzhugh?" she repeated, when he mentioned his name. "Fitzhugh? Do I know you? . . . Oh, *Mickey!* Why didn't you wait yesterday?"

"About the bathtub—"

"Oh, that? I simply have not had time to work out the problem. I mean, the color scheme. . . . I heard something about terra-cotta baths. . . . It sounds attractive—although it might be a little bit like a casserole. . . . I'll let you know. I shan't be home tomorrow afternoon, but I want you the day after, for a bridge tea. And bring Mimi."

"Mimi?"

"Your wife, dear. Four o'clock sharp!"

He sat at his desk, trying to plan some method of dealing with Mrs. Brackenbridge. But he could not feel the proper optimism. He felt that if he went to this bridge tea, she would still elude him—provided she were there at all. He wondered if he had better admit defeat, and set the sales manager after her. . . . That would be a bitter humiliation.

IN THE morning the sales manager telephoned again, and his voice was gratingly hearty.

"Clinched that sale, Fitzhugh?" he asked.

The young man was silent for a moment, thinking, with a sort of despairing lucidity.

"Can you get it delivered this afternoon at five?" he asked.

"Good!" said the sales manager. "And what about the Roman fixtures A-14 and A-12?"

"Just A-14," said Fitzhugh. For he dared not go too far. As it was, he was taking a tremendous risk. He was staking everything upon his idea of Mrs. Brackenbridge's psychology, and he felt that he was probably wrong. He thought that if the tub were actually in the house, she would accept the *fait accompli*. But if she did not, he would be irrevocably discredited with the sales manager, he would be billed with the transportation charges, and he might even be forced to take over the fixtures at his own expense. . . .

She had said she would not be at home this afternoon. Of course, she might change her mind. If she did, if she were at home— He was pale, his hand was

(*Continued on page 54*)

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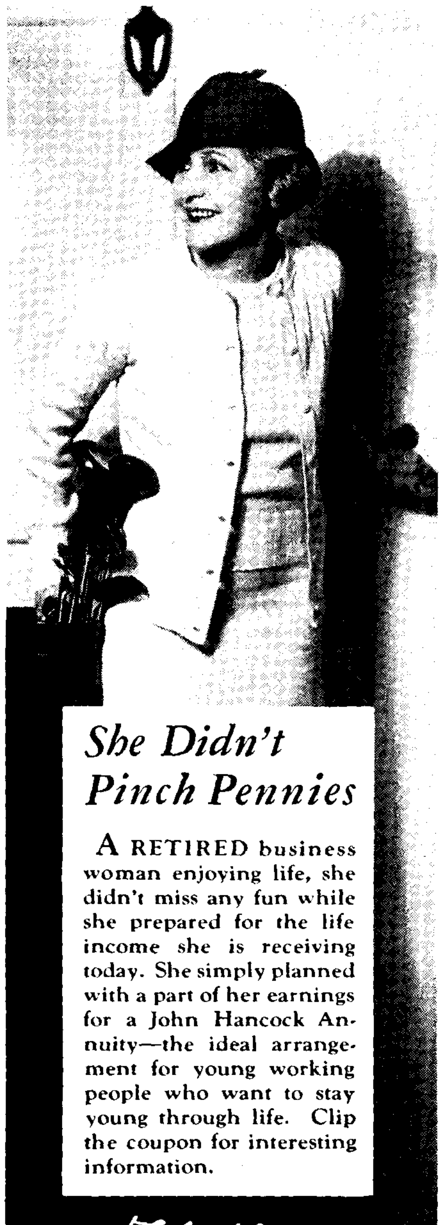

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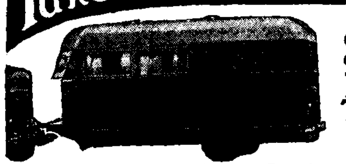

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(Continued from page 53)

unsteady as he lifted the receiver and telephoned to Emily.

"Emily, see here!" he said. "I'll explain later. But will you ring up that professor, and ask him to tea with you? It would help me—in a business way."

"I'd love to help you, Mickey! Only, how shall I ask for him? I don't know his name."

"Describe him to the butler."

"Oh, that seems so rude!" she protested.

"I know," said Fitzhugh. "But you could tone it down a bit. Perhaps you could just say you wanted to speak to the distinguished guest. Let me know if he's coming, will you?"

Within half an hour she reported that the professor was coming at four.

"Try to keep him until at least five-thirty," said Fitzhugh.

AT TEN minutes to five he was standing at the entrance to the driveway of the Brackenbridge place. Grim, tight-lipped, he watched the road; he had impressed upon the factory the urgent necessity for promptness. And at five o'clock the truck appeared. He followed it in his car up to the house; he descended and rang the bell.

"The tub is here," he said to the butler.

"The tub, sir?"

"The green bathtub."

"Mrs. Brackenbridge left no instructions, sir—"

"Perhaps she forgot," said Fitzhugh.

The butler did not seem to think that at all unlikely; indeed, he took the whole thing very well. The front door was opened wide; three men leaped out of the truck, and unloaded the tub. Fitzhugh preceded it. The silence, the tranquillity of the house appeared to him sinister; he could not believe that this daring coup could proceed without a hitch.

But nothing happened. The tub went upstairs smoothly, was set down in the bathroom; the washbasin followed.

Then he drove home.

He had forgotten the professor, who was but a minor actor in this drama. It had seemed best to get him out of the way while the tub was carried through his room, that was all. As he ran up the steps of the little porch, Emily opened the door.

"Mickey!" she cried. "Where have you been? I've been ringing and ringing your office. I don't know what to *do!*"

"What's happened?" he demanded, alarmed by her agitation.

"It's dreadful! Oh, Mickey, I believe he's committing suicide! You know, the way the Romans used to cut a vein in their wrists and get in warm baths! Oh, Mickey, do get him *out!*"

"Emily, pull yourself together! What's happened!"

"He came—the professor—and he asked where the bathroom was. At least, I thought that was what he said—but I've been deceitful about my French." She was weeping. "I *never* understood half he said. . . . Anyhow, I showed him, and he went in—*ages* ago. And I heard the water running in the tub! I thought that was queer, but of course he's a foreigner. . . . I got the tea ready, and I waited and waited. It didn't seem polite to call him—but in the end, after a terribly long time, I did. And he only said, 'Soon all is finished!'"

Fitzhugh grew pale with a great fear. But he was calm, alert, resolute.

"Emily," he said. "*Don't worry!* I'll see to this."

He went to the bathroom door and knocked.

"Ouvrez!" he said.

The professor answered, but Fitzhugh did not understand his reply.

"Ouvrez—at once!" he said sternly.

Silence. Fitzhugh was thinking what he had better do next, when the bolt slid back and the door was opened. The professor stood before him, enveloped in a cloud of steam, but nothing else.

"Excuse—but no towlies," he said. "Only these little embroideries of madame." He pointed to the guest towels on the rack. "If you will give towlies—"

From a cupboard in the hall Fitzhugh took an armful of bath towels, and also some lace-trimmed dresser scarfs, by mistake.

"Here!" he said, entering the bathroom and closing the door behind him. "What does this mean? My wife's been seriously alarmed."

"But I asked her can I take a bath, madame, and she say 'Sure!'"

The professor was drying himself with great energy; he seemed strangely happy. Fitzhugh regarded him with a frown. Was the man insane, or was this some foreign custom?

"So you speak English?" he said, challengingly.

"Sure!" cried the professor. "I spik English all righ' O. K.! I hunt bugs for one year wit' Doctor Butte—"

"Bugs?"

"I am entomologist. Studier of insects. Mrs. Brackenbridge, she make me an invitation. I come. She talk to me in Franch, and I don't know him good, like English. But Doctor Butte, he tell me I spik English like the mutt, and Franch the language of society, so I am all the time trying to talk in Franch. Mr. Brackenbridge, he talk mumble-mumble all the time, and all the time tombs, tombs. All the time he ask me what I find in tombs. I don't never in my life go in tombs. I don't like it to make to Mrs. Brackenbridge a visit so long. They are too swell guys, but I like now to go away. I say to her: 'How long you want me to stay?' And she say: 'Oh, ages!' It is not polite thing to go if the guys you visit say stay."

"In this country it's all right," said Fitzhugh, immeasurably relieved by the man's manner. "Just say you're leaving."

"Mickey!" Emily called. "The telephone!"

As he came out of the bathroom, she seized him by the arm.

"Mickey! Is he all right? Shall I go in and help him?"

"No!" said Fitzhugh. "He's perfectly all right. I don't exactly understand yet, but I'll get him to explain."

HE WENT to the telephone, and it was Mrs. Brackenbridge.

"Mickey!" she said. "I've been talking to a man. I've definitely made up my mind to have terra-cotta. This man—he's an artist—he's going to paint a frieze of palms. . . . I'm frightfully excited. . . . Make them send me a terra-cotta tub tomorrow morning!"

He drew a deep breath.

"The green tub you ordered is already in your house," he said. "And the washstand that goes with it."

She did not seem at all surprised.

"I really don't *want* green, Mickey," she said. "They must take it away."

He made up his mind to fight to the last ditch.

"Look here!" he said. "I've—made a study of such things. I—green is absolutely the only color that expresses your personality. I've studied you—"

"Mickey! How sweet! Well, Mickey, do you think I'm too inhibited? A man told me—"

"I don't," he assured her. "I think you're—" He glanced over his shoulder and saw that Emily was in the room. Salesmanship had to be tempered according to circumstances. "Extraordinarily interesting," he said.

"Do you mean *spiritually*, Mickey? Oh, lovely! You can send me the green tub, Mickey."

"It's already there."

"But how marvelously efficient!" she exclaimed. "Really you ought to be in something financial, Mickey! . . . Then I'll see you tomorrow?"

"With pleasure!" he said.

He felt a little dizzy with this complete and sudden success. He had made the sale. His boldness, his resolution, his diplomacy had met their reward. He was about to tell Emily when the professor entered the living-room, neatly dressed, but with his beard very curly from the damp.

"Ah!" he said, with a bow to Emily. "I thank you, madame! I am now happy! In my country we have very much baths. Here in United States, no. In Brackenbridge house is no tube. I don't like to speak them about this—but what I do? I have buy a house in this burg, but there is not enough bath there—"

"You mean you've bought a house here?"

"I have bought a house here," the professor repeated, carefully. "Is called Whiting mansion."

"You've bought *that?*"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Is all empty now—no furnishments. But I go to buy everything. I try to take a bath there. There is tube, but no water comes in. I ask police: 'Is there a public bath somewhere?' He say me there is ocean. I don't wish ocean. I wish for bath in a tube."

"Tub, we say," Fitzhugh amended, gently. "And if you want another bath installed in your new house—well, I happen to be in that business."

"IN THE business of bathtub?" cried the professor, delighted. "Glory! What you know! If I am in my own country, in the little mansion I have in the mountains, I have five baths. But in U. S. is few baths, I find."

"You can have five."

"Three for master, two for servants."

"Fine!" said Fitzhugh. "I'll see that you get five tubs installed as soon as you like."

He was a made man. He sat down to tea, so absorbed in secret calculations that he could not talk. But Emily and the professor talked. The professor took something from his pocket and showed it to Emily, then he approached Fitzhugh, nudged him in the ribs and laughed uproariously. It was a photograph of five women standing in a row.

"Very nice," said Fitzhugh doubtfully.

"Ha!" cried the professor. "This is my wife and daughters. They are looking so nice in the native costume. . . . Oh, boy! What I know about the ladies! They are all coming this moment on a ship to U. S. Your wife will have many friends. My daughters will all make marriages some day. They will have houses with more bathtubs! Oh, boy!"

He laughed and laughed, and Fitzhugh laughed with him.

"Lookit!" said the professor, becoming serious. "Maybe we tell Mrs. Brackenbridge how nice if she have a bathtub? We tell her, you and me, how swell she feel if she—"

"I sold her a tub this afternoon," said Fitzhugh.

And it seemed to him that that green bathtub was the cornerstone of his future fortune. If it had not been for a green tub, he would never have met Mrs. Brackenbridge. If he had not met her he would never have met the professor. He saw how one thing leads to another. For the first time, he really felt like a salesman. He nudged the professor in the ribs.

"Oh, *boy!*" he said.

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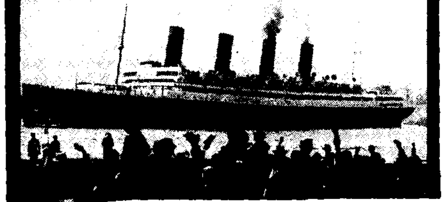

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The Reckless Dusk

Continued from page 15

"I'd be much happier than I am now."

"I wish you all the luck," muttered Pete.

Ormes shrugged his shoulders. A gold clasp set up a moment's yellow fire against his collar. "It's your field up here, not mine. I'm trying to keep out of your way, old man."

"Unnecessary," grunted Pete and went on. He passed through the dining-room door and closed it, and stood there looking across at Lora.

"Len Lafferty's here again," he told her.

"I want him to let me alone," she said instantly.

"You sure?"

"There wouldn't be any happiness for Len or for me," she told him. "He's never learned to lose."

"Then he'll let you alone," said Pete Bainbridge, turning from the dining-room. Tom Keerson caught his eye, but he went on to the stairs. The sap was all out of him and he had to throw conscious effort into each pull of his legs. A cooked, dead after-smell of the day's heat clung to the upper hall. Tamesie's door opened beside him, at the sound of his slow treading, and she stood very still against the light of her room. The odor of coffee came oddly out of it.

"Come in, Pete."

He remained stupidly in his tracks until she reached for his arm and drew him in, and closed the door. He sat down in the nearest chair, without ceremony, and looked over to the center table where a small portable burner played a hot glow on the base of a coffee pot. He pulled his eyes away from it irritably. Tamesie's head bowed over the pot. The curve of her mouth was pressed straight and she seemed to be silently struggling with tears. But it wasn't tears, Pete told himself. Her kind never cried. He looked on while she poured the coffee into two cups and slowly dripped a dash of whisky in each.

"Coffee royal, after a hard day," she murmured.

HE DRANK it, sip at a time, grateful for the warmth. But he felt no ease. He felt nothing but dull anger.

"You are thinner and harder than Father mentioned," she added, very gentle. "There isn't any laughter among your men at the supper table—and they say you are a driver."

"Have you seen the canyon?"

"No, but I have seen other canyons just as deep and difficult, and I have seen other chief engineers at the heads of their tables."

"I wouldn't know the answer."

She said: "The answer is that you are chief engineer at thirty-two, and ambition drove you this far, and took all the grace out of you."

His head rolled forward and he stared at the worn toes of his boots. "I've watched you through the Portland papers." Then he added quickly: "Because you're Tom Keerson's daughter. You are having a pleasant life. The grace is all down there. So if you look for grace why come here?"

She moved forward to the table and set down her cup, and remained there an uncertain moment, trying to read his sun-darkened face. Then she turned, as though some reckless thought prompted her, went over to the room's old-fashioned bureau and took up a picture. She came to him and put it in his hands.

"It's queer," she said, "how dates sometimes stay in your head. I remember that I had this picture taken exactly three years ago."

"It is the picture of a girl," he said roughly, "not afraid of a gamble. Three years make a big difference. You're another kind of a woman now."

"Is that all?" she said in a colorless voice.

"No," he said. "Not quite all." He straightened his weary shoulders and stepped toward her. He caught her motionless arms and bent down and kissed her with a shocking force and pulled back, bitterly sorry. Her eyes then were altogether unfathomable; the subtle odor of perfume rose from her neat casque of dark hair.

"I regret that," he said between his lips.

"The perfume," murmured Tamesie unevenly, "is Heureuse. It comes in a cut-glass bottle with the figure of Cupid on the stopper. Pete—you fool!"

THE hoist cable snaked its platform out of the far depths and Pete stepped off to find Keerson and Martin Ormes and Tamesie waiting there at the rim. On the floor of this gigantic fissure, a thousand feet below, faint figures of men steamed from many directions and retreated westward. There was a squalling of whistles yonder and a construction train sent out white puffs of smoke as it moved also westward on the thin, sinuous streak that was a track. Half a mile up the canyon, water glistened behind a cofferdam; half a mile below, it appeared again, frothing out of a diversion tunnel.

"Here she goes," said Bainbridge and shaded his eyes against the late, hard shafts of the sun. The whistles faded into a long silence; and then there was a rolling thunder in the gorge. One great shoulder of earth began to break and spray with a gigantic slow-motion effect, its outer edges falling like water over a cliff. Dust darkened the depths and boiled furiously upward. Pete Bainbridge showed his relief.

"Ted Zan knows how to use powder, Tom."

"Could it have gone wrong?" said Martin Ormes, quite interested.

"We might have blown off the whole spur. It costs money to move dirt."

Pete followed Tom Keerson into the office shanty. There were nail kegs and blueprints scattered everywhere. A cat sat on a drafting table. A summer's collected waste paper bulged up from the open top of a rusty stove. Old Tom had something on his mind and didn't like it.

He said, starting from one corner of the subject—which wasn't his way: "You got this job whipped into line. That's your last big blast, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"You're four months ahead of the schedule and it's routine from now on. Any sort of a man can handle the rest of it. Tough stuff is your gravy—and I need you in Portland."

"What's that?" said Pete Bainbridge.

"Now, wait. I won a bid on some docks and a switching yard down there. But it's a bad set-up, on reclaimed land. Like trying to find the bottom of a kettle of soup. I'll be needing you on that."

"A town job," said Pete.

"Well, it's a tough one," said Tom Keerson, without much conviction. "Anyhow, ain't you weary of the wilderness? You've had six years of it."

Pete Bainbridge turned about and found Tamesie standing in the doorway. She was listening—intently listening—for his answer. It hurt him outrageously and he didn't try to soften the fall of his words:

(Continued on page 56)

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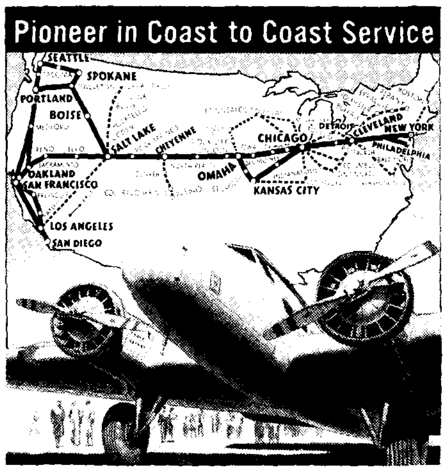

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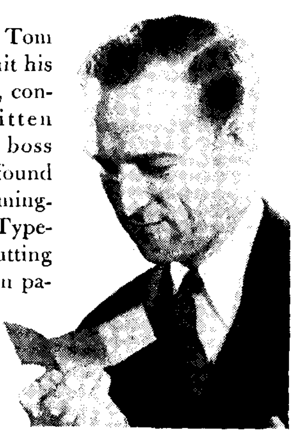

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(Continued from page 55)

"Dinner and bridge. Or a show, or the dog races, or a run down the river in a cabin cruiser. Or a paper chase at the Hunt Club. Thanks for wanting to civilize me, Tom. But I see no point in it. Get some married engineer whose wife is sick of the sand in her linen, and sick of having her city friends write her sympathetic letters. I'll stick here."

"So that's that," said Tom Keerson briefly, and rose and went from the shack. The hoist engine's whistle shrilly blew quitting time. Tamesie's shoulder slid a little farther down the wall; her eyes were wide, quite dark. She made no comment. She turned after her father; and presently Pete Bainbridge went across to the camp car they were in and drove it back to the hotel. Ted Zan came by and stopped and waited till Pete Bainbridge's passengers had gone on into the hotel. He moved nearer Pete then and spoke in a lowered voice:

"I got this straight. Len Lafferty's packing a gun and he's pointed your way."

Pete stared through the door at Tamesie's straight, smooth outline. He said, without looking at Ted Zan: "What would a gun prove?"

Ted Zan grunted. "Maybe nothing, but a bullet's darned definite. Everybody knows you're merely protecting Lora. But all Lafferty sees is that you're stealing his girl."

PETE went up to his room and came down for supper and sat in silence, listening to the lively talk. Tamesie Keerson made a difference. Her presence did something to the staff; and in this gentle lamplight he again caught the soft presence of beauty. It was in her eyes, and in her words which held the cadence of sadness. Martin Ormes, Pete noticed, remained rather quiet; but the man's eyes kept reverting to Tamesie—kept studying her. Pete went back to his room to dress.

The shadows beyond the window began to turn silver gray; and then a blue dusk stirred along the street. Looking into the mirror Pete Bainbridge saw a dark, dumb face above the whiteness of a shirt. A scar ran palely, raggedly across one temple. Was this the way you got after nine years of relentless driving? Ambition, she had said, had taken the laughter out of him. But what would he have been without ambition? Just another man packing a transit. You couldn't be soft. . . .

He went out of his room, suddenly impatient, and down to the lobby. The crowd had pretty much gathered. Lora stood with Tamesie and the wives of two other staff men. Pete, looking on, was at once proud of the tall, yellow-headed girl; she was that self-possessed and serene. She turned to smile at him, mutely asking his approval, but she didn't. Pete thought, need it. The surrounding men provided the answer. His turning inspection fell on Tamesie. A dull red dress glowed on her and she had changed her silk-black hair so that it seemed faintly reminiscent of another period. There was the dimly perceptible flush of excitement along the smooth ivory face, but he saw no bottom at all in the incredible depths of her eyes. What did women say with their eyes?

"Loveliness," said Martin Ormes, "is always where you find it." Afterwards the party turned out of the lobby and walked two-by-two toward the company warehouse on the edge of town, the women's dresses softly rustling, the women's voices making melody. There was an orchestra from The Dalles already playing in the warehouse. Pete Bainbridge bowed to Lora and swung away from the stag line with her, across a floor that could have been smoother.

"You don't belong here," Pete said. "Not anywheres around a construction camp. Didn't you hear what Ormes said?"

"Was that for me, as well as for the others?" asked Lora.

"Yes."

"I saw Len outside the door a moment ago."

"What—" he began. But Ted Zan cut neatly in and said: "You can't have all the fun, Pete," and whirled Lora away. Pete walked back to the stag line. Nobody, it appeared, quite had courage to break in on Martin Ormes, who danced by with Tamesie and looked down at her with a cloudy, strange glance. Pete turned abruptly and went outside.

A man in the near-by circle threw out his voice strangely. "Mr. Bainbridge!" Pete lifted his head and looked around; and then saw the group standing very still. He wheeled, knowing immediately. Len Lafferty stood thirty feet away, a tall, gaunt shape in the moonlight; his feet were apart and he had a gun half raised in his hand.

"Drop it," said Pete quietly.

Lafferty's voice was a swollen monotone: "You had no right stepping between—"

"Drop it," repeated Pete Bainbridge and walked unhurriedly forward. Lafferty's gun remained momentarily indecisive; but at the end of five steps Pete knew he had lost. The gun rose rapidly and Lafferty began to curse him; Pete bowed his head, darkly outraged, and made a long jump. The flat, hurting roar of the gun smashed him in the face, but the bullet went by. He got Lafferty's arm and pulled it up and around; and he kicked Lafferty's legs and felled the man in a heap. He still held the arm. He ground his heel into the hand holding the gun, got the gun and flung it out into the desert.

He said, "Don't be a fool all your life, Len," and stood erect, breathing faster. The crowd was coming out of the warehouse and the music had stopped. He wanted this over with—he wanted to be through with it. But Lafferty got erect and rushed forward and struck him badly on the side of the jaw. Bainbridge raised his arms, smothered the bitter viciousness of that attack; he pushed Len Lafferty away and suddenly ducked in and smashed the man's strained face savagely. Lafferty hit him once more, and never again; for Pete Bainbridge beat those awkward fists down and landed one hooking blow on the man's temple. Lafferty fell as though shot through the brain.

THE man had no business fighting. And no excuse. Didn't anybody in this cock-eyed world see things straight? The crowd came toward him and he felt ashamed of this sorry spectacle: Lora ran forward, crying, and dropped to her knees, dragging her dress in the powdered earth without any thought of it. She got hold of Lafferty's head; and her voice, deeply moved, seemed to caress the man:

"Len—don't fight any more. It's all right. Don't fight any more."

Pete let his breath slowly out, hard hit by that scene. Lafferty raised himself to a sitting position, holding to Lora for support.

"No—I've got the fight taken out of me. I'm through. But you don't know what hell is, Lora. I don't blame anybody but myself. Bainbridge, I apologize."

Lora looked back over her shoulder to Pete: "You're wrong. I do belong here."

"Yes," said Pete, "I guess that's the answer." And he turned, pushing the flat of his hands against the crowd, and going through. Someone called to him, but he strode toward the hotel with his head down. Someone ran on, and caught his arm. Tamesie Keerson said:

"If you wanted her, Pete, I'm sorry."

"I never wanted her. I was simply a buffer between the two. The man's primitive and she wanted to be left alone. Well, she sees him hurt—and she forgets all the dreams of safety and comfort. She'll marry him, because she loves him and nothing else in the world matters at all. Probably it sounds pretty quaint to you. I never understood woman's reasoning."

"Did you ever try, Pete?"

Her shoes would be ruined and her dress would be ruined. She was made for carpeted halls and expensive furniture and for dance-hall floors as smooth as glass. He said: "Ormes will make you a splendid husband. He has everything, including a sense of humor. He'll take care of you in every situation. He'll never let you in for uncertainty or neglect. It is the life you want."

HER breathing was hurried and uneven. The pressure of her arm slowed him, stopped him. He looked down and found her on the edge of tears.

"Is that all, Pete?"

"No," he said. "But this is all." And he got hold of her and, for the second time in twelve hours, kissed her. She had remained aloof and passive the time before. Now, and it shocked him and upset him, her own arms closed firmly about his neck. The perfume, he remembered, was Heureuse, and it came in a cut-glass bottle with Cupid on the stopper. He pulled himself away.

"I sympathize with Lafferty. He said this whole thing was hell. It is. It always is."

"The picture I gave you," she said, "was to recall a date you might have forgotten. Why do you suppose I came up here?"

"You had better go back."

"I think not," she said. "Perhaps I was very young and expected too much—and perhaps you were so determined to show Tom Keerson's daughter you could make good that you forgot I was in love—with you. Do you hate me so much?"

"Tamesie—"

She said: "We made such a mess of our two years of being married. But I haven't had a happy minute since leaving you! Of course it's been hell! Why do you suppose I served you coffee last night in those two cups we started housekeeping with?"

He brought her back to him. "Tam," he said humbly, "you almost broke my heart, and I know I didn't make those two years easy for you. I don't blame you for leaving. But don't come back now, Tam. I can't stand to see you hurt again."

"Pete," she said, her arms pulling his shoulders down with the insistent, stubborn weight of her body, "we are no different from those two people behind us who found out what hunger was. My dear—it isn't the house we live in! It is what the house holds for us, at night when the door is closed and we are together."

They made a single outline in the moonlight for the crowd to wonder at; and then they walked slowly toward the hotel. Martin Ormes, watching them from the dance-hall doorway, suddenly snapped a match between his fingers and turned to Tom Keerson. His voice had only defeat in it.

"Let's get out of here. Let's go back to Portland tonight."

"I'm sorry for you," Tom Keerson said. "But this is the best moment of my life."

Said Martin Ormes: "All I am is a gentleman amateur. How could I win against two people who play the game of love for keeps?"

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Spare that Desert!

Continued from page 11

cropped area had shrunk to 44,204 acres, with an average production of $31.73. This project cost $9,376,000 and today, after they have been living on it for twelve years, the farmers owe the government $9,556,000!

Boise, Idaho, is another one. The Reclamation Bureau estimated when it started that it would here irrigate 353,941 acres. In 1906 water was available. Sixteen years later only 108,500 acres were being cultivated. From 1913 to 1922 the average crop value was $38.11. By 1932 though, this value, from 148,669 acres, had diminished to $10.86. This plant cost $16,010,000, whereas the farmers now owe on it $16,773,000.

Add It Up Yourself

The Minidoka project is also in Idaho. The estimate here was that 236,562 acres would be irrigated. Water was available in 1907, and yet in 1922 a mere 99,805 acres were cropped. The average crop value here for the ten-year period of prosperity was $36.38, while for 1932 it was $14.46. This project cost $15,017,000, of which sum the farmers still owe $13,776,000.

The Nebraska-Wyoming project on the North Platte comes next. The estimate on this job was that 236,933 acres would be salvaged from the desert. Water was available in 1908. Fourteen years later 110,835 acres, whose ten-year record was $29.07 each, were being cropped. By 1932 the acreage had risen to 185,998 but the average per acre had dropped to $15.96. This project cost $19,230,000, whereas its beneficiaries, at the first of this year, owed on it $21,000,000.

So much for segregated cases. Now look at reclamation's record as a whole. After the Bureau had been in existence for twenty-two years and had completed twenty-eight projects, it was carefully investigated and the following carefully compiled statistics, which tell a very eloquent tale, were brought out.

1st. The actual cost of the projects had exceeded the *estimated* cost, authorized by Congress, by about fifty million dollars.

2d. The actual acreage reclaimed (1,692,000) was *less* by 1,363,000 acres than the estimates had called for, thus making the error here almost equal to the accomplishment.

3d. That of this 1,692,000 acres reclaimed only 1,202,000 were actually being irrigated.

4th. That of the *construction* cost of $141,787,000 only 11 per cent had been repaid, although eighteen of the projects had been receiving water for fifteen years.

5th. That the farmers were thirty-three per cent behind in their payment of *operating* costs and were also delinquent to the tune of $180,739 in their payments for water.

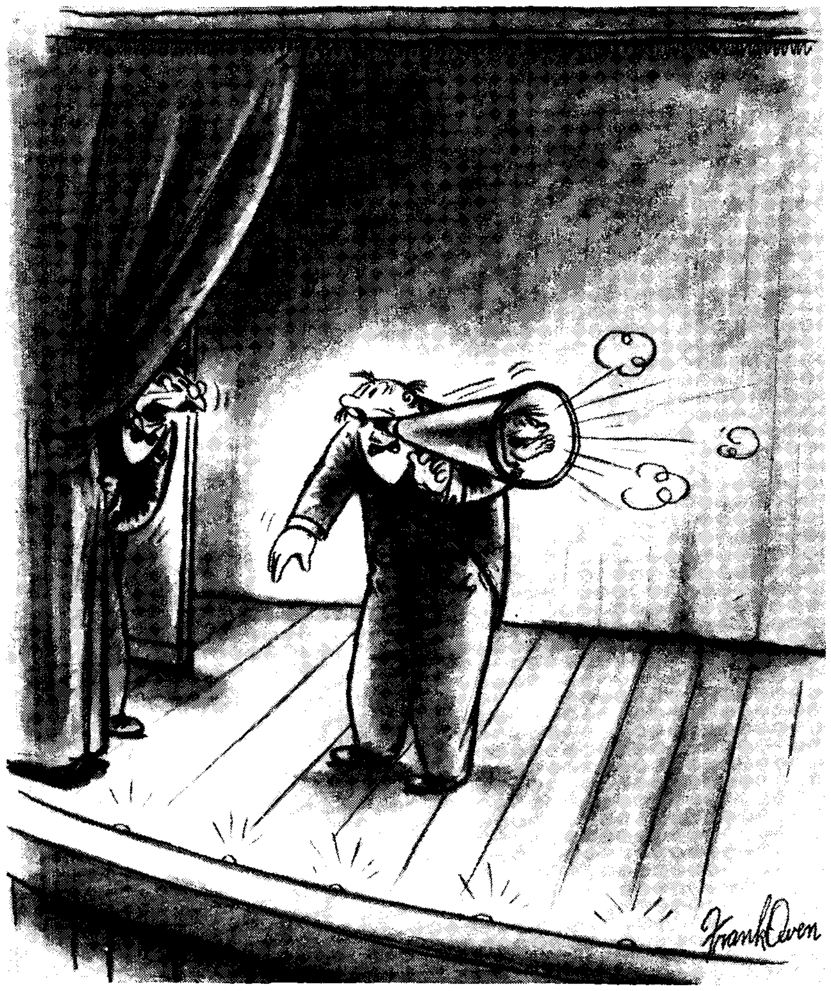
6th. That the actual cost to lands receiving water was $117.94 per acre as against an estimated cost of $30.57. A vital error against the farmer of more than three hundred per cent.

7th. That out of 31,792 settlers on the projects 3,224 had filed applications for relief.

8th. That relatively few of the original farmers were still on the land. Having gone broke they had moved away.

9th. That from everywhere there was a general demand for an extension of time in which to make payments to the government.

(Continued on page 58)



"Don't point the megaphone toward the audience or they'll get wise who's doing the singing!"

Frank Owen

When you gulp your coffee
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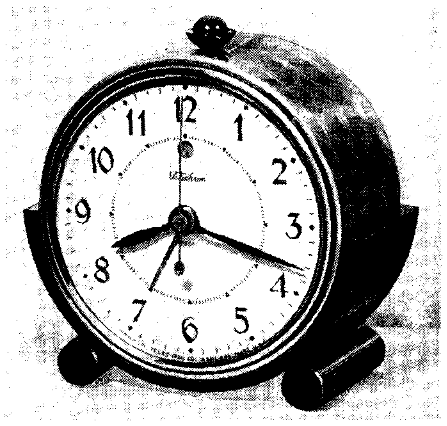

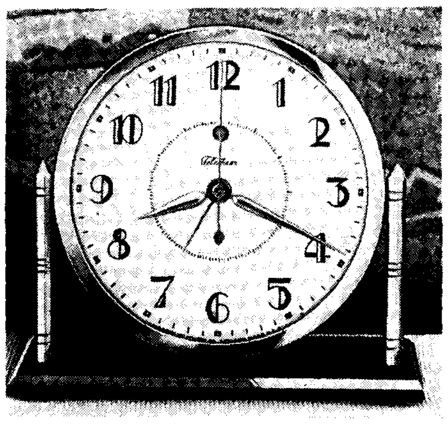

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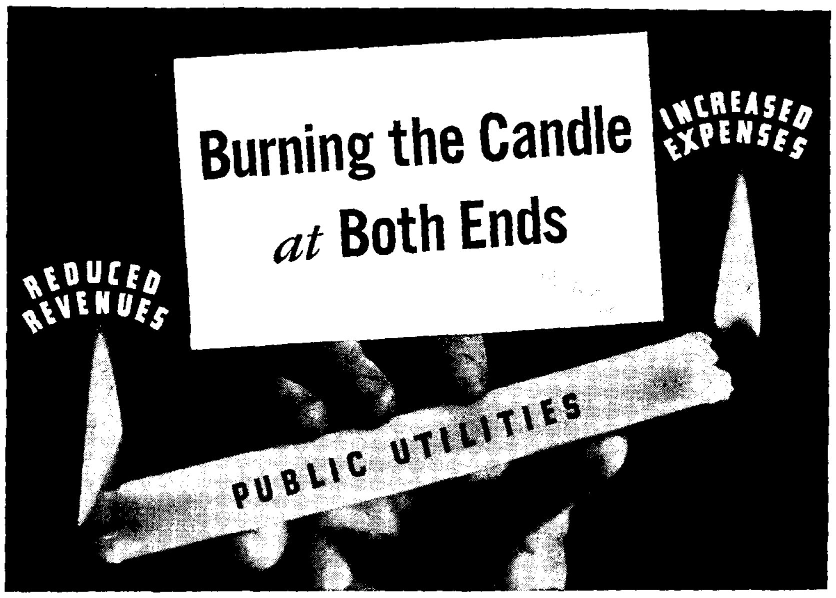

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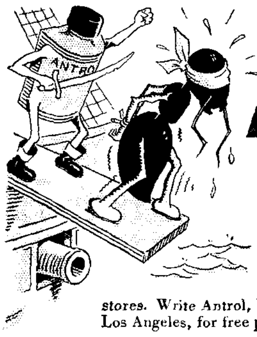

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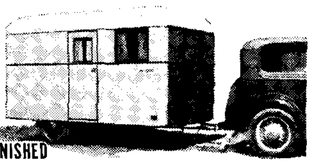

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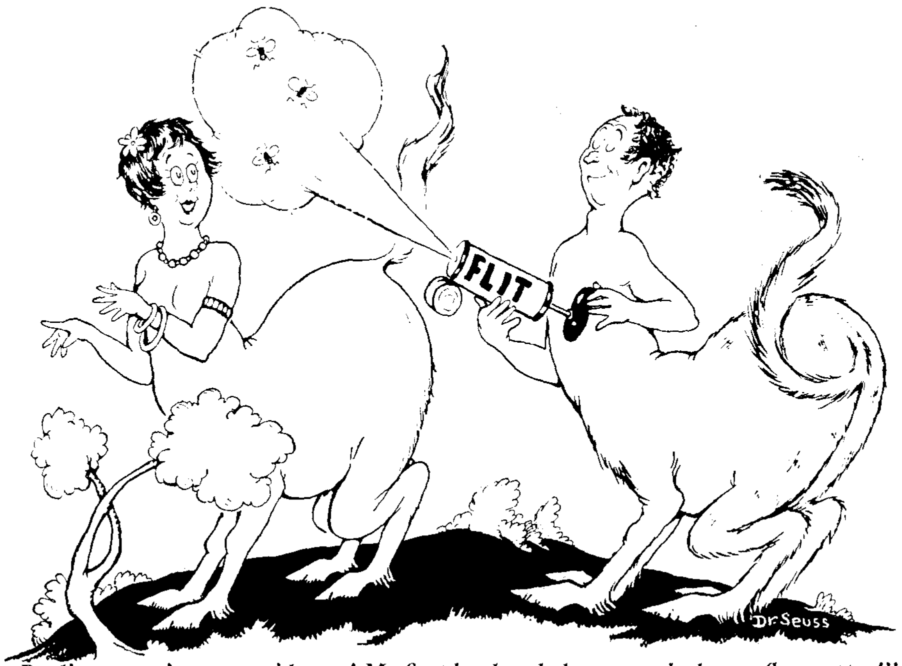

"Darling.. you're so considerate! My first husband always used a horse-fly swatter!"

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(Continued from page 57)

This dismal picture was drawn in 1924, a report of it went to Congress in 1926, and what did Congress do? As usual it just dozed calmly while the startling bill of particulars was being read, and then when the bell rang for the vote it yawned, stretched and authorized the Reclamation Service to do three things: Charge off about $26,000,000 as a total loss to the taxpayers; abandon several projects on which several millions had already been blown in, and extend the time for the farmers to pay up from twenty to forty years. That was all. No effort was made to make the Bureau change its habits. It was *still at liberty to respond* to the pleas of log-rolling congressmen and land-owning lobbyists who wanted arid lands irrigated for price raising, not crop raising purposes. And apparently it did respond, because by 1931 so many new projects were again under construction, and so little money was coming in from the old ones, that the Bureau officials, as they had done in 1910, had to go to Congress and borrow cash with which to pay off their contractors.

More Ditches

They got it, they spent it, and this year, in addition to a few million still on hand, sweetened by an appropriation of an extra couple wheedled out of Congress, they are trying to put over another loan. In the meanwhile the irrigation farmers, whose debt to Uncle Sam has increased from $141,000,000 to $201,000,000, have also asked for and gotten a hand-out in that their payments, *due for the last three years,* have either been written off or set back to the far end of their forty-year period.

Thus, with reclamation in this kind of a *muddle, and with the Department* of Agriculture trying to take one eighth of our farms out of production, it would seem that now would be a pretty good time to give the Reclamation Bureau a nice long rest.

Not retire it permanently, perhaps, but at least tell it emphatically that it must live within its income, must quit being a fairy godfather to land speculators, and must prove its worth by showing, through farmers' records, that it has actually benefited farmers.

But are we pursuing any such course? I should say not. On the contrary, dirt and dollars are flying more furiously than ever before because, only last fall, and all in one great big chunk, the PWA handed over to the Reclamation engineers more money to play with than they had previously had in all the thirty-two years of their career put together. Think of it; $227,000,000, with $103,000,000 immediately available, has been allotted to the dam builders and the ditch diggers. What will become of it?

To begin with, all funds advanced by the PWA are supposed to be invested in self-liquidating projects. With the exception of $58,000,000, however, that the Reclamation Bureau will spend to complete the Boulder Dam, which is *not* being built under the Reclamation Act, none of the PWA funds allotted to it will be so invested. The reason is that, although they bear the PWA tag, they are being spent under reclamation terms which say that they are to be repaid in forty years without interest.

Figure that out and weep for the poor taxpayers, because although they may get their principal back in forty years they will still have lost more than the original amount in unpaid interest. And now let's see how some of this new money is actually being spent.

For a long time the up-and-coming Chamber of Commerce of Casper, Wyoming, has felt, as the El Paso Chamber of Commerce did years ago, that what its *city* needs is irrigation. Not for itself, of course—it is already wet enough, I believe—but for 66,000 acres of adjacent, privately owned sagebrush which are worth *less,* so states the County Tax Assessor, than $2.50 per acre. Put water on this land, though, and, according to letters I have read from its owners, it will soon soar to values ranging from eighty to eight hundred.

That's a gorgeous outlook, and yet time and again a hard-boiled Congress has told the city of Casper and a pleading Reclamation Bureau that it would not authorize the construction of the Casper-Alcova project because it couldn't *possibly* pay itself out. But now things are different. With the PWA funds in its hands the Reclamation Bureau doesn't have to ask Congress anything *about it and so it has already* started work on an irrigation and power system which will cost $22,700,000, or in other words place a burden of about $350 on every acre of the artificially moistened territory.

The fact that that load is too heavy for any land to carry is recognized by even the optimistic Reclamation Commissioner himself and consequently the Bureau has gotten around the difficulty by saying that the construction charge against the farmers will be only $5,280,000 or $80 an acre. The rest of the money invested, merely a trifle of $17,420,000, has to come back from somewhere, of course, and so the plan is to sell power. Sell it to whom?

That's a neat problem. Up to this writing, so far as I can ascertain, not a nickel's worth has been contracted for, and as coyotes and jack rabbits generally consume mighty little electricity, and as they are about the only inhabitants of the territory surrounding Casper until you get to Denver, five hundred miles away, it leaves the latter city as the only possible buyer. Perhaps impossible buyer would be a better way to put it. Having plenty of power plants of its own, with plenty of its own money tied up in them, it is hardly logical to believe that Denver will want to purchase juice from the government, brought to it over a five-hundred-mile transmission line, especially as it will necessarily have to maintain a huge stand-by plant which, in emergencies, it can cut in at a moment's notice. That part of the project, then, is simply resting on the knees of the gods.

What Can You Raise?

But what of the rest of it? Can the farmers who buy that land at highly inflated prices, and who level it, and equip it, and build on it, and assume a government debt of $80 an acre on it, ever hoist themselves out of the hole? Before me I have a government report on the subject which doesn't look hopeful. According to this document, on the strength of which Congress said the Casper-Alcova project would never pay, all that a settler can do in that area is either dairy farm or raise sugar beets.

Dairy farming in Wyoming is necessarily limited to the local demand for dairy products and so, as far as being a standard activity for a large number of people is concerned, it is out of the picture. Sugar beets alone remain to be considered. To raise sugar beets at Casper, so says this report, a man who works 120 acres of ground must have $9,800 either cash or credit, and for five years must put in unprofitable crops of legumes before his land will be right for his beets.

Draw your own conclusions, then, as to how many of these farmers are going to stick and as to how soon those who do stick will repay their debts to the government.

Or, in case the answer you get from

that speculation is too vague, turn your attention to the other reclamation projects in the vicinity and see how they have come out.

Wyoming already has four irrigation projects which, although they are all monuments to engineering ingenuity, are by no means monuments to farm success. Taking them all together this is their story: They cost $13,896,000 and, in spite of a charge-off in 1926 of $1,544,000, they still owe Uncle Sam slightly more than $13,500,000. Obviously, then, to say nothing of being self-liquidating, these projects are not even self-sustaining. They can't be. Only forty-five per cent of their irrigable area is being farmed; the average gross crop value is less than $12 per acre, while many of the settlers are complaining that even fifty cents an acre is too much for them to have to pay for water.

Yes in Wyoming

Despite all this, however, the Reclamation Bureau, which it seems has never learned to say "No" to Wyoming, where the present commissioner was state engineer for several years, is now using a mere calf pasture of only 66,000 acres as a pretext to "invest" $23,000,000 of the taxpayers' money.

But these are pikers alongside of the boys from the State of Washington, who are now having the Reclamation Bureau, under almost identical conditions, do a little $65,000,000 job for them. This is on what is known as the Grand Coulee project on the Columbia River and is just a preliminary nibble at a colossal scheme involving an ultimate expenditure of probably more than $300,000,000. Like the Casper project this one, although urged by the Reclamation Bureau, had previously been rejected by Congress on the twin grounds: first, that it couldn't be made to pay, and second, that it doesn't make sense to encourage men to try to earn a living on high-priced irrigated farms just when it is being demonstrated that they can't do it on cheap ones.

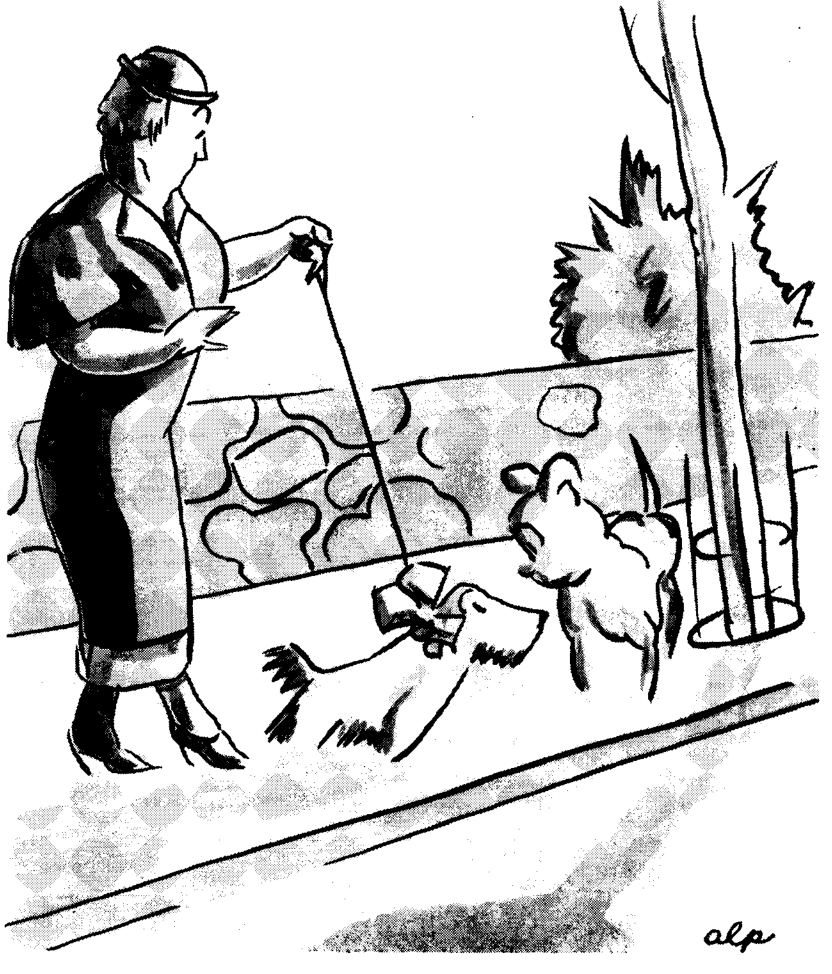
However, as Congress is now out of the picture the Reclamation Bureau has actually started work on the project.

Add to these two projects more than a dozen others, more than half of which have been started since last September, and which range in estimated cost all the way from $300,000 to $21,000,000, and it is easy to understand why there is so much joy in the hearts of so many engineers, so many contractors and so many, many landowners. The interest that these people have in reclamation is identical. They get theirs and get it now in the shape of cash profit. Later on the farmer gets his in the privilege of paying the bills. Whether he can do it is a large question.

If this writer's reputation as a forecaster were at stake he would, frankly, rather prophesy that all reclamation projects will fail, from the taxpayers' standpoint, rather than say that even a single one will eventually pay out. For this opinion there is this reason: If precedent is of any value it can be asserted with certainty that within just a few years all the delegations now beseeching the Reclamation Service to build dams and dikes in the vicinity of their home towns will be back again urging with equal vehemence that the charges against those pet projects of theirs be materially shaved down or entirely written off.

And after all, it would be illogical to expect politicians and log-rollers to do anything else. President Coolidge didn't expect that they would because in the report, already referred to, which he sent to Congress, he said that unless certain reforms were injected into the Reclamation Bureau "government irrigation in the future will provide temptations rather than opportunities."

One wonders if that prophecy is not being fulfilled.



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Andrew L. Peterson

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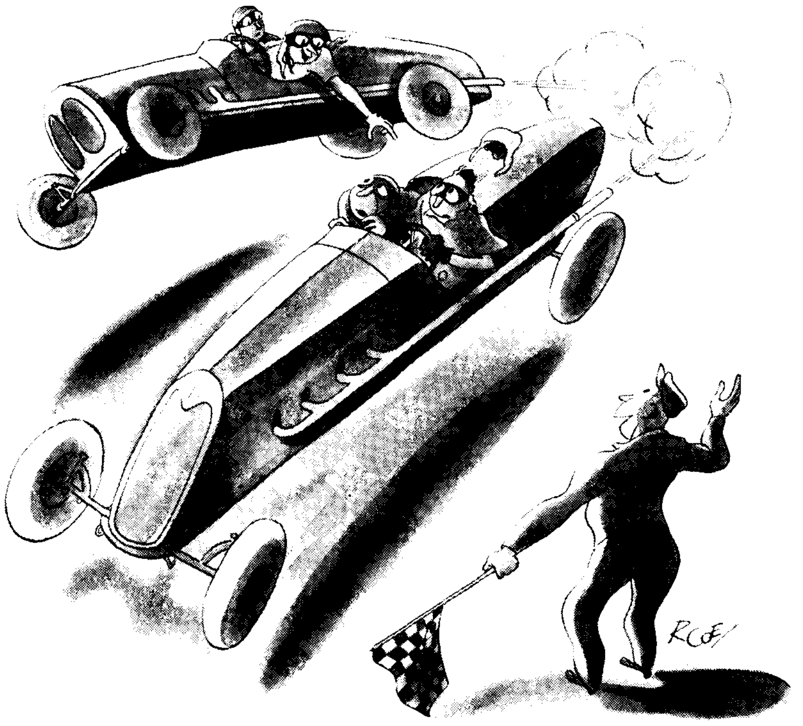

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With a Stick in it

Continued from page 16

my own patrons at Rector's before we got around to *café diable*. Sitting back gorged after the famous one, two, three dinner (which consisted of oysters, terrapin—at three dollars a portion—and canvasback duck *à la presse*, and which the initiated ordered by merely holding up three fingers), our swank customers, by then in a gentle coma, would idly stir a demi-tasse and, having their ponies of cognac at hand, would place a lump of sugar in a teaspoon, pour a little cognac over it, light it, watch it flame, and when the sugar was melted in the rich liquid, let it drip into the black, steaming coffee. Well, I'd better quit right here. When I get started on food, I'm the story-tellingest man alive."

Mr. Rector finished his benedictine and rose.

And so to the Hotel Lafayette to see another great figure of the pre-prohibition era, none other than that Raymond Orteig, who conjured Lindbergh out of space to fly the Atlantic by offering a prize of $25,000.

"I've been here on this very spot, in this very corner," announced Mr. Orteig, "for forty-three years and I devoutly pray I'll never live through another noble experiment. Food without liquor, both as beverage and flavoring, is flat, stale and unprofitable. What is green turtle soup without sherry, terrapin without Madeira, soufflé without kirsch, venison without red wine, steak Chateaubriand without wine, or half the French cuisine without a dash of liquor? Without these delicate halftones and overtones of flavor we can't cultivate epicures, and if the noble race of epicures died out, we'd soon be back in the days of rending raw meat from the bone and plunging our fists into a common eating dish.

"When the prices of liquors are stabilized, every housewife will have her stock of cooking wines on the pantry shelf, just as she did in the good old days—her bottles of sherry, port, brandy, whisky, rum (the irreducible minimum): and a few more sophisticated folk will have absinthe, which is the king of them all for flavoring. And then into the dinner grapefruit goes a knowing dash of maraschino. A soufflé, good enough with chocolate as flavoring, becomes one of the wonders of the world with kirsch, maraschino, brandy or—the chef kisses his five fingers to the gallery—absinthe in it. Could anyone be induced to eat terrapin at $2.25 a portion without wine? I wouldn't give fifty cents for it.

Substitutes Haven't the Flavor

"You know our French oysters—the oyster of the connoisseur, so different, with its strange coppery flavor, from any other oyster in the world? Do you imagine that Mayor Fearing of Newport or the great Plançon of the Metropolitan Opera or Fritz Kreisler would have come here every time a boat from France docked with these oysters and the true French sole (which is not flounder at all but actually sole) to eat these unique dishes if we hadn't been able to prepare them with white wine and serve them with their favorite Pomeroy, Moselle or Chablis? Don't be silly! When we could no longer serve the wines we stopped importing the sole and the oysters. No one wanted them.

"The true gourmets know their sauces and the fine shades of flavoring, and they know that the same results can't be produced by any substitutes for the necessary liquors, not even legal cooking liquors, which are salted beyond bearing or sweetened to insipidity. We lost our epicures when we lost liquor—but they're beginning to come back. There's Van Loon, the man who made geography and history popular—how he loves a good fillet of sole *au vin blanc* and a few cannily flavored crêpes Suzette! Ambassador Claudel was devoted to his *coq sauté au vin* (chicken with Burgundy, mushrooms, bacon and onions). Eugene O'Neill used to come again and again with but a single thought—*filet mignon sauce Bordelaise*, which involves Bordeaux wine; and some of these epicures were so fussy about their sauces that during prohibition they would bring their own wine, determined that no salted liquor was going to get into *their* food!

"As for recipes, I know my cooking only esthetically. The chef will go into the matter of ounces and pints. But I do know that any good cook, with a little courage and a little liquor, can produce many of the masterpieces of the French cuisine."

Here are the recipes given by the chef and by Mr. Rector. Any others mentioned here which you crave and which can't be found in some musty pre-prohibition cookbook we'll have to supply out of the goodness of our heart if your wail of desolation reaches us.

KIDNEY STEW À LA KESSLER

Cover 6 lamb kidneys with cold water and let stand one hour. Drain, dry on towel and cut in slices about ¼ inch thick. Season with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour. Sauté in butter over a hot fire until browned. In another saucepan melt 2 tablespoons of butter, add 1 tablespoon of finely chopped shallots and cook 5 minutes without letting butter or shallots turn brown (if heat is properly regulated shallots will be soft and yellow): add 2 tablespoons of flour and stir until thoroughly blended, then gradually add 1 cup of brown stock and stir until boiling point is reached. Pour sauce into pan with kidneys, add ½ cup sliced fresh mushrooms, which have been cooked in butter 5 minutes, ½ cup of cooked potatoes sliced ¼ inch thick, and 1 small green pepper which has been thinly sliced and cooked in boiling water 8 minutes. Season with salt, paprika and a few grains of cayenne. Just before serving add 1 tablespoon of butter and 2 tablespoons of sherry.

BISCUIT TORTONI

Pound and roll enough stale macaroons to make ¾ cup of crumbs. Mix ½ cup of the rolled macaroons with ¾ cup thin cream, ¼ cup sugar and a few grains of salt. Stir until well mixed and let soak for one hour. Then beat ½ pint of cream until thick and gradually beat the macaroon mixture into it. Flavor with ½ teaspoon vanilla, several drops of almond extract and two tablespoons of sweet sherry. Fill individual paper cases or a fancy mold with the mixture. Cover the top with the remaining ¼ cup of macaroon crumbs and place in mechanical refrigerator for three hours without stirring. Or pack in two parts ice and one part salt and freeze without stirring for two hours.

LOBSTER, SHRIMP OR CRABMEAT À LA NEWBURG

Into some melted butter put large pieces of boiled lobster, season with salt and paprika and let cook for a few minutes. Then add sherry and allow to simmer. Add heavy cream and cook for ten minutes. When ready to serve, add a few spoons of Hollandaise sauce, or the yellow of an egg mixed with butter, but do not let it boil.

SOLE AU VIN BLANC

Put a medium sized English sole on a fish plate. Add some chopped shallots, butter, white wine and fish stock, until the sole is covered. Cook in the oven for 15 minutes. Pour the liquid off the sole and let the liquid simmer. Add heavy cream, and when the sauce is thickened, strain it and add the yellows of 2 eggs mixed with butter. Pour over the sole and put a slice of truffle on top.

GINGER RUM BALLS

6 gingersnaps
1/3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1 tablespoon chopped candied orange peel or citron
2 tablespoons rum

Roll gingersnaps until fine. Sift and work the coarser crumbs into the cream cheese. Add candied orange peel or citron chopped into small pieces, moisten with rum. Form cheese into small balls and allow them to chill in refrigerator for at least half an hour. Just before serving, roll cheese balls in the fine gingersnap crumbs. Serve on lettuce as a salad.

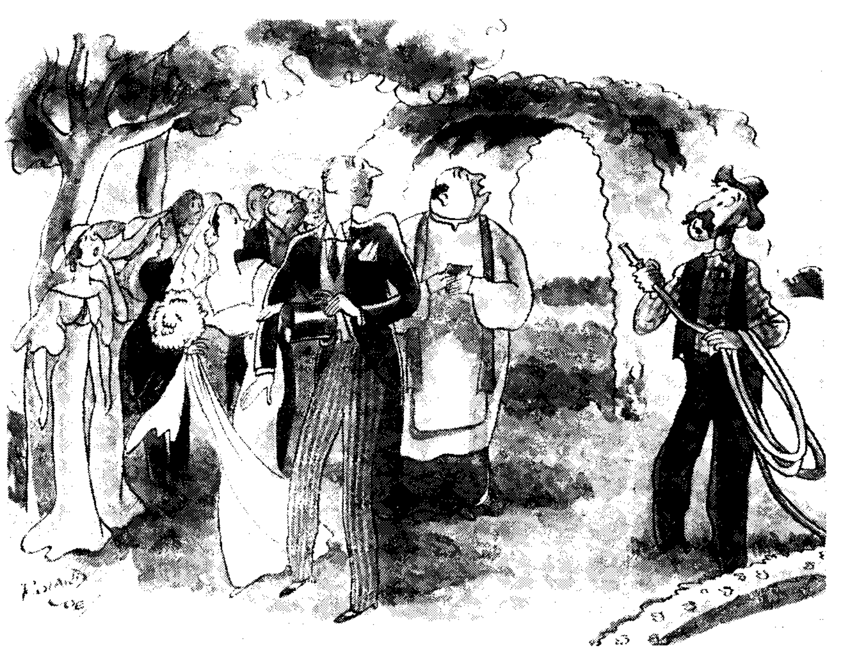
FOAMY SAUCE

Cream ½ cup butter and 1 cup powdered sugar until white and creamy. Just before serving, add ¼ cup boiling water, white of 1 egg beaten until stiff and from 2 to 4 tablespoons of sherry.

HARD SAUCE

Cream ½ cup butter and 1½ cups powdered sugar. The secret of good hard sauce lies in long and continued beating of butter and sugar (about 10 minutes). Add 2 to 4 tablespoons sherry or rum, heap lightly in a serving dish and sprinkle with nutmeg.

These sauces are served with plum pudding, peach dumplings, apple cobbler, steamed fruit pudding, etc.



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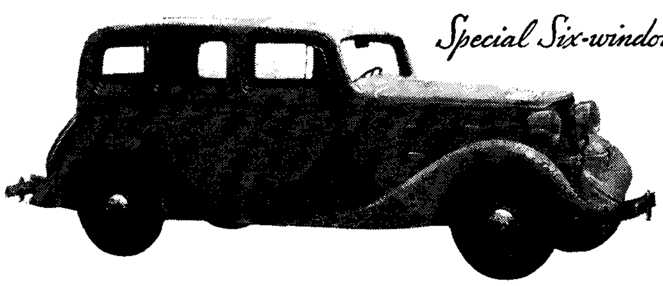

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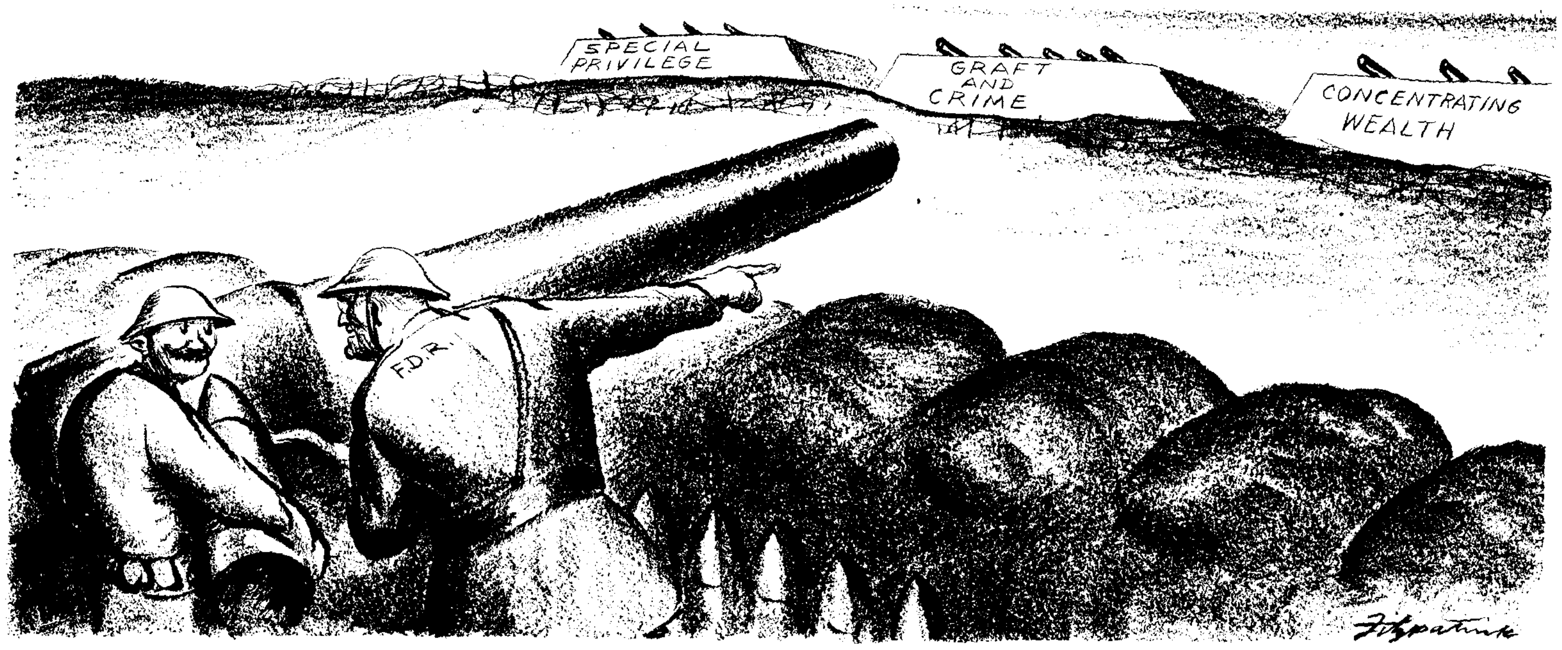

What Roosevelt Wants

AT THE end of his second bout with Congress, Franklin D. Roosevelt still stands as immeasurably the most popular and the most influential man in the United States. Only in the matters of compensation for veterans and of the St. Lawrence seaway was the will of the President disregarded in an important affair. For the most part representatives and senators busily attempted to understand what Mr. Roosevelt wanted and then proceeded swiftly to pass statutes making his will the law.

In consequence of his enormous popularity Franklin D. Roosevelt is able to exert more direct influence in the determination of our national policies than any man in memory. Congress follows him because congressmen and senators, too, want to share the good will he enjoys and to trade that good will for votes in the fall elections. This is the reason why so many Republicans support the Roosevelt program. Republicans, too, want to be reëlected.

Because the power committed to him is so vast in its significance for our national future, it is highly important to understand plainly what Franklin D. Roosevelt wants and plans. Fortunately his ideas are not kept secret. He has made many speeches and sent numerous messages to Congress and finally he has broken all precedents by writing a book while in office. He has put his hopes, his aspirations and his ideas on record.

What, then, does Mr. Roosevelt want? What are the goals toward which his New Deal is directed? We can find specific answers without much trouble.

Mr. Roosevelt is not a Fascist and he is not a Communist. He is willing to have the New Deal called revolutionary, however, as long as it is plainly understood that his revolution is a peaceful one accomplished according to the procedure laid down in our Constitution. As to what has already happened he said in his book, On Our Way:

"Some of the achievements of the past year will be the fulfillment of the progressive ideas expounded by Theodore Roosevelt of a partnership between business and government and also of the determination of Woodrow Wilson that business should be subjected, through the power of government, to drastic legal limitations against abuses. Thus we have recognized that in some respects government sits down at a table of partnership with business; but in others it exerts the superior authority of police power to enforce fairness and justice as they should exist among the various elements in economic life."

This statement covers a wide territory. As interpreted by the President, three underlying policies have been attempted:

1. The elimination of special privilege by drastic governmental measures.
2. A war on crime and graft and an effort to build up moral values.
3. A reversal of the trend of the past three generations by swinging back in the direction of a wider distribution of the wealth and property of the nation.

Nobody of great importance will challenge the principles of abolishing special privilege but everybody who happens to be enjoying a particular special privilege can be relied upon to fight for its retention.

Crime and graft have no advocates but many practitioners. Here the question is one of enforcement of old laws rather than the enactment of new ones.

The effort to change the economic trend from "a constantly increasing concentration of wealth into fewer and fewer hands" to "a swing back in the direction of a wider distribution of the wealth and prosperity of the nation" will be the center of the lasting controversy of this Administration.

Great fortunes have been accumulated because modern scientific equipment opened world markets to enterprising traders.

Mr. Roosevelt has not suggested any return to the methods of seventy years ago. On the contrary, his tariff program looks to a resumption and even an expansion of world trade. A wider distribution of the fruits of large-scale industry, a fairer division between owners, workers and consumers, is the end sought. Communism is undertaking a similar reversal. So, too, is Fascism in another way. Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal is a third approach, different in spirit and in history from anything done in Europe.

Nobody who is mindful of American tradition can doubt the popularity of a program designed to distribute wealth and prosperity more widely.

From the very outset laws intended to prevent large accumulations of wealth have been approved.

In the past the effort was negative. We first opposed the formation of banks because a hundred and fifty years ago men feared them. Then we opposed the organization of corporations, and laws were enacted to handicap them. Then we entered the era of anti-trust legislation in the vain hope that corporations might be kept small.

The restrictive laws, forbidding this and that, somehow did not accomplish their purposes. Perhaps now, positive instead of negative measures will be attempted. At any rate here is the issue about which in one form or another the battle will be fought.

The success which President Roosevelt will have in bringing about the New Deal will depend wholly upon the degree of popular support he is able to muster.

His popularity will depend upon the rapidity and the permanence of recovery. Business generally is now vastly better than it was a year ago. Given a continuance of present improvement, wide public support will be accorded to the President.

The ideal he seeks is not new. During thousands of years other men, as far back as Plato, have laid plans to bring about a better state. The New Deal is Mr. Roosevelt's effort, here and now, to make actual this ancient dream.

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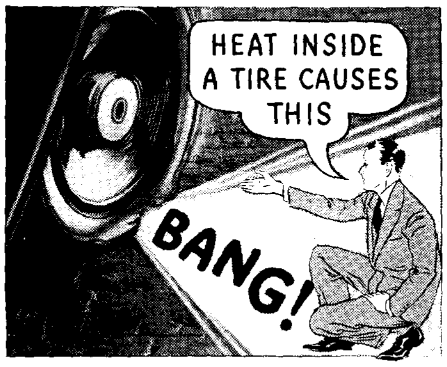
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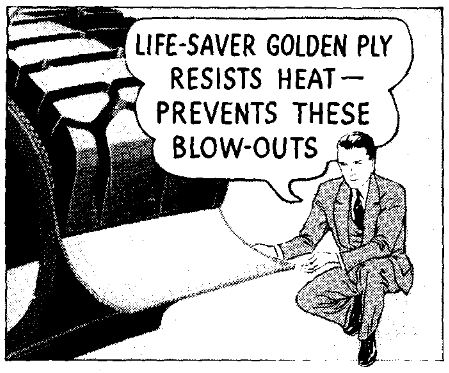
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